

Too Hung Over (Thanksgiving With Real Indians)

Words and Music by Paige E. Powell

[capo 5]

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Intro: C g a b C g a b C

C F G F G C g a b
1. Betsy and I are college roommates — and Grandma’s pickin’ us up in the mornin’

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

E Am B Em
But we are too hung over to ask, “Hey, Grandma, where are we going?”

F G C
As she drives us all away from Tulsa

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

C F G F G C g a b
2. Lone, country house — and we’re outnumbered. Native Americans are eating

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

E Am B Em
But we are too hung over to ask who lives here and who is related

F G C
To the woman who invited Grandma

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

Dm G C Am
Bridge: And I am feeling guilty and surprised and overwhelmed

B Em
Guilty for the history between their people and mine

Dm G C Am
That firewater that we drank last night just did us in

B Em Dm G
My brain has a sign: “Out of order — try next time”

C F G F G C g a b
3. Turkey and dressing and real good gravy. Green beans and sweet, sweet potatoes

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

E Am B Em
Still, we are too hung over to ask what became of the Saudis?

F G C
We hear Grandma laughing in the kitchen

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