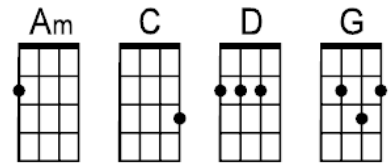


# Soak Up the Sun

Sheryl Crow, Jeff Trott



G D// C// G D// C//  
 My friend the communist holds meetings in his RV  
 I can't afford his gas so I'm stuck here watching tv

I don't have digital. I don't have diddly squat  
 It's not having what you want it's wanting what you've got

G G D D Am C D  
 I'm gonna soak up the sun. I'm gonna tell everyone to lighten up  
 D  
 I'm gonna tell 'em that  
 G G D D Am C D  
 I've got no one to blame but every time I feel lame I'm looking up

D G D// C// G D// C//  
 I'm gonna soak up the sun. I'm gonna soak up the sun  
 G D// C// G D// C//  
 I've got a crummy job. It don't pay near enough  
 To buy the things it takes to win me some of your love  
 G D// C//  
 Every time I turn around I'm looking up, you're looking down  
 G D// C//  
 Maybe something's wrong with you that makes you act the way you do

## <Chorus>

D G D// C// G D// C//  
 I'm gonna soak up the sun. While it's still free  
 G D// C// G D// C//  
 Don't have no master suite. But I'm still the king of me  
 You have a fancy ride, but baby I'm the one who has the key  
 G D// C//  
 Every time I turn around I'm looking up, you're looking down  
 G D// C//  
 Maybe something's wrong with you that makes you act the way you do  
 C  
 Maybe I am crazy too

## <Chorus>

G G D D Am C D  
 I'm gonna soak up the sun. Got my 45 on so I can rock on