

# Elvis Presley - Clean Up Your Own Backyard

Tom: E  
Intro: E

E  
Back porch preacher preaching at me  
E  
Acting like he wrote the golden rules  
A  
Shaking his fist and speeching at me  
E  
Shouting from his soap box like a fool  
B7  
Come Sunday morning he's lying in bed  
A  
With his eye all red, with the wine in his head  
Wishing he was dead when he oughta be  
E  
Heading for Sunday school  
A  
Clean up your own backyard  
E7  
Oh don't you hand me none of your lines  
B7  
Clean up your own backyard  
A  
You tend to your business, I'll tend to mine  
E7  
E  
Drugstore cowboy criticizing  
E  
Acting like he's better than you and me  
A  
Standing on the sidewalk supervising  
E  
Telling everybody how they ought to be  
B7  
Come closing time 'most every night  
A  
He locks up tight and out go the lights  
A  
And he ducks out of sight and he cheats on his wife

E  
With his employee  
A  
Clean up your own backyard  
E7  
Oh don't you hand me none of your lines  
B7  
Clean up your own backyard  
A  
You tend to your business, I'll tend to mine  
E7  
E  
E  
Armchair quarterback's always moanin'  
E  
Second guessing people all day long  
A  
Pushing, fooling and hanging on in  
E  
Always messing where they don't belong  
B7  
When you get right down to the nitty-gritty  
A  
Isn't it a pity that in this big city  
A  
Not a one a'little bitty man'll admit  
E  
He could have been a little bit wrong  
A  
Clean up your own backyard  
E7  
Oh don't you hand me, don't you hand me none of your lines  
B7  
Clean up your own backyard  
A  
You tend to your business, I'll tend to mine  
E7  
B7  
Clean up your own backyard  
A  
You tend to your business, I'll tend to mine  
E7

## Acordes

