

One Week

Words & Music:
Barenaked Ladies

[capo 2 – basic riff for verses is: G = 320033 to Cadd9 = X32033]

G Cadd9 G Cadd9 [etc.]
It's been one week since you looked at me, cocked your head to the side and said, "I'm angry."
Five days since you laughed at me saying, "Get that together come back and see me."
Three days since the living room. I realized it's all my fault, but couldn't tell you.
Yesterday you'd forgiven me. But it'll still be two days till I say I'm sorry.

G [for entire section]

Hold it now and watch the hoodwink as I make you stop, think.
You'll think you're looking at Aquaman.
I summon fish to the dish, although I like the Chalet Swiss.
I like the sushi 'cause it's never touched a frying pan.

Hot like wasabi when I bust rhymes, big like LeAnn Rimes
Because I'm all about value.
Bert Kaempfert's got the mad hits, you try to match wits,
You try to hold me but I bust through.

Gonna make a break and take a fake, I'd like a stinkin', achin' shake.
I like vanilla, it's the finest of the flavors.
Gotta see the show, 'cause then you'll know, the Vertigo is gonna grow.
'Cause it's so dangerous, you'll have to sign a waiver.

Em7 Dsus4 G Cadd9 [etc. for entire section]

How can I help it if I think you're funny when you're mad.
Trying hard not to smile though I feel bad.
I'm the kind of guy who laughs at a funeral.
Can't understand what I mean? Well, you soon will.
I have a tendency to wear my mind on my sleeve.
I have a history of taking off my shirt.

[back to basic riff]

It's been one week since you looked at me, threw your arms in the air and said, "You're crazy."
Five days since you tackled me. I've still got the rug burns on both my knees.
It's been three days since the afternoon you realized it's not my fault not a moment too soon.
Yesterday you'd forgiven me and now I sit back and wait till you say you're sorry.

Chickity China the Chinese chicken, you have a drumstick and your brain stops tickin'
Watchin' X-Files with no lights on we're dans la maison
I hope the Smoking Man's in this one, like Harrison Ford I'm getting frantic,
Like Sting I'm tantric, like Snickers, guaranteed to satisfy

Like Kurosawa I make mad films, okay, I don't make films
But if I did they'd have a samurai, gonna get a set of better clubs
Gonna find the kind with tiny nubs just so my irons aren't always flying off the backswing
Gotta get in tune with Sailor Moon
'Cause that cartoon has got the boom anime babes that make me think the wrong thing

How can I help it if I think you're funny when you're mad
Trying hard not to smile though I feel bad
I'm the kind of guy who laughs at a funeral
Can't understand what I mean? You soon will
I have a tendency to wear my mind on my sleeve
I have a history of losing my shirt

It's been one week since you looked at me dropped your arms to your sides and said I'm sorry
Five days since I laughed at you and said you just did just what I thought you were gonna do
Three days since the living room we realized we're both to blame, but what could we do
Yesterday you just smiled at me 'cause it'll still be two days till we say we're sorry

It'll still be two days till we say we're sorry
It'll still be two days till we say we're sorry