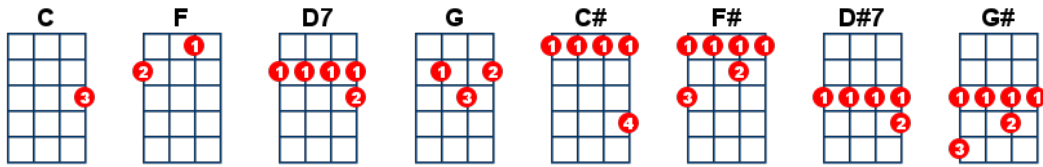


She'd Rather Be Homeless

Shel Silverstein & Anne Dailey



Intro

C F C
 It was our 25th anniversary and I was watching the Super Bowl

D7 G
 When suddenly she started cursing me. Hell, I almost dropped my remote control.

F C G C
 And she said "That's that" and grabbed her hat and headed out into the snow.

F G C
 And that was almost two long years ago

C F C
 Now see her shuffling down the street, combat boots on her dainty feet,

D7 G
 Pushing her belongings in a cart from the A&P.

C F
 See her bumming cigarettes, On the sidewalk where she sits.

C G C
 Lord, she'd rather be homeless, than here at home with me.

F C
 She'd rather be sleeping in some doorway

G
 Than lolling in the lap of luxury.

F C F
 And when the cold wind starts to blow, Lord, it hurts me so to know

C G C
 She'd rather be homeless, than here at home with me.

^C
She said all my friends were dumb and she called me "Yuppee scum!"
^F ^C
^{D7} ^G
She said she didn't give a damn 'bout my BMW or my AT&T.
^C ^F
She said to take these credit cards of mine, and stick'm where the sun don't shine.
^C ^G ^C
Cause she'd rather be homeless, than here at home with me.

Modulate

^{C#} ^{F#} ^{C#}
I see her sitting on her full length mink and as I walk by she winks,
^{D#7} ^{G#}
Saying "Spare some change for a lady, a lady who's finally free."
^{C#} ^{F#}
She don't want my bonds and stocks, living in her cardboard box,
^{C#} ^{G#} ^{C#}
Oh, She'd rather be homeless, than here at home with me.

^{F#} ^{C#}
She'd rather eat soup down at the shelter
^{G#}
Than at the Country Club sipping fine Chablis.
^{F#} ^{C#} ^{F#}
And as I throw her a dime, Lord, it breaks this heart of mine to know
^{C#} ^{G#} ^{C#}
She'd rather be homeless, than here at home with me.

Tag

^{F#} ^{C#} ^{G#} ^{C#}
Yes, she'd rather be homeless, than here at home with me.