

I Like People (After Gorey, after Lear, after Goya)

[Play it through once or twice before the first verse. When I play it I kind of rock the A between A and F#m, and end the D as a D7. Whatever. Easy on the uke.]

[A] [D]
Yeah I like people / I like them a lot
[A] [D]
Yeah I like the sweet ones / And them that have rot
[A] [D]
I like them on toast / All slathered with jam
[E7] [D] [A]
Their texture's complex / Oh baby somewhat like ham.

[Instrumental]

[A] [D]
They say that I made them / They say I'm their Lord
[A] [D]
They're badly mistaken / They're out of their gourd
[A] [D]
Surrounded by angels / In heaven I sit
[E7] [D] [A]
It's humans I snack on / And then pass them as shit.

[Instrumental]

[Repeat first verse]