

# Twisted

Words and Music by  
ROSS N. GRAY

Jazz Blues feeling (♩ = 3♩)

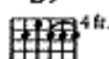
Tacet

My an-a-lyst

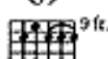
(R. H. optional)

*mp*

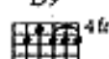
D9



G9

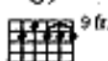


D9



told me that I was right out of my head, the way he de - scribed it he said I'd be  
told me that I was right out of my head, he said I need treat - ment but I'm not that

G9



bet - ter dead - than live, — I did - n't lis - ten to his jive, — I  
eas - 'ly led. — He said — I was the type that was most in - clined. — when





strange when you know that you're a wiz-ard at three?— I knew that this was meant to  
 fore I came to. Now do you think I was crazy? I may have been on - ly three but







be, I was swing-in', Now I They all laughed at A. Gra-ham Bell, —




they all laughed at Ed - i - son — and al-so at Ein - stein so why should I feel sor-ry if they




just could-n't un-der-stand the id - i - o - mat-ic log-ic that went on in my head? —

B7 Em7

I had a brain, it was in-sane, Oh, they used to laugh at me when

A7 D7 B7

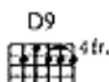
I re-fused to ride on all those dou-ble deck-er bus-es all be-

Em7 A7 D G9 A7

cause there was no driv-er on the top.

B7 Em7 A7 D9

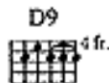
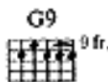
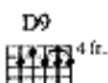
My an-a-lyst told me that I was right



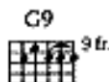
knew all a - long — that he was all wrong and I knew that he thought —  
out of his sight — to be out of my mind, and he thought I was nuts, —



I was cra-zy but I'm not, oh, no. My an - a - lyst  
no more ifs or ands or buts. They



say as a child I ap - peared a lit-tle bit wild with all my cra-zy i - deas, but  
heard lit-tle children were sup - posed to sleep tight, that's why I got into the



I knew what was hap-p'nin', I knew I was a gen - ius. — What's so  
vod-ka one night. My parents got frantic, didn't know what to do, but I saw some crazy scenes be-