

Chumps

Grant Simpson

Cm G7+ Bb7 Eb7 Ab7 Db7 GbMaj

Dm7b5 G7 Cm Ab7 Dm7b5 G7+ Cm G7+

Cm G7+ Bb7 Eb7 Ab7 Db7 GbMaj

Dm7b5 G7 Cm Ab7 Dm7b5 G7+ Cm G7+

Bb7 Eb7 Ab7 Db7 Fm7 Bb7 EbMaj

Bb7 Eb7 Ab7 Db7 Fm7 Bb7 G7+

Cm G7+ Bb7 Eb7 Ab7 Db7 GbMaj

Dm7b5 G7 Cm Ab7 Dm7b5 G7+ Cm G7+

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Words and Music by Grant Simpson

Every time I sit and start to reminisce
About the things you said were true
I was not like the other guys
You told me that your search was through

Every time I hear that song you used to sing
The words meant something else to you
The other guys sang the harmony
Of what it was to be with you

I guess that's why they laughed
When it all went down the drain
And how you always start a-new
They shake their heads and smile
Knowing all the while
Of what it is to be so blue

The game is finally over
Yes you win again
But then again you had the trumps
The others all folded long ago
Knowing that we're all just chumps