Α Dirted all my seeds, planted in rows the untied shoelaces of your life Nurtured all year then pressed in a book Or dispayed with bad taste at the table G Problems arise and you fan the fire While there's a wild pack of dogs loose in your house tonight. Cut from bad cloth G Or soiled like socks. Add it up and basically people never Change. They just talk and make plans in the dark Or make haste with ideas they can't help but creep good people out Em G As you talk to me too much youre assuming we dont always want what is right. (play intro) Did I strike the right set of chords? Youre annoyed the goal is to ignite you and move on. You feel ill at ease, youve got no squeeze and the wise cracks wont make you more stable You've learned your lines to scale and to time Why must i remind you that im only less able Cut from bad cloth, or soiled like socks We're ordinary people we cant help but to change As we walk and make plans in the dark And make haste with the boy who cant help to creep good people out. As you talk to me too much youre assuming we dont always want what is right. Two fallen saplings in an open field F Snow padding gently on an empty bench An old woman's jewelry lying unadorned Cold nesting robins allied for the first time I know when you hear these sappy lines You'll roll your eyes and say "nice try".