

## Absolem's Treasure Chest



July 4, 2017



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## Tim Minchin

### 1 The Good Book

$B^b$   
Life is like an ocean voyage and our  $F$  bodies are the ships  
And with-out  $C$  a moral compass we would all be cast  $A$   
 $Dm$   $Dm/C$   
a-drift  
So to  $B^b$  keep us on our bearings, the  $F$  Lord gave us a gift  
 $C7$   
And like most gifts you get, it was a  $C$  book

1.  $F$  I only read one book, but it's a  $B^b$  good book, don't you  
know  
 $C7$  I act the way I act because the Good Book tells me so  $F$   
 $F$  If I wanna known how to  $F/E^b$  be good, it's to  $B^b/D$  the  
 $B^b/m/D^b$  Good Book that I go  
 $C7$  'Cos the Good Book is a book and it is good and it's a  
 $F$  book

2. I know the Good Book's good because the Good Book  
says it's good  
I know the Good Book knows it's good because a really  
good book would  
You wouldn't cook without a cookbook and I think it's  
understood  
You can't be good without a Good Book 'cos it's good  
and it's a book  
And it is good for cookin'

$Dm$  I tried to read some other books, but I  $A$  soon gave up on  
that  
 $B^b$  The paragraphs ain't numbered and they  $F$  complicate the  
 $C$  facts  
 $A$  I can't read Harry Potter 'cos they're  $Dm$  worshipping false  
gods and that  
 $G$  And Dumbledore's a poofter and that's  $C$  bad, 'cos it's not  
good

3. Morality is written there in simple white and black

I feel sorry for you heathens, got to think about all that  
Good is good and evil's bad and goats are good and pigs  
are crap

You'll find which one is which in the Good Book, 'cos  
it's good

And it's a book, and it's a book

I had a cat, she gave birth to a litter

The kittens were adorable and they made my family  
laugh

But as they grew they started misbehavin'

So I drowned the little fuckers in the bath

When the creatures in your care start being menaces

The answers can be found right there in Genesis!

Chapter  $D$  6, Verse 5-7! Yee-haw!

$G$  Swing your partner by the hand,  $C$  have a baby if you can  
But if  $D$  the voices in your head say to sacrifice your kid  
 $G$  To satiate your loving God's  $C$  fetish for dead baby blood  
 $D$  It's simple faith, the Book demands, so raise that knife  
up in your hand!

4. Before the Good Book made us good, there was no good  
way to know

If a thing was good or not that good or kind of touch  
and go

So God decided he'd give writing allegoric prose a go

And so he wrote a book and it was generally

well-received

<sup>B<sup>b</sup></sup>  
 The Telegraph said, "This God is remi-niscent of the  
<sup>C</sup>  
 Norse."  
<sup>B<sup>b</sup></sup> <sup>F</sup>  
 The Times said, "Kind of turgid, but I liked the bit with  
<sup>C</sup>  
 horses."  
<sup>A</sup> <sup>Dm</sup>  
 The Mail said, "Lots of massacres, a violent tour de  
 force.  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 If you only read one book this year, then this one is a  
 book  
<sup>D</sup>  
 And it is good, and it's a book!"  
  
 Swing your daughter by the hand, but if she gets raped  
 by a man  
 And refuses then to marry him, stone her to death!  
  
<sup>Em</sup> <sup>B</sup>  
 If you just close your eyes and block your ears  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 To the ac-cumulated knowledge of the last two thousand  
<sup>D</sup>  
 years  
<sup>B</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
 Then morally, guess what? You're off the hook  
<sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 And thank Christ you only have to read one book

<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
 Just because the book's contents were written  
 generations hence  
<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
 By hairy desert-dwelling gents squatting in their dusty  
 tents  
<sup>Em</sup> <sup>B</sup>  
 Just because what Heaven said was said before they'd  
 leavened bread  
<sup>Em</sup> <sup>B</sup>  
 Just 'cos Jesus couldn't read doesn't mean that we  
 should need  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 When ma-nipulating human genes to al-leviate pain and  
 fight disease  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 When de-ciding whether it's wrong or right to help the  
 dyin' let go of life  
<sup>D</sup>  
 Or stop a pregnancy when it's just a tiny blastocyst  
<sup>B</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
 There's no reason why we should take a look  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G/B</sup>  
 At any other book but the Good Book  
<sup>A</sup>  
 'Cause it's good and it's a book  
<sup>D</sup>  
 And it's a book and it's quite good!  
  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>G/F</sup>  
 Good is good and evil's bad  
<sup>C/E</sup> <sup>Cm/E</sup>  
 And kids get killed when God gets mad  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 You'd better take a good look at the Good Book

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## 2 Inflatable You

1. Your love for me is not de-batable <sup>E<sup>b</sup>6</sup>  
<sup>C7</sup> Your sexual appetite's in-satiable <sup>Fm7</sup>  
<sup>B<sup>b</sup>7</sup> You never ever make me waitable <sup>Fm7</sup>  
<sup>B<sup>b</sup>7</sup> De-lectable, inflatable you. <sup>E<sup>b</sup>6 B<sup>b</sup>7</sup>

2. You don't have problems with your weight at all  
 You never steal food off my plate at all  
 I never have to masturbate at all  
 Unstoppable, inflatable you.

3. You never seem to menstruate at all  
 So you're not angry when I'm late at all  
 I feel permanently felatable  
 Unpoppable, inflatable you. <sup>E<sup>b</sup>6</sup>

With you <sup>Ej7</sup> in my arms I feel <sup>C#m7</sup> we could just fly a-way <sup>G#m7</sup>  
 With the <sup>A</sup> right kind of gas I might <sup>F#m7</sup> even try it some  
<sup>G#m7 C#7 F#m7 B7</sup> day  
 In this <sup>Ej7</sup> ocean of life I'm never <sup>C#m7</sup> afraid we might drown <sup>G#m7</sup>  
 We could just float forever what-ever <sup>F#m7</sup> the weather  
<sup>G#m7 C#7 F#m7 B7 B<sup>b</sup>7</sup> When-ever my in-flatable lover's a-round.

4. Your thighs and buttocks are so holdable  
 You always do what you are toldable  
 And if we argue you just foldable  
 Controllable consolable you.

5. My mates all reckon you are suitable  
 I took you 'round to watch the foodtable  
 And Steve and Gary said you're rootable  
 Commutable, refutable you.

6. You're never sensitive or tickley  
 When I rub you my skin goes prickerly  
 It's know an static electricity  
 Felicity when I'm kissing you.

Your skin is so smooth, I couldn't afford you with hair  
 You have all the holes real girls have got plus one for the air  
 Your problems are simple, I don't need my Masters in Psych  
 To know if you get down I just perk you right up  
 With a couple of squirts from the pump off my bike.

7. You never wake up when I snore at all  
 A trait which I find quite adorable  
 You have a box and you are storable  
 Ignorable, back-doorable you.

8. Any sexual position's feasible  
 Although you don't bend at the knees at all  
 Your hooters are so firm and squeezable  
 Increasable, un-creasable you.

9. You don't complain about my hairy back  
 Or 'bout the inches that downstairs I lack  
 You're not disgusted by my furry crack  
 Burt Bacharach, Jack Kerouac ooo.

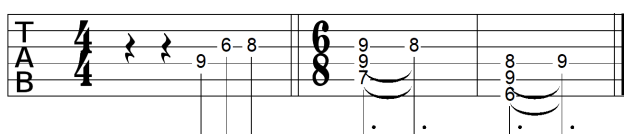
10. Now birth control is not an issue  
 I clean it all up with a tissue  
 I bet my jealous friend all wish you  
 Were insatiably inflatably theirs.

Don't let me down.  
 Don't let me down.  
 Don't let me down.  
 And I won't let you down.

### 3 You Grew on me

B D#m Em x2

1. B You grew on me D#m like a E tumour  
 And you spread through me like ma-lignant mela-noma D#m E  
 And now you're in my B heart  
 E Should've cut you out back at the start  
 B



G#m F# E  
 Now I'm a-fraid there's no cure for me  
 G#m F# E  
 No dose of e-motional chemotherapy  
 D#7 G#m  
 Can halt my pathetic de-cline  
 D#7 G#m  
 Should've had you removed back when you were  
 A#  
 be-nign  
 D# D#/C# D#/B D#/A#

2. I picked you up like a virus  
 Like meningococcal meningitis  
 Now I can't feel my legs  
 When you're around I can't get out of bed  
 I've left it too late to risk an operation  
 I know there's no hope for a clean amputation  
 The successful removal of you  
 Would probably kill me too

3. You grew on me like carcinoma Em  
 Crept up on me like untreated glaucoma  
 Now I find Em it hard to see  
 This untreated dose of you has blinded me  
 I should've consulted my local physician  
 I'm stuck now forever with this tunnel vision  
 My periphery is screwed  
 Wherever I look now, all I see is you  
 D# F

4. Bb Ab Gb  
 When we first met you seemed fickle and shallow  
 But my armour was no match for your poison arrow  
 You are wedged inside my breast  
 If I tried to pull you out now I think I'd bleed to death  
 I'm feeling short of breath  
 You grew on me like a tumour  
 And you spread through me like malignant melanoma  
 I guess I never knew  
 F#m C#  
 How fast a little mole can grow on you

## William Morningwood

### 1 *I placed my hand upon her toe*

Capo IIIrd fret

1. <sup>Am</sup> I placed my hand upon her toe  
<sup>G</sup> Yo-ho, yo-ho  
<sup>Am</sup> I placed my hand upon her toe  
<sup>C</sup> Yo-ho, yo-ho  
<sup>C</sup> I placed my hand u-pon <sup>G/B</sup> her toe  
<sup>Am</sup> She said "Phi Psi you're <sup>G</sup> way too low"  
<sup>C</sup> Shove it in <sup>G/B</sup> shove it out <sup>C</sup> quit fuckin' a-bout <sup>G/B</sup>  
<sup>Am</sup> Yo-ho, <sup>G</sup> yo-ho, <sup>Am</sup> yo-ho
2. I placed my hand upon her thigh  
Yo-ho, yo-ho  
I placed my hand upon her thigh  
Yo-ho, yo-ho  
I place my hand upon her thigh  
She said "Phi Psi you're way too sly"  
Get in get out quit fuckin' about  
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho
3. I placed my hand upon her tit  
Yo-ho, yo-ho  
I placed my hand upon her tit  
Yo-ho, yo-ho  
I place my hand upon her tit  
She said "Phi Psi go for the clit"  
Get in, get out quit fucking' about  
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

4. I placed my hand upon her snatch  
Yo-ho, yo-ho  
I placed my hand upon her snatch  
Yo-ho, yo-ho  
I place my hand upon her snatch  
She said "Phi Psi go for the hatch"  
get it in get out quit fuckin' about  
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho
5. I placed my cock inside her mouth  
Yo-ho, yo-ho  
I placed my cock inside her mouth  
Yo-ho, yo-ho  
I placed my cock inside her mouth  
She said "Phi Psi AGH-AAAAAA!!!"  
Get in get out quit fuckin' about  
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho
6. And now shes in a wooden box  
Yo-ho, yo-ho  
And now shes in a wooden box  
Yo-ho, yo-ho  
We laid her out in a wooden box  
She died from sucking a Phi Psi cock  
Get in get out quit fucking' about  
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho



7. We dig her up every now and then

Yo-ho, yo-ho

We dig her up every now and then

Yo-ho, yo-ho

We dig her up every now and then

We fucked her once we'll fuck her again

Get in get out quit fuckin' about

Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

8. And for my sins i'll go to hell

Yo-ho, yo-ho

And for my sins i'll go to hell

yo-ho, yo-ho

and for my sins i'll go to hell

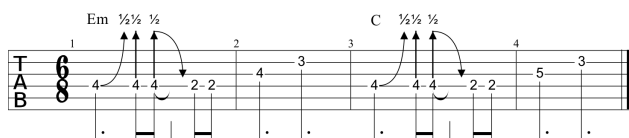
But hey i'll fuck the devil aswell

Get in get out quit fucking about

yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

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## Pain of Salvation

1 *Meaningless*

1. *B/D#* *Em* *Cm*  
I still smell of sweat  
*B/D#* *Em* *Cm*  
Still the scent of my giving in  
*B/D#* *Em* *Cm*  
Try to feel re-gret  
*B/D#* *Em* *Cm*  
But I want it to stay on my skin  
*B/D#* *Em* *Cm*  
I still fanta-size  
*B/D#* *Em* *Cm*  
Close my eyes to be wrong again  
*B/D#* *Em* *Cm*  
Still those fuck-me eyes  
*B/D#* *Em* *Db*  
As I'm licking the palm of my hand

*Em*  
How the hell am I supposed to  
*C*  
keep myself when you are so damn  
*Em*  
far away, and everything feels  
*C*  
meaningless, and I am not mine(×2)

2. I still smell of sex  
Still her taste on my fingertips  
Try to feel remorse  
But it's hard with her wet on my lips

How the hell am I supposed to  
keep myself, when you are so damn  
far away, and everything feels  
meaningless, and I am not mine  
How the hell am I supposed to  
keep myself, when you are so damn  
far away, and all I do seems  
meaningless, and I am not mine

I need something of my own

Something with a locked door

A room just for me alone

Something that I can control

*Em* I need something of my own

*C* I need something cutting to the

*Am* bone, I need something that is

*Am* mine - *Bm* *C* If that must be *D* guilt, then

*Em* fine! I wanted something nice, but

*C* fine, this guilt is a hole but it's

*Am* mine, I wanted something

*Am* *Bm* *C* *D*  
nice, this guilt is a hole but it's

mine!

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## 2 Undertow

### Drop D

1. Let me go, let me go  
Let me seek the answer that I need to know  
Let me find a way, let me walk away  
Through the Undertow  
Please let me go
2. Let me fly, let me fly  
Let me rise against that blood-red velvet sky  
Let me chase it all, break my wings and fall  
Probably survive  
So let me fly  
Let me fly
3. Let me run, let me run  
Let me ride the crest of chance into the sun  
You were always there, but you may lose me here  
Now love me if you dare  
And let me run

Interlude: *G Dm C B<sup>b</sup>sus2*

*Vm V/I9 Vm IV*  
I'm a-live and I am true to my

*II9*  
heart now, I am

*VIm V/I9 VIm*  
I, but why must truth always

*IV9*  
make me die?

4. Let me *D* break! Let me bleed!  
Let me tear *G (V)* myself apart I need to breathe! *B<sup>b</sup>*  
Let me lose my way! Let me walk a-stray! *G E<sup>b</sup>*  
Maybe to pro-ceed... *Dm*  
Just let me bleed! *E<sup>b</sup>*

5. Let me drain! Let me die!  
Let me break the things I love I need to cry!  
Let me burn it all! Let me take my fall!  
Through the cleansing fire!  
Now let me die!  
Let me die  
  
Let me out  
Let me fade into that pitch-black velvet night
-

## Periphery

### 1 The Way the News Goes

<sup>C</sup> Wake up as I stumble into a  
<sup>D</sup> blinding light  
<sup>C</sup> Deeper breaths enough to  
<sup>Em</sup> kill <sup>G</sup> the highest highs  
<sup>C</sup> Take one good look I'm  
 at the lowest <sup>D</sup> low again  
<sup>C</sup> Down at the <sup>Em</sup> bottom, but I'm <sup>G</sup> fine  
  
<sup>Am</sup> Tears march to lullabies and  
 beat <sup>Dsus2</sup> me like a <sup>F</sup> drum  
<sup>Am</sup> It's not your <sup>C</sup> a-verage <sup>F</sup> fucking mi-sery  
<sup>Am</sup> This heart has chords, but not a  
<sup>Dsus2</sup> single <sup>F</sup> one sounds new or fun  
<sup>Am</sup> Hit strings in <sup>C</sup> dissonance  
<sup>F</sup> Pick on, and on, and on  
  
<sup>Am</sup> Show them how to <sup>C</sup> fly away  
<sup>Em</sup> when this world is <sup>D</sup> torn  
<sup>Am</sup> If you feel like <sup>C</sup> dying, lose that  
<sup>G</sup> fore-ver, you're shining and it <sup>D</sup> shows  
  
<sup>C</sup> You're <sup>D</sup> shining and it  
<sup>C</sup> shows, living <sup>Em</sup> through the highest <sup>D</sup> highs  
<sup>C</sup> You're <sup>D</sup> shining and it  
<sup>C</sup> shows, down at the <sup>Em</sup> bottom, but I'm <sup>G</sup> fine  
  
<sup>Am</sup> I try to feed it, but it still wants more  
  
 Give me that feeling that I'm  
<sup>C</sup> looking for <sup>G</sup>

#### Chorus

<sup>C</sup> Wake up  
  
 As I stumble into a  
<sup>D</sup> blinding light  
<sup>C</sup> Deeper breaths enough to  
<sup>Em</sup> kill <sup>D</sup> the highest highs  
<sup>C</sup> Take one look and I'm  
 at the lowest <sup>D</sup> low a-gain <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>Em</sup> At the bottom, <sup>G</sup> but I'm  
  
<sup>Em</sup> fine, at the <sup>G</sup> bottom, but it's  
<sup>Am</sup> all so wrong <sup>G/B</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> Wake up, at the <sup>D</sup> bottom, but it's  
<sup>Am</sup> all so wrong  
  
<sup>E5</sup> Tears march to lullabies and  
 beat me like a <sup>F#5</sup> <sup>C5</sup> drum  
<sup>A5</sup> It's not your average fucking misery  
  
<sup>B5</sup> <sup>F#-A</sup>  
<sup>C5</sup> This heart as chords, but not a  
  
 single one sounds new or fun  
<sup>A5 - G5 - A5</sup>  
 So long to <sup>B5</sup> <sup>D5</sup> <sup>(x2)</sup> sanity  
 For now that's how it goes

## Rage

## 1 *Straight to Hell*

Drop D

1. Hear me, what I've got to say  
I know you and get you anyway  
See me walking by your side  
I'm with you forever day and night

I look like the easy way

The truth to be found

I seem to be innocent

I'm coming around, I'm coming around

## Chorus

Hey man, I'm your worst choice  
You don't know, I want it so

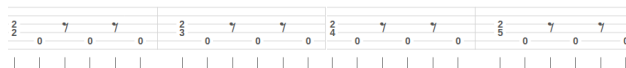
Hey man, I'm your dark voice

You don't know where we will go

Straight to hell, straight to hell



2. Listen, listen what you say  
I've taught you and you have learned your lesson  
Feel me, when you feel the pain  
I want you and I am going to get you.. anyway



C I look like the easy way  
 $F5(III)$  The truth to be found  
C I seem to be innocent  
 $A^b(VI)$  I'm coming a-round,  $B^b(VIII)$  I'm coming around

I'm your worst choice

You don't know, I want it so

Hey man, I'm your dark voice

You don't know where we will go

You don't know where we will go

Straight to hell, straight to hell

## Subway to Sally

### 1 *Kleid aus Rosen*

Chorus

1. Ein gutes Mädchen lief einst fort,  
Verließ der Kindheit schönen Ort;  
Verließ die Eltern und sogar  
Den Mann, dem sie versprochen war.  
Vor einem Haus da blieb sie steh'n,  
Darinnen war ein Mann zu sehn  
Der Bilder stach in nackte Haut,  
Da rief das gute Mädchen laut:

Meister, Meister gib mir Rosen,  
Rosen auf mein weißes Kleid,  
Stech die Blumen in den bloßen  
Unberührten Mädchenleib

2. "Diese Rosen kosten Blut",  
So sprach der Meister sanft und gut,  
"Enden früh dein junges Leben,  
Will dir lieber keine geben."  
Doch das Mädchen war vernarrt,  
Hat auf Knien ausgeharrt  
Bis er nicht mehr widerstand  
Und die Nadeln nahm zur Hand.

Chorus

Und aus seinen tiefen Stichen  
Wuchsen Blätter, wuchsen Blüten,  
Wuchsen unbekannte Schmerzen  
In dem jungen Mädchenherzen  
Später hat man sie gesehen  
Einsam an den Wassern stehen  
Niemals hat man je erfahren  
welchen Preis der Meister nahm

## Tangerine Kitty

### 1 Dumb Ways to Die

- Cj7 Fj7 Cj7 Fj7*  
 Set fire to your hair  
*Cj7 Fj7 Cj7 Fj7*  
 Poke a stick at a grizzly bear  
*Cj7 Fj7 Cj7 Fj7*  
 Eat medi-cine that's out of date  
*Cj7 Fj7 Cj7 Fj7*  
 Use your private parts as pi-ranha bait

*Cj7 G/B Am7 Gm7 C9*  
 Dumb ways to die, so  
*F7 D7 G7/13-13-5*  
 many dumb ways to die  
*Cj7 G/B Am7 A<sup>b</sup>7 G7sus4 C9*  
 Dumb ways to di - ie - ie, so  
*F7 G7*  
 many dumb ways to die  
*Cj7 Fj7 Cj7 Fj7*

- Get your toast out with a fork  
 Do your own electrical work  
 Teach yourself how to fly  
 Eat a two-week-old un-refrigerated pie

#### Chorus

- Invite a psycho-killer inside  
 Scratch a drug dealer's brand new ride  
 Take your helmet off in outer space  
 Use a clothes dryer as a hiding place

#### Chorus

- Keep a rattlesnake as a pet  
 Sell both your kidneys on the Internet  
 Eat a tube of superglue  
 I wonder, what's this red button do?

#### Chorus

*Am7 G/B Cj9 Em7*  
 Dress up like a moose during hunting  
*Fj7 G7*  
 season  
*Am7 G/B Cj9 Em7*  
 Dis-turb a nest of wasps for no good  
*Fj7*  
 reason  
*G7 Am7*  
 Stand on the edge of a train station platform  
*Em7 Fj7*  
 Drive around the boom gates at a level crossing  
*G7 Am7 Em7*  
 Run across the tracks between the platforms  
*Fj7 G7*  
 They may not rhyme but they're quite possibly

*Cj7 G/B Am7 D9 G7*  
 The dumbest ways to die  
*Cj7 G/B Am7 D9 G7*  
 The dumbest ways to die  
*Cj7 G/B Am7 A<sup>b</sup>7 G7sus4 Em7*  
 The dumbest ways to di - ie - ie - ie  
*F7*  
 So many dumb  
*G7*  
 So many dumb ways to  
*Cj7 G/B Am7 A<sup>b</sup>7 G7 C9 F7 G7 Cj9*  
 die

## Tenacious D

### 1 Fuck Her Gently

*D* You don't always have *F#m* to fuck her hard,  
*Em* In fact, sometimes that's not *A* right to do  
*D* Sometimes you gotta make *F#m* some love  
*Em* And fucking give her some *A* smooches too

*Bm* Sometimes you got to *G* squeeze  
*Bm* Sometimes you got to say *G* please  
*D* Sometimes you got to say *A* hey:

*D* I'm gonna fuck you... *F#m* softly  
*Em* I'm gonna screw you *A* gently  
*D* I'm gonna hump you... *F#m* sweetly  
*Em* I'm gonna ball you... *A* dis-cretely

*Bm* And then you say, *G* Hey I brought you flowers  
*D* And then you say, *A* Wait a minute sally!  
*Bm* I think I got something in my teeth,  
*Em* could you get it out for me? *A* That's fuckin' Teamwork!

*D* What's your favorite *F#m* po-sish'?  
*Em* That's cool with me it's not my *A* favorite but I'll do it for  
*D* you - What's your favorite *F#m* dish?  
*Em* I'm not gonna cook it but I'll order it from *A* Zanzibar!

*Bm* And then I'm gonna love you *G* com-pletely  
*D* And then I'll fuckin' fuck you *A* dis-cretely  
*Bm* And then I'll fuckin bone you *G* com-pletely  
*D* But then... I'm gonna *Em* fuuck *A* yooou  
*C* *G* *D*  
 ha-aaaa-aaaa-aard  
*Bb7* *C* *D*  
 haaa-aaaa-aard