

Althea - Garcia / Hunter

Intro: Bm A E A Bm A E

Bm A E A (SN Bass F^G#-A-A#-B)
I told Althea I was feeling lost
Bm A E (SN Bass F^G#-A-A#-B)
Lackin' in some direction
Bm A E A (SN Bass F^G#-A-A#-B)
Althea told me upon scrutiny that my
Bm A E (SN Bass E-F#-G#-A)
Back might need protection
A C#m
I told Althea that treachery
D A
Was tearin' me limb from limb
C#m E (SN Bass F^G#-A-A#-B)
Althea told me, now, cool down boy
Bm A E
Settle back, easy Jim

You may be Saturday's child all alone
Movin' with tinge of grace
You may be a clown in the burying ground
Or just another pretty face
You my be the fate of Ophelia
Sleepin' and perchance to dream
Honest to the point of recklessness
Self-centered in the extreme

Ain't nobody messin' with you but you
Your friends are getting most concerned
Loose with the truth baby, it's your fire
Baby, I hope you don't get burned
When the smoke has cleared she said,
That's what she said to me
Gonna want a bed to lay your head
And a little sympathy

D G (SN Bass G-F#-F-E)
There are things you can replace
E
And others you can not
D G (SN Bass G-F#-F-E)
The time has come to weigh those things
E (SN Bass F^G#-A-A#-B)
This space is getting hot
Bm A E
You know this space is getting hot.

I told Althea I'm a roving son
And I was born to be a bachelor
Althea told me, OK, that's fine
So now I'm tryin' to catch her
Can't talk to you without talkin' to me
We're guilty of the same old thing
Thinkin' a lot about less and less
And forgetting the love we bring