

It's Not My Job

Ward Ricker

Ward Ricker

D G D G D G A D G D G
 It's not my job to de-ci-pher all your words un-clear. It's not my fault you're so la-zy

7 D G A D G
 all your words you smear. When you are so rude that you just
 You could show res-pect to those who
 You mum-ble and mut-ter, and with
 If you can't be both-ered your words

10 D G D G A
 bab-ble and you squawk, it shows that you don't care a-bout the ones with whom you talk.
 lis-ten to you drone, and make the ef-fort to ad-dress them in a nice clear tone.
 gib-ber-ish you blare. You jumb-ble and you sput-ter, and it's just gar-ble, I swear.
 to e-nun-ci-ate, then I guess what you have to say, it just is not so great.

13 D G D G
 Oh, how in-con-si-der-ate you are to one and all who
 But in-stead you stam-mer, blab-ber. All your words you slur, while
 If it's not im-port-ant that you try to say it clear, your
 If you can't be both-ered to make clear the words you spout, then

D G D A

try to un - der - stand your bab - ble, as on - ward you drawl.
car - ing not how hard you make it for the lis - ten - er.
un - im - port - ant gar - ble I just do not want to hear.
I just can't be both - ered to try to fig - ure them out.