

Four July Parade

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KEY of D; RB capo C2D
intro D D7

Two bits won't buy a paradigm of virtue any more
But virtue is it's own reward so I'll get up off the floor
And rise to heights not seen before last Tuesday afternoon
When ol' Cupid caught me staring at the moon

Chorus:

Like a four July parade, like a hammock in the shade
While sucking down a straw full of that homemade lemonade
I can't hold it all inside, I can't hope to try to hide
That old feeling when you lay down by my side

This old guitar is made of wood, its strings are wound with steel
The chords go 'round from C to C like the turning of a wheel
You can't win it playing poker, you can't take it to the bank
You can't get nowhere by struttin', pulling rank

Like a four July parade, like a moonlight serenade
Like a triple stack of buttermilks with orange marmalade
I can't hold it all inside, I can't hope to try to hide
That old feeling when you lay down by my side

(Jim verse break then Ken chorus break)

I know life with me it may not be a picnic every day
But legs just need to reach the ground to be long enough they say
I'm still in love with you, anybody says I ain't, they lie
Just watch me turn on back to you tonight

Like a four July parade, like a cabin in the glade
While the morning sun is shining on those children that we made
I can't hold it all inside, I can't hope to try to hide
That old feeling when you lay down by my side

Like a four July parade, like a hammock in the shade
While sucking down a straw full of that homemade lemonade
I can't hold it all inside, I can't hope to try to hide
That old feeling when you lay down by my side
Yeah that old feeling when you lay down by my side