Kesey's Fiction

words and music
R. Runyon

Am D Fmaj7 E Am D
Sometimes a great notion will never give an inch other times you'll be standing in line
Fmaj7 E F E F
When it looked like such a cinch a strong woman makes up her own mind take her for granted
E F E F E
And she knows what you'll find you'll miss her tomorrow but she won't mind you never were the trust worthy kind

Am D Fmaj7 E Am D Fmaj7 E
If your cat goes for mayonnaise then give that cat away don't be a victim all your life it ain't part of being saved
F E F E F E
You've got bikers tearing up your lawn and drifters sleeping in your woods if you had been a more prudent man
F E
You could have wound up with no worldly goods

Am D Fmaj7 E Am D
Your high degree guru, he's state of the art chanting mantras in his underwear
Fmaj7 E F E F E
A magic riddle and a little black box I don't know why I should care I don't know if I do
F E A9
It smells like something that I would have scraped off the bottom of my shoe

(weird guitar noises)

And the schitzo girl says
"Life's not a closed system, life has never been a closed system. You people are really crazy"

Am D Fmaj7 E Am D
He's been a mummy all along at least since he started his sailor's song he was this and now he's that
Fmaj7 E F E F
He'll change his face like you change your hat the poor devil's dying in his debris the poor devil
E F E F E
Don't even care he keeps thinking there will something to see when he gets to the top of the stairs

weird folk guitar

Big Double Bear and little Tricker Squirrel dogs hogs and Bibles a little ozark girl

Mist through the mountains the passage of time

Am D Fmaj7 E Am D
He likes the smell of his fireworks echoing down your hallowed halls he stays away from STP
Fmaj7 E F E F
He uses cornstarch on his balls the truth can be found and the truth can be lost a king can be crowned
E F E F E
But there's always a cost the biggest bull can be ruled by a toy as long as the master has a sense of joy