

## Four Chords

### The Classic Crime

I was once a boy in love with strangers,  
As I watched them smoke their cigarettes I'd wave  
I was much too young to think of danger,  
I was curious and innocent and brave  
Now the wrinkles in my face have gotten deeper,  
I'm an old man at just 25 years young  
I try to keep myself away from mirrors,  
They remind me of the stupid things I've done  
'cause after all man's intellect and power,  
All you get is 650,000 hours  
If you're lucky then you're dead,  
Says the voice inside my head  
keeps me moving on,  
keeps me singing these songs, so sing along  
Oh, oh, here we go, been down this road  
about a thousand times before  
But we ain't bored  
Oh, oh, here we go singing songs we wrote  
about a thousand times before  
But we aint bored  
the same four chords, the same four chords  
Now the beard upon my face has gotten thicker  
To protect me from the storms that come my way  
Maybe when my life's done I'll be the singer  
in the band that plays outside of heaven's gate  
And even if I die tomorrow  
I'll be glad my life was filled with songs,  
And even if I die tomorrow  
These four chords will keep me living on  
Oh, oh, the songs that we wrote,  
are playing back on the radio  
Oh, oh, if I die tomorrow  
these four chords will keep me living on