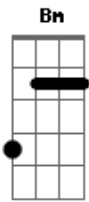


Mother Mother - Wisdom

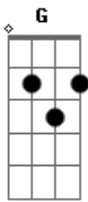
tom:
 Foldin' my clothes and I feel useless
 Don't think I know how to do this
 Once I was told, but like any misfit
 I spit on some good advice
 Out in the cold and tryin' to make fire
 Two sticks and stone, still got no fire
 Once I was shown, but I was inside then
 And spit on that good advice
 Wisdom, wisdom, where can I get some?
 Wisdom, wisdo-ooo-ooo-om
 On the payroll and digging up ditches
 Dollar is low, so are my wages
 G Bm Gb A

Once I was told just how to get rich, but
 I spit on that good advice
 Wisdom, wisdom, where can I get some?
 Wisdom, wisdo-o-o-om, o-o-o-om, o-o-o-om, o-o-om
 Wisdom, wisdom
 Where can I get some?
 Wisdom, wisdom
 I wanna trade my dimwits in for tips
 Tips are 'quipped with
 Wisdom, wisdo-o-om
 Take off my clothes and I feel useless
 Don't think I know how to do this
 Once I was told, but I like to fidgit
 And miss out on good advice

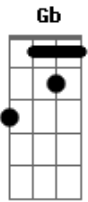
Acordes



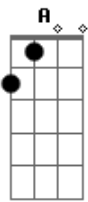
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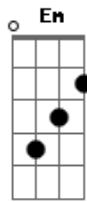
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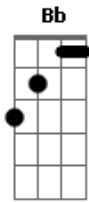
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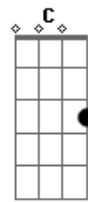
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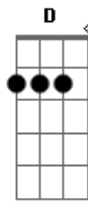
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