Bm A E A

I told Althea I was feeling lost

Bm A E

Lacking in some direction

Bm A E A

Althea told me upon some scrutiny

Bm A E

That my back might need some protection

A C#m D A

I told Althea that treachery was tearing me from limb to limb

C#m E Bm A E

Althea told me, now cool down, boy, simmer back, Easy Jim

You may be a Saturday child all grown, moving with pinch and grace

You may be a clown in the burying ground or just another pretty face

You may be the fate of Ophelia Sleeping and perchance to dream

Honest to the point of recklessness, self-centered to the extreme

Ain’t nobody messing with you but you; Your friends are getting most concerned

Loose with the truth, baby, it’s your fire. I sure hope you don’t gert burned

When the smoke has cleared, she said, that’s what you said to me

Gonna want a bed to lay your head and some sympathy

D G E

There are things you can replace and others you can not

D G

The time has come to weigh those things

E

This space is getting hot

Bm A E

You know this space is getting hot

I told Althea I’m a roving sign and I was born to be a bachelor

Althea told me, OK that’s fine. So now I’m trying to catch her

Can talk to you without talking to me; we’re guilty of the same old thing

Thinking a lot about less and less and forgetting the love we bring