

I Can't Think Of Anything

Ward Ricker

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$\text{♩} = 130$

D G A D

I can't think of a - ny-thing a - bout which I can write a song. Oh, what-e - ver I

6 G A D G

might come up with, seems like crap and oh so wro-ng. But that won't stop me. Here I go an-y-way.

11 D G D G

If it's just slop-py, who cares? It's o - kay. May-be 'twill a flop be. If you don't like it, go a-way. I'm

15 Em A D G

going to sing my song. Truf-fles' scales and wal-nut tails and Sing - a - pore in bag-gy pants while Sym-pa - thy for ug - ly shorts, and

19 A D A D G

lots of pret - ty lamb's wings. Hip - pos in your caul - i - flower and
 Sa - turn i - rons hot - cakes. Me - ga - bytes of cot - ton wood for
 sil - ly snails they push through. Mon - ty Py - thon car - ries on with

2

21

A D G

o - ther real - ly weird things.
all of Bar - bie's dolls' sakes.
Sa - ta's elv - en hoo - doo.

Grand - ma push - ing cot - ton balls while
Six - teen tons of men - tal tricks and
Up a - bove in smi - ly pants they

23

A D A D Em A D

Pla-to and his dad sings, and
lots of short and long lakes, and
pick up lots of doo - doo, and

if that makes no sense to you your
if that makes no sense to you your
if that makes no sense to you your

mouse hop you can fling!
hop - scotch you can bake!
up - chuck you can chew!