

**The Weakerthans - Confessions of a Futon Revolutionist**

                                  A     /     D  
Held like water in you shaking hands  
A     /     D                    A     /     D  
are all the small defeats a day demands.  
A     /     D                    E                    D  
Ten to six or nine to five trying, dying to survive.  
                                  A     /     D     A!  
Never knowing what survival means.

                                  A     /     D  
Leave the apartment to buy alcohol.  
A     /     D                    A     /     D  
Hung our diplomas on the bathroom wall.  
A     /     D                    E    D  
Pick at the plaster chipped away, survey some stunning tooth decay,  
                                  A / D     A / D  
enlist the cat in the impending class-war.

E                               F#m           D            D  
Let's lay our bad day down here, dear and  
E   F#m                        D                    D  
make-believe we're strong,  
A     /     Hm           D!  
or hum some protest song.

                                  A     /     D  
Like maybe "We Shall Overcome Someday."  
A     /     D                    A     /     D  
Overcome the stupid things we say.  
A     /     D                    E    D  
Say I needed more than this, say I needed one more kiss.  
                                  A / D     A / D  
We left that light on way too long now.

E                               F#m           D            D  
Let's plant a bomb at city-hall and  
E   F#m D                        D  
kill an M-L-D.  
A     /     Hm           D  
We'll talk the night away. You call in sick,  
                                  A     /     Hm           D  
I'll quit the word-games that I play. I swear I way more  
                                  A     /     Hm           D!  
than half believe it when I say

                                  F#m           D  
somewhere love and justice shine.  
                                  E                    A  
Cynicism falls asleep.  
                                  F#m           D  
Tyranny talks to itself.  
                                  E     A  
Sappy slogans all come true.  
                                  F#m     E /     A  
We forget to feed our fear.  
                                  F#m     E /     A