

Too Little, Too Late Jed Rivers

V1

G

You say that you are leaving and going back home

D

To the sweet life you've always known

Your daddy feeds you better, a little high on the hog

G

And all you've been getting from me are the bones

I've been on the road for much of the month

And you're telling me now you had enough

I'm trying to make a living just hauling around

And my chances are getting pretty rough

Chorus:

C

All I got is this moist towelette to dry out my eyes

G

the whole night through

D

And a cold cup of coffee to keep me awake

G

And try to keep my mind off of you

V2

You knew that a poet was all I could be

When we first started hanging around

You liked the rhythm of my couplets and the sound of my voice

You were drawn to my poetic sound

Chorus:

All I got is this moist towelette to dry out my eyes

the whole night through

And a cold cup of coffee to keep me awake

And try to keep my mind off of you

V3

I wish I could write you a melody

That could help to keep you in my arms

A song so sweet that you'd forget all our loss

And remember the sweetness of my charms

But it don't look like I will make it in time

You say that your bags are packed by the door

With my foot on the pedal and my butt in the seat

There's no time for this old troubadour

Chorus:

All I got is this moist towelette to dry out my eyes

the whole night through

And a cold cup of coffee to keep me awake

And try to keep my mind off of you