Bm7 E7 Am7
RIDIN ON A BUS MET A MAN NAMED GUS
D7
TURNED OUT HE WAS A UNION MAN
Bm7 E7 Am7
AFL-CIO TOUGH AND STRAIGHT ON HIS TOES
AND OH, THE FOOL THAT I AM
Am7
NERVOUSLY LEANED OVER AND SAID SOMETHING RUNNIN' IN MY HEAD
HE NODDED TILL I WAS DONE

HE SPOKE THEN LIKE HE'D HEARD DIDN'T SAY MANY WORDS

JUST ANSWERED YOU'RE WRONG SON HE SAID

chorus

YOU'RE WRONG SON AD GO GM7 C9

YOU'RE WRONG SON AD GO GM7 C9

YOU'RE WRONG D7

YOU'RE WRONG SON YOU'RE WRONG D7

YOU'RE WRONG SON YOU'RE WRONG

Bm7 E7 Am7 D7

JAZZMAN IN A BAR I KNOW WHO YOU ARE AND I LOVE A GUITAR OR HORN

Bm7 E7 Am7

POWER WE CAN FIND WITH THESE VESSELS SOMETIME

AND YOU'RE A FINE MUSICIAN

Am7 OLD GUY LOOKS AT ME SAYS NOW DON'T FAKE HARMONY

CERTAINLY WE LIKE A RIGHTEOUS SONG

Bm7 BUT IF YOU NEED THE RIFF TO HEAR THE MUSIC YOU'RE A STIFF

AND THEN YOU KNOW IT'S BOUND TO BE WRONG

chorus

chorus

Bm7
WALKIN' TO A FEAST RAN INTO A PRIEST

I GUESS THAT HE'S RIPE FOR A CHAT

Bm7
HIS FEELINGS PRETTY CALM, GOT A CROSS IN HIS PALM

I DIDN'T KNOW THEY STILL COME LIKE THAT

Am7
HE ASKED ME BY THE WAY HOW YOU SPENDING YOUR DAYS

C7
I SAID I PLAY AND I GET IT ON

Bm7
RELIGION I'LL GET TO IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO

D7
SOMEDAY SOON WHEN THIS TRIP IS DONE

HE SAID YOU'RE WRONG SON YOU CANNOT THINK ABOUT IT THAT WAY, etc.

