

|D |A |G |D |
|A |G |D |D ||

D 2220
A 2100
G 0232

D 2220
A 2100
G 0232

D

Everything is bleak

A

It's the middle of the night.

G

D

You're all alone and the dummies might be right.

A

You feel like a jerk.

G

My music at work.

D

My music at work.

My Music At Work - Tragically Hip
Original Capo II

D 2220
A 2100
G 0232

D

Avoid trends and clichés.

A

Don't try to be up to date.

G

And when the sunlight hits the olive oil,

D

don't hesitate.

A

G

The night's so long it hurts

D

My music at work.

My Music At Work - Tragically Hip
Original Capo II

D 2220
A 2100
G 0232

G

In a symbol too far

A

or the anatomy of a stain;

G

to determine where you are,

A

in a sink full of Ganges, I'd remain -

G

A

No matter what you heard

G

in my music at work.

My Music At Work - Tragically Hip
Original Capo II

D 2220
A 2100
G 0232

A

D

My music at work. `My music at work.

D

I call it 'Olga waits;

A

The Cloud That Entertains

G

The Dim Possibility of Showing Some Restraint.'

A

The rain came down berserk.

G

D

My music at work. My music at work.

My Music At Work - Tragically Hip
Original Capo II

D 2220
A 2100
G 0232

G

On a star beyond the chart

A

or the dark side of a drop of rain.

G

Determining where you are,

A

G

in a sink full of Ganges, I remain -

A

No matter what you heard

G

A

My music at work. My music at work.

D

My music at work.

My Music At Work - Tragically Hip
Original Capo II

D 2220
A 2100
G 0232

D

Everything is bleak

A

It's the middle of the night.

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You're all alone and the dummies might be right.

A

You feel like a jerk.

G

My music at work.

D

My music at work.

My Music At Work - Tragically Hip
Original Capo II

D 2220
A 2100
G 0232

G

Hey fallen hummingbird,

D

my music at work.

A

From the middle of the earth,

D

my music at work.

G

Bound for bed without dessert,

D

G

my music at work. My music at work.

D

My music at work.

My Music At Work - Tragically Hip
Original Capo II
LAST