

Who Cares What You Believe

3/01

V1: B B B B

Used to believe that I was pretty damn smart, and I still do, I guess

G6 A

Though I know now that that has very limited uses

B B

And it doesn't do much to keep me out of a mess

B B B — A/C# B

V2: Used to believe that the be all and end all was to think our way out of this idiocy

G6 A Am D — Baug

And while I still know it's a requisite to not be a Republican, that only gets you just so far

V3=V1 1st 3 lines:

Used to believe that if there isn't a God

Then there still must be some kind of force under the world

And though that may be I don't think it matters in the least

E F#

Pretend what you can stomach, hey, whatever gives you peace

Chor: G6 A7 B B

Who cares (who cares who cares) what I believe?

G6 A B B — - Em G G

Just shut y'all up, now, and stagger where you please Do you believe? I don't care.

V4=V1: It doesn't matter what you think or say when what you do says otherwise,

and what most of us are doing is work

And we will work and we will work, and then come home to other work

And the illusion of vacation doesn't make you less a jerk

V5=V3: And when your leisure's a reaction to the sucking things upon you

So the time that you kick back in is spent kicking back at the rest of the time

What the hell could it possibly matter what you've got to say about it

You can talk about the system, but you're in it, and you are it

C: So who cares (who cares, who cares) what you believe?

Just shut y'all up, now, and stagger where you please

G6 A

What we think we might achieve is most often still diseased

B B

As we define ourselves in terms of something foreign to us

Instrum break 1: B B B B Cmod Amod B B

B B B B Cmod Amod E F#

Chorus chords (still instrum)

V6=V1: Used to believe, when I grew up I'd be a god — I honesty did — sort of

When you see yourself expanding as a kid, you can imagine that it'll keep that pace forever, but it won't

V7=V3: And though your thoughts get much more nuanced, and you get over stupid fascinations with

what first might seem trippy or divine. You might no longer think you're clever when you "break out

of the box," 'Cause you can see that you live in it, and your head is full of rocks

Chorus, Instrum break: B B B B Cmod Amod B B

B B B B Cmod Dmod E E

Bsus4 Bsus4 Bsus4 Bsus4 Cmod Amod — - Bmod Cmod Bmod — - D#mod

E E E E — - F G A F E

[A G6 — D6] X 4

V8=V2 with new rhythm: Used to believe that most people are stupid, and I still do, a bit, I guess

But I've gotten beyond caring, 'cause I'm not distinguished from them, by anything that could really make a real, substantial difference

V9=V3: Though I may be less annoying, or just irritate in a different way...

(instrum line) What we do rules out any sort of good, and there's more to good than not so bad.