

Solo

E7

E7

They listen to the static, They listen day and night
They listen to the lefties, While leaning to the right

They listen for the ringing, They're waiting for the call

Walkies and talkies and cellular zombies who talk to no one at all

A7

B7

E7

It's all Bobby and Billy and Barry and Brian and Betty and Buddy and who knows who

B7

A7

In an act of desperation they'll even listen to the news

E7

G7

D7

B7

Anything but, anything but, anything but, anything...

E7 G7 E7/G# A7 G (Repeat)

But the thoughts of old, What your mother told, Be as good as gold

What the future holds, As the truth unfolds, And you break the mold

But the true and tried, Or the rising tide, Are you justified?

Or the wisdom of a forgotten age, On the written page

Lean to the left, Lean to the right, Anything but

But the narrow road, Or the heavy load, Anything but

But the sacrament, Or the testament, Anything but

Preachers and teachers and layman and shaman

And prophets and moppets and anything but

Learn to be right, Learn what is left

Anything but

Words and Music – Phil Klahn