

Clean Up Your Own Backyard

Intro: E

E
 Back porch preacher preaching at me
 E
 Acting like he wrote the golden rules
 A
 Shaking his fist and speeching at me
 E
 Shouting from his soap box like a fool
 B7
 Come Sunday morning he's lying in bed
 A
 With his eye all red, with the wine in his head
 A
 Wishing he was dead when he oughta be
 E
 Heading for Sunday school

A
 Clean up your own backyard
 E7
 Oh don't you hand me none of your lines
 B7
 Clean up your own backyard
 A E7
 You tend to your business, Ill tend to mine

E
 Drugstore cowboy criticizing
 E
 Acting like he's better than you and me
 A
 Standing on the sidewalk supervising
 E
 Telling everybody how they ought to be
 B7
 Come closing time 'most every night
 A
 He locks up tight and out go the lights
 A
 And he ducks out of sight and he cheats on his wife
 E
 With his employee

A
 Clean up your own backyard
 E7
 Oh don't you hand me none of your lines
 B7
 Clean up your own backyard
 A E7
 You tend to your business, Ill tend to mine

E

E
 Armchair quarterback's always moanin'
 E
 Second guessing people all day long
 A

Pushing, fooling and hanging on in
 E
 Always messing where they don't belong
 B7
 When you get right down to the nitty-gritty
 A
 Isn't it a pity that in this big city
 A
 Not a one a'little bitty man'll admit
 E
 He could have been a little bit wrong

 A
 Clean up your own backyard
 E7
 Oh don't you hand me, don't you hand me none of your lines
 B7
 Clean up your own backyard
 A E7
 You tend to your business, Ill tend to mine
 B7
 Clean up your own backyard
 A E7
 You tend to your business, Ill tend to mine

Chords:

	A*	Bb*
e	-----	-----
B	-----	-----
G	-----	-----
D	-----	-----
A	--0--	--1--
E	-----	-----