

The Queen of Heart Attacks

Phillip Mills

C G7 C F C

It was - n't my o - pin - ion We should
(I'm) dai - ly in the gar - den Rush - ing
(Her) cook - ing's going to trump us Like those

G F C F C

num - ber all our child - ren. It nev - er was my pref - 'rence
'round to hand out par - dons To eve - ry friend and vis - 'tor
tarts that caused a rum - pus. I told the Knave to grab them;

G G7 C

To throw par - ties eve - ry day. I'd not un - hinge the
The Queen would have dis - patched. But Chesh - ire Cat: he's
Throw them in the un - der - brush. She caught him; now she's

F C G F C

Hat - ter; His bad sing - ing don't much mat - ter. The
leav - ing And I'll waste no time in griev - ing. I'm
steam - ing, Turn - ing pur - ple; won't stop scream - ing I

F C G7 C G7

Queen's the one who wants guests killed For all they do or say. She
nerv - ous when I see a head With no - thing else at - tached.
know that I should leave her but I hate to bust a flush.

F C G

ter - ror - iz - es hedge - hogs; a - bu - ses pink fla - min - goes Par - a - ly - zes

F C F

gar - den - ers who fall down in their tracks "Off with their heads," she

al - ways yells And makes my life cha - ot - ic hell Why did I draw The

Queen of Heart At - tacks I'm Her