

Too Hung Over (Thanksgiving With Real Indians)

Words and Music by Paige E. Powell

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Intro: G DDD G DDD

G C D C D G DDD
1. Betsy and I are college roommates — and Grandma’s pickin’ us up in the mornin’

G C D C D G
Down in her car, we’re not expecting — two Saudi Arabian students

B Em F# Bm
But we are too hung over to ask, “Hey, Grandma, where are we going?”

C D G
As she drives us all away from Tulsa

B Em F# Bm C D G
(And, we are) Too hung over to talk to the Saudis Grandma invited to Thanksgiving with real Indians

G C D C D G DDD
2. Lone, country house — and we’re outnumbered. Native Americans are eating

G C D C D G
Platefuls of food — the TV’s got football. Indians watching the Redskins

B Em F# Bm
But we are too hung over to ask who lives here and who is related

C D G
To the woman who invited Grandma

B Em F# Bm C D G
(Yes, we are) Too hung over to talk, but no one is chatty or friendly at Thanksgiving with real Indians

Am D G Em
Bridge: And I am feeling guilty and surprised and overwhelmed

F# Bm
Guilty for the history between their people and mine

Am D G Em
That firewater that we drank last night just did us in

F# Bm Am D
My brain has a sign: “Out of order — try next time”

G C D C D G DDD
3. Turkey and dressing and real good gravy. Green beans and sweet, sweet potatoes

G C D C D G
Nothin’ to do but feed our faces. And look at Indians all through this house

B Em F# Bm
Still, we are too hung over to ask what became of the Saudis?

C D G
We hear Grandma laughing in the kitchen

B Em F# Bm C D G
Still, we are too hung over to talk, or let our big mouths get us in trouble at T-giving