

Mother Mother - Wisdom

tom:

Bm

G Bm Gb A

Foldin' my clothes and I feel useless

G Bm Gb Em

Don't think I know how to do this

G Bm Gb A

Once I was told, but like any misfit

Em A

I spit on some good advice

G Bm Gb A

Out in the cold and tryin' to make fire

G Bm Gb Em

Two sticks and stone, still got no fire

G Bm A

Once I was shown, but I was inside then

Em A

And spit on that good advice

G Bm G Bm

Wisdom, wisdom, where can I get some?

G Bm Bb Bm Bb

Wisdom, wisdo-ooo-ooo-om

G Bm Gb A

On the payroll and digging up ditches

G Bm Gb Em

Dollar is low, so are my wages

G Bm Gb A

Once I was told just how to get rich, but

Em A

I spit on that good advice

G Bm G Bm

Wisdom, wisdom, where can I get some?

G Bm Bb C Bm C Em

Wisdom, wisdo-o-o-om, o-o-o-om, o-o-o-om, o-o-om

G Bm

Wisdom, wisdom

G Bm

Where can I get some?

G Bm

Wisdom, wisdom

Bm D Bb D

I wanna trade my dimwits in for tips

D D D

Tips are 'quipped with

G Bm Bflat

Wisdom, wisdo-o-om

G Bm Gb A

Take off my clothes and I feel useless

G Bm Gb Em

Don't think I know how to do this

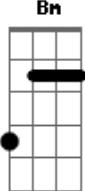
G Bm Gb A

Once I was told, but I like to fidgit

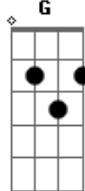
Em A

And miss out on good advice

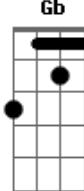
Acordes



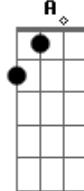
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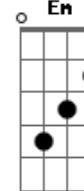
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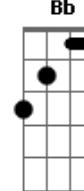
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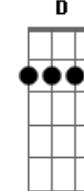
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