

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

