

**We didn't think you'd notice it/
Etude for 3 Ukuleles and 1 Cricket**

C

C G D
We planted all those little seeds

G C
And watered all the beds

C G D
We didn't think you noticed it

G C
You rarely turn your heads

A
Little shards of flower pots
F#dim
And drips from the garden hose

A
Crumbs of dirt and fertilizer

F#dim
And sometimes something grows

C G D
We made some towers out of bricks

G C
And set the glass back deep

C G D
Housed some people from the cold

G C
And shaded from the heat

A
Scores of double loaded floors

F#dim
The elevators count

A
One million square feet maybe more

F#dim
To what does it amount

C7

We call this little room a home
We call this home our place

G7

We call this place a neighborhood
But it's still outer space

C7

We call this little patch our plot
We call this plot our land

G7

And call this land our stomping ground
But it's still outer space

C G D

We planted all those little seeds

G C
We watered all the beds

C G D
We didn't think you noticed it

G C
You never turn your heads

—

(Uke/cricket instrumental)