

# GUILTY BY ASSOCIATION BLUES

words and music by Danny Schmidt



INTRO: G - C - walk up to Cmaj7 - then walk back down to G6 - D . . .

**G**  
If I had a parrot, I'd teach that bird to speak

**C**  
He'd say, "Polly, why's the cracker in the White House not impeached?"

**D** **C**  
He'd say: "Makeup makes you ugly, and TV makes you dumb

**G** **D**  
And people don't kill people, but they give the assholes guns"

**G**  
Yes, if I had a parrot, he'd probably land in jail

**C** **G** **D**  
For saying what I'm thinking and for showing too much tail

He'd speak the world in mirrors, cause that's just what parrots do

**C** **G** **D** **G**  
And I'd just shrug my shoulders with the Guilty By Association Blues

If I had an elephant, I'd teach him how to dance  
Cause there's places you can only get if your elephant can dance  
Like palaces and country clubs and boardrooms full of men  
Who throw their weight around as though their pleasure was a plan  
Yes, if I had an elephant, he'd do-si-do through doors  
He'd can-can past the "Don't Disturbs" and the point of no reforms  
He'd do the tarantella til the gates were trampled through  
And I'd just waltz right by and hum the Guilty By Association Blues

Yes, and if I had a pig, I'd teach that pig to count  
Cause it's money that rolls around in mud and hogs that rule the house  
But I figure if my pig could root beneath the bottom line  
Then we'd both get high on truffles and on dandelion wine  
Yes, if my pig could learn to count the beans inside the jar  
Or make up fancy numbers that look likely from afar  
He'd bring us home the bacon like an honest pig'll do  
And I'll be fat and happy with the Guilty By Association Blues

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## SONG NOTES:

This song is in standard tuning, capoed up on the fifth fret.

I almost notated the actual chords that make the walk up in the introduction and the instrumental breaks between verses, but it actually made things less clear rather than more clear, cause it made chords with names like "Cmaj7#11."

Here's the skinny on that. Really, just make a C chord, and walk to the Cmaj7 with your index finger on the first string second fret in between the C and the Cmaj7. And then walk back down exactly the same way from the Cmaj7 to the GG, with the index finger back on the first string second fret in between the chord changes. Hope that makes sense. At least this song comes slow enough that it shouldn't be too hard to pick out the melody. Just know that you never stray too far from the chords I have listed . . . you'll just be dropping or adding one finger within those chords.

As for the song itself . . . I wrote this one about a month before the presidential election of 2008. I needed some closure on the Bush administration. It's part of the healing process, I'm told.

The verse about pigs turned out to be sadly prescient of the banking and mortgage collapse. And I'm still pissed off at the pigs at Goldman Sachs and the other giant banks for making a killing while knowingly inflating a huge unsustainable bubble, and then making a killing on a bailout that was necessary to stave off the collapse of everything else when the bubble inevitably burst, and then making a killing on the recovery of their own company stocks. Grrrr. I'm not sure how war reparations aren't the appropriate response to that whole fiasco. But I know I'm still pissed about those guys. And I plan to, at least, steal the pens out of their lobbies . . . maybe even cruise some of their snazzy-ass neighborhoods in Connecticut and take some lawn furniture and give it to people in Pennsylvania on my way back down. I'm not sure what. But those people need some of their stuff redistributed, somehow. Makes me mad when those people use their killings to lobby against social programs and "big" government.

Sorry. I'm all worked up now. Probably, I won't end up doing anything about it but rhyming some real castigating couplets. So lookout, mofos!