**Tum Rakak**

**Deluxe**

CAPO I

[Intro]

Am Em

Dm C E

Am Em

Dm C E

[Verse 1]

Am Em

Somebody smart once spoke and said

 Dm C E

Don't put into your mouth what you picked up from the floor

 Am Em

And yet I keep stumbling in the weirdest scenes

 Dm C E

Warnings sure did ignore, sniffing the carpet for

Am Em

Treasures lost and engulfed real deep

 Dm C E

Leftover party crumbs, cat hair, blueberry gum

Am Em

Someday the worms will find this bottom

 Dm C E

Itch it right to the core, give me my due and more

[Pre-chorus]

 Am Dm C E

Do dial on when you feel we've gone beneath

 Am Dm C E

I'll remind you where I've been hiding the keys

[Chorus]

Am Em Dm C E

 I ain't never taking no dumb blind chance again

Am Em Dm C E

 Until another curiosity tumbles in

Am Em Dm C E

 I ain't never taking no, taking no dumb blind chance again

Am Em Dm C E

 Till another curiosity knocks me in the chin

[Interlude]

Am Em

Dm C E

 No blind chance again

Am Em

Dm C E

[Verse 2]

Am Em

Nobody right wants a spanking

 Dm C E

In public for all to know, how close they're to the bone

Am Em

Bluest of skies, they just seem to fall

 Dm C E

Whenever badussy pores bloom into metaphors

 Am Em

The future costs more than what's left

 Dm C E

Of assets long gained at birth, like Theuderic the first

Am Em

Gathering steam it seems

 Dm C E

I'd rather mess it all up before, crumbling under the bore

[Pre-chorus]

 Am Dm C E

Do dial on when you feel we've gone beneath

 Am Dm C E

I'll remind you where I've been hiding the keys

[Chorus]

Am Em Dm C E

 I ain't never taking no dumb blind chance again

Am Em Dm C E

 Until another curiosity tumbles in

Am Em Dm C E

 I ain't never taking no, taking no dumb blind chance again

Am Em Dm C E

 Till another curiosity knocks me in the chin

[Interlude]

Am Em

Dm C E

 No blind chance again

Am Em

Dm C E

 No blind chance again

Am Em

Dm C E

 No blind chance again

Am Em

 Again

Dm C E

[Outro]

 Am Em

The truck it reeks, my butt is weak

 Dm C E

The sun, the heat, is turning us

 Am Em

Into rotting meat, oh soaked wet seats

 Dm C E

My soul it leeks, please do something

 Am Em

The truck it reeks, my butt is weak

 Dm C E

The sun, the heat, is turning us

 Am Em

Into rotting meat, oh soaked wet seats

 Dm N.C. Am

My soul it leeks, please do something