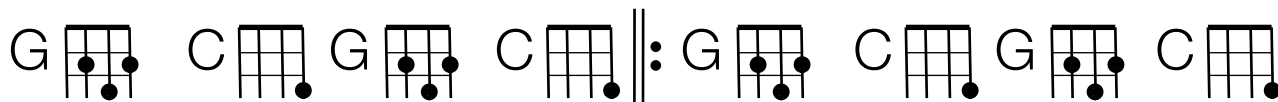


Backyard

[Intro]



[Verses]

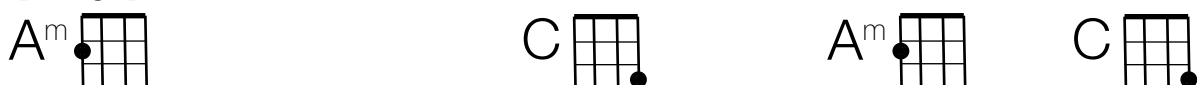
G C G C

1) We were sitting in our backyard, waiting for the stars to show.
 2) Took my bike out on Harvard Street. Rode up Bathurst to Saint Clair

G C G C

But the city lights shine too far, on and on the grey skies glow.
 Started countin' cars surrounding me, my lungs burstin' for some cleaner air

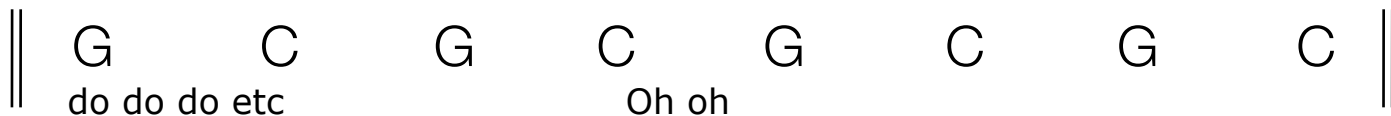
[Bridge]



[It was] sadder than a morning dove, much funnier than a clown. But when



push comes to shove, oh, I still love this town. Do do do



do do do etc Oh oh

[Verses]

G C G C

3) I was waitin' on the eastbound train, headed out to see the suburbs,
 4) Early mornin' on a Saturday, the bustle wakes us up in bed.

G C G C

When I thought I heard my name. It was just a crazy lady slurrin' words.
 Construction, trucks, kids in the park at play, no quiet place to lay our heads

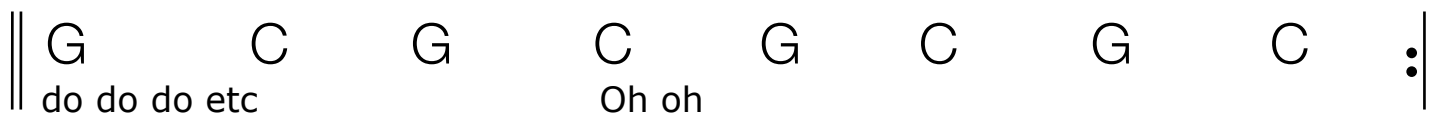
[Bridge]

Am C Am C

It was sadder than a weepin' willow, silly as a dog with a bone
 I was madder than the old hatter, as crazy as the Cheshire cat

Am C | G / F / | C

But when you ask me about it, I'll still call this my home. Do do do ...
 But when we get to the heart of the matter, this is where I'll hang my hat. Do ...



do do do etc Oh oh