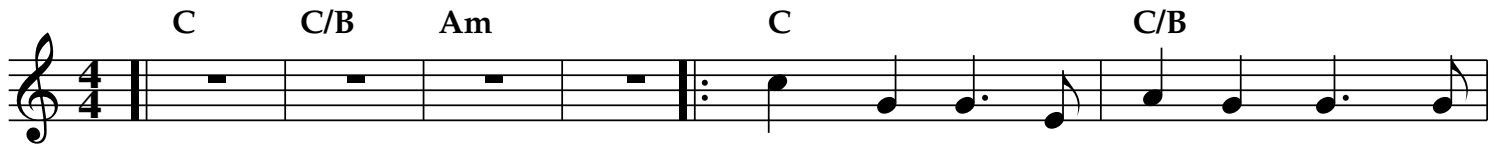


# Tweedledee

Phil Mills

C C/B Am C C/B



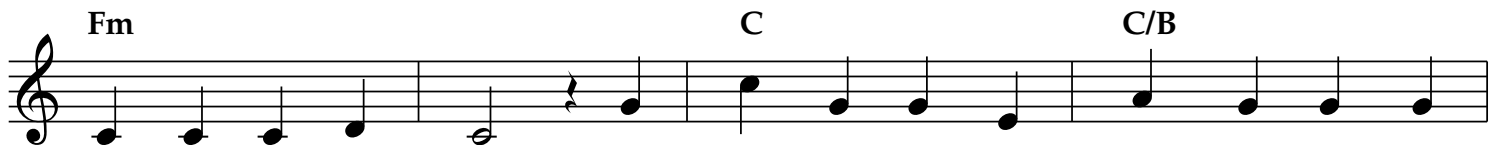
All my life, I've stud-ied, worked, and  
Though my taste was po - et - ry, ill

Am F



lived to "run the race", Though, run-ning at my fast-est, my best  
chance con-strained my choice: I on - ly spoke in ech - oes of a

Fm C C/B



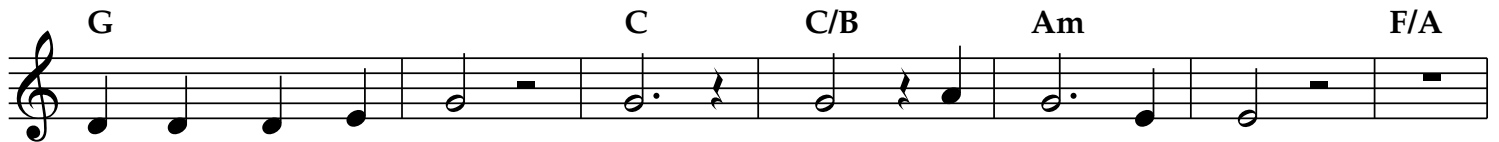
mark was sec - ond place. I'm sure I'd be de - pressed if I could  
fool - ish per-son's voice. When the loud black wings des-cend and

Am F/A



force my - self to feel But all the cry - ing in the world would  
fill my ach - ing thought, I un - der-stand how mean - ing - less, a

G C C/B Am F/A



nev - er make me real. You may re - mem - ber me...  
life lived and for - got. You should re - mem - ber me...

G C G7 F



I'm Twee - dle - dee. First I killed the car - pen - ter and

G Am F



shot the wal - rus next, The sev - en maids, the oys - ters, and the

G Am Dm Am

pawns set out for chess. I fired, a white one died, then an - oth - er and an

Dm G G7

oth - er. The sold - iers found me, smil - ing, and took a - way my bro - ther.

C C/B Am

Sum - mer now has gone to sleep, I stand out in the snow With \_

F Fm

thir - ty pounds of gel - ig - nite and watch the woods be - low. I

C C/B Am

don't sup - pose there'll be a tree left stand - ing when I'm done, Nor \_

F/A G C

King, nor Queen, nor roy - al court, nor an - y oth - er one. You

C/B Am F/A G C G7 C

must re - mem - ber me... I'm Twee - dle - dee. You

C/B Am F/A G C

must re - mem - ber me... I'm Twee - dle - dee.

History:

July, 2011