

Practical Lunacy

By Roger Staley

(Int.) = A G D G D / A G D G A / GA Amj7

D A Bm G / D A G

D A Bm G / D F#m G A

D A

A little bit high, a little bit low

Bm G

A lot of friction, nothing to show

D A G GA GA

Taming my Practical Lunacy

D F#m

A little bit short, a little bit long

Bm G

Whatever it takes to crank out a song

Em F#m G C A

Expressing my peculiar, particular Democracy

D A

A little too lax, a little too terse

Bm G

Not sure what I'll say in the very next verse

D A G GA GA

Taming my Practical Lunacy

D F#m

A little bit random, bordering arcane

Bm G

Peace of mind sideswiped by my over-thinking brain

Em F#m

Expressing my peculiar,

Em F#m G C A

Expressing my particular Democracy

The moon rises and bounces around

Rattles cages without making a sound

It pads across the sky with irregular
starts

It moves the tides, the mad, the
untamed hearts

The moon shows its edges, its proud
scars

It allows the shine, but then a cloak to
stars

The moon it waxes, blazes and wanes
It hides in the tall dark, awaits the
next refrains