

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-gypants while
Sym-pa - thy for ug - ly shorts, and

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A D A D G A D A

lots of pret - ty lamb's wings. Hip-pos in your caul - i-flower and o - ther real - ly weird things.
 Sa-turn i - rons hot - cakes. Me - ga-bytes of cot-ton wood for all of Bar-bie's dolls' sakes.
 sil - ly snails they push through. Mon-ty Py-thon car-ries on with Sa-ta's elv - en hoo - doo.

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D G A D A D A

Grand-ma push-ing cot-ton balls while Pla-to and his dad sings, and if that makes no sense to you your
 Six-teen tons of men-tal tricks and lots of short and long lakes, and if that makes no sense to you your
 Up a - bove in smi-ly pants they pick up lots of doo - doo, and if that makes no sense to you your

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A D

mouse hop you can fling!
 hop - scotch you can bake!
 pop chop you can chew!