

# Life is Rude

Grant Simpson

G7 C7 G7 C7 G7 C7 G7

1a

C7 C7 G7 E7

A7 Eb7 D7 G7 E7 A7 D7

G7 C7 G7 C7 G7 C7 G7

13a

C7 C7 G7 E7

A7 Eb7 D7 G7 E7 A7 D7

C7 G7 C7 G7

25b

C7 G7 A7 D7

G7 C7 G7 C7 G7 C7 G7

33a

C7 C7 G7 E7

A7 Eb7 D7 G7

# Life is Rude

*(it's not co-operating with my mood)*

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

I got up on the wrong side of a cold and lonely bed  
My energy is on the floor my batteries are dead  
There's just no use denying – it's not my attitude  
Life is rude, it's not co-operating with my mood

I try to have some coffee but there's not enough to grind  
I'm looking for a cigarette but there isn't one to find  
There's just no doubt about it – it's not my attitude  
Life is rude, it's not co-operating with my mood

I try to life my spirits – they're down there on the ground  
I'm searching for some hope – but there's no hope to be found  
I'm looking for solutions, there's no writing on the wall  
Northwestel just cut my phone lines, I've got no way to call

I'd like to drive and see my baby, but there isn't any gas  
There's so much she can teach me, but I haven't got the class  
There's just no use denying, it's not my attitude  
Life is rude, it's not co-operating with my mood