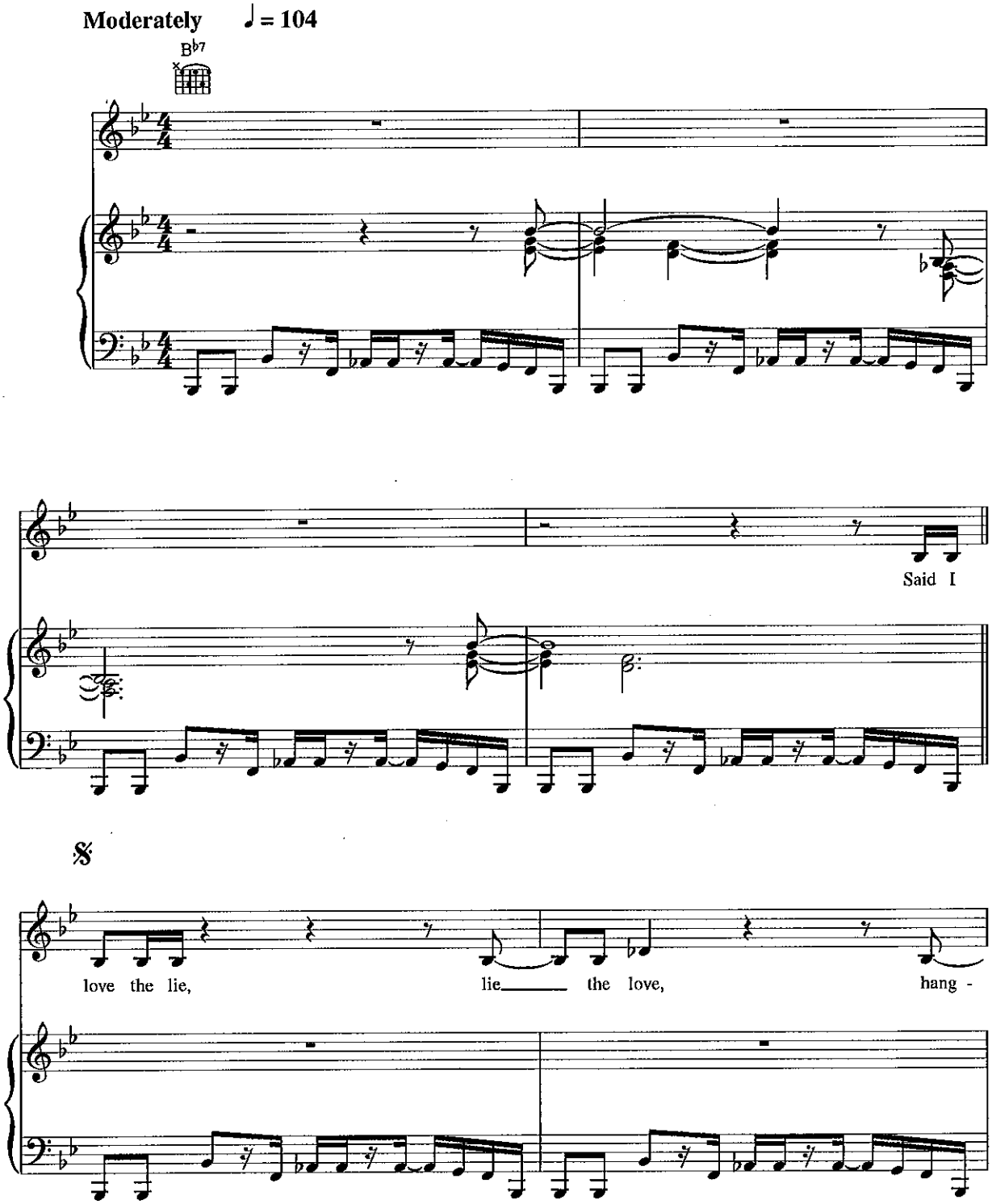
Compared To What

Words & Music by Eugene McDaniels



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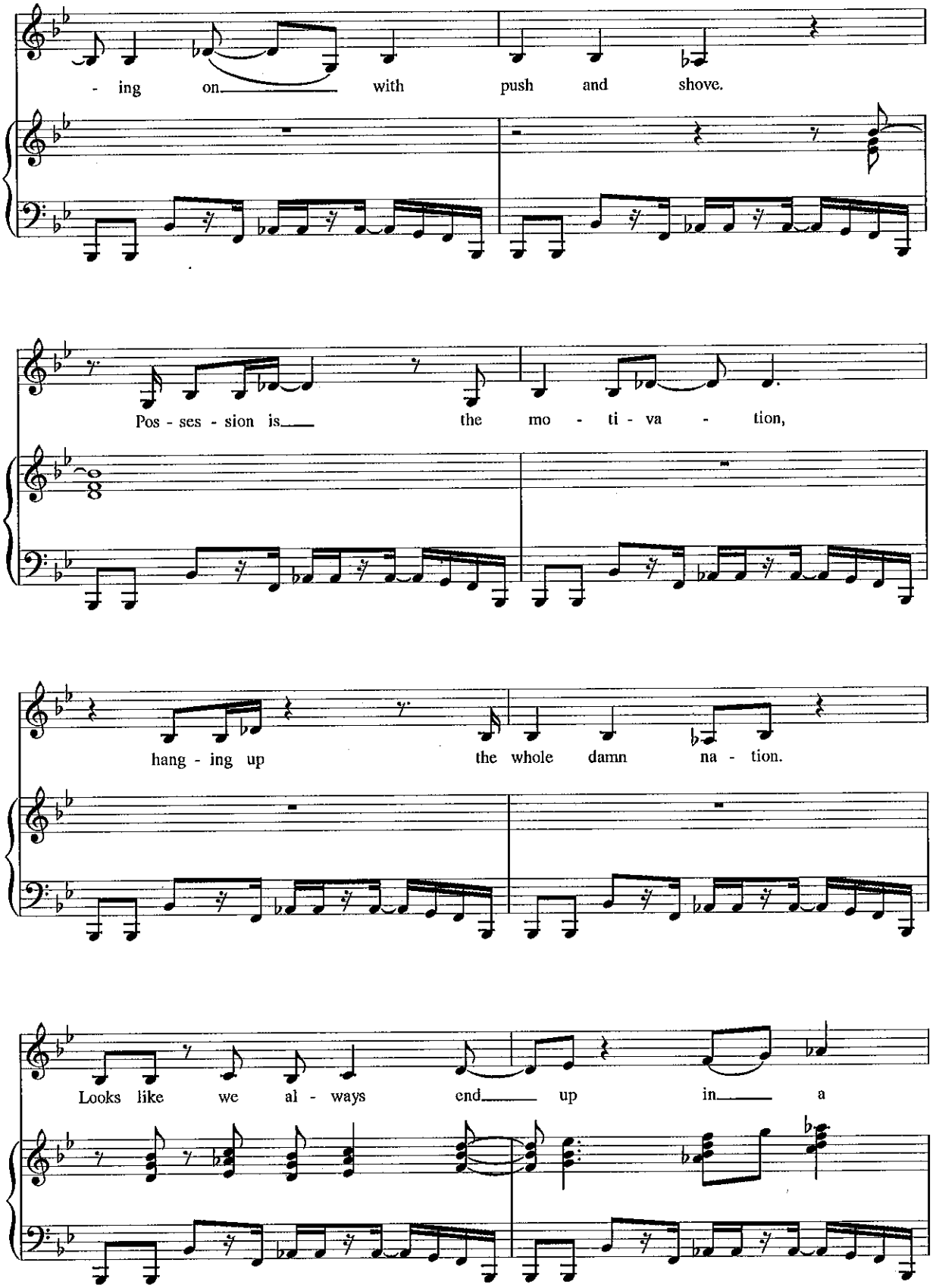
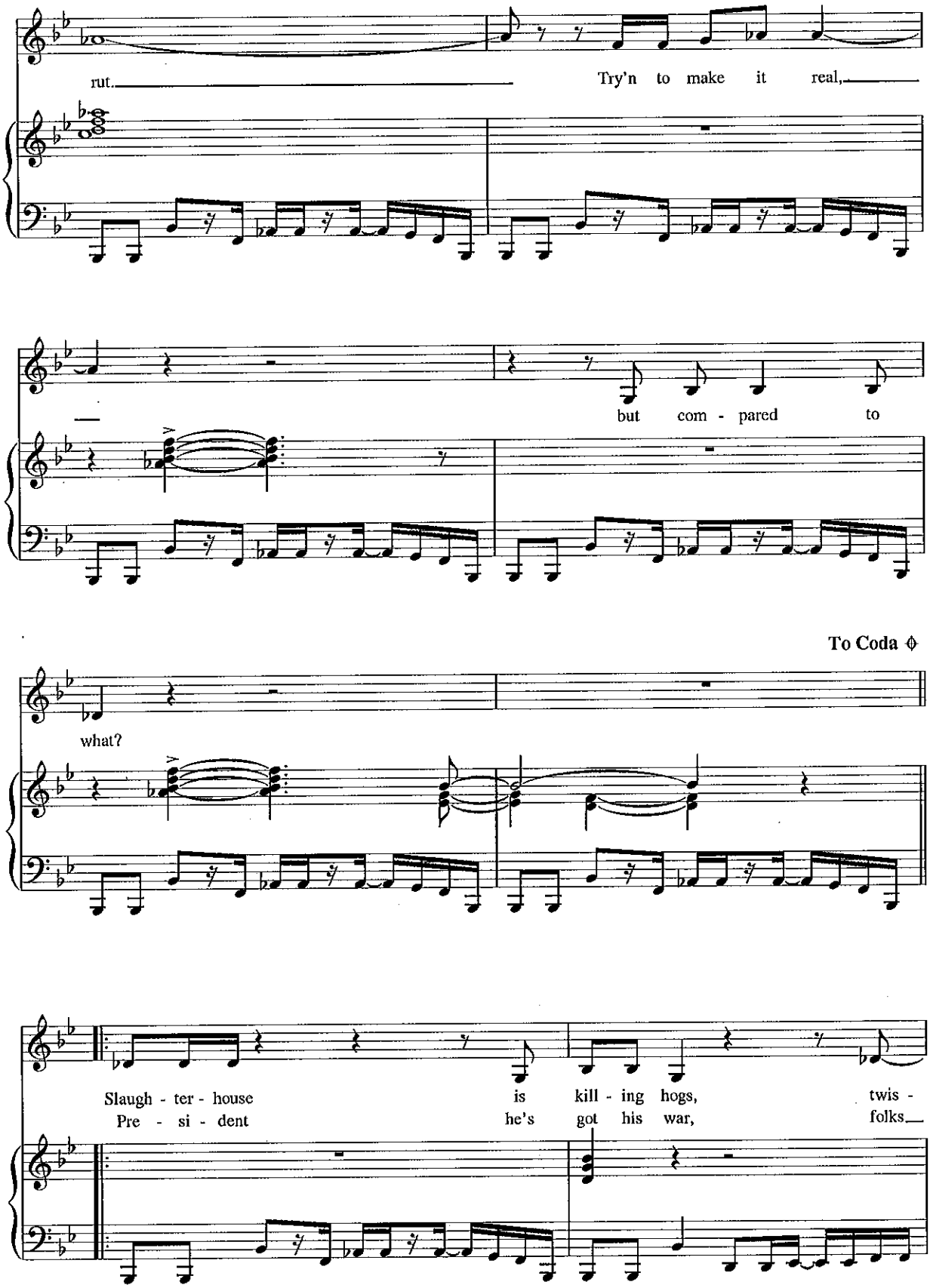
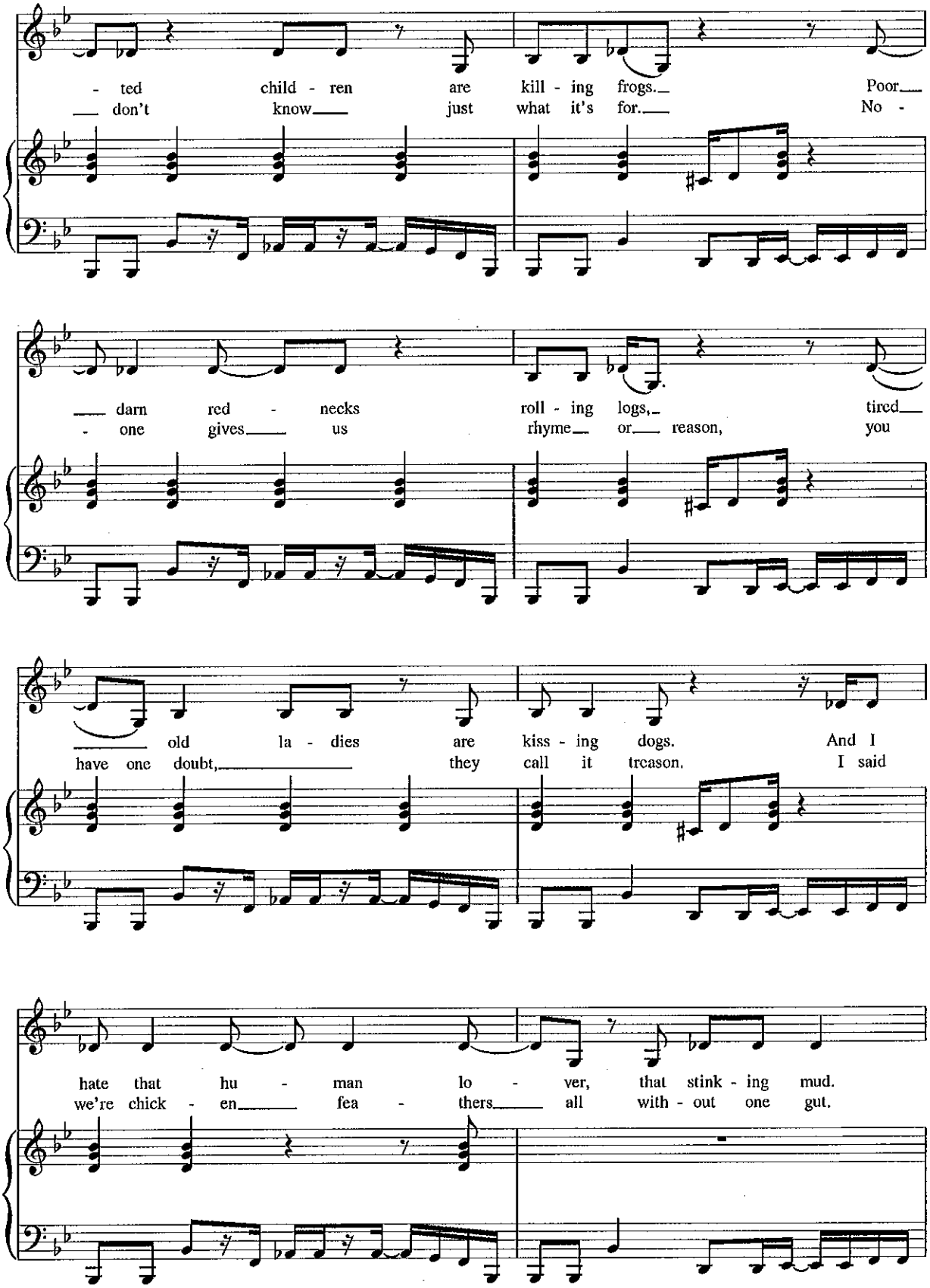
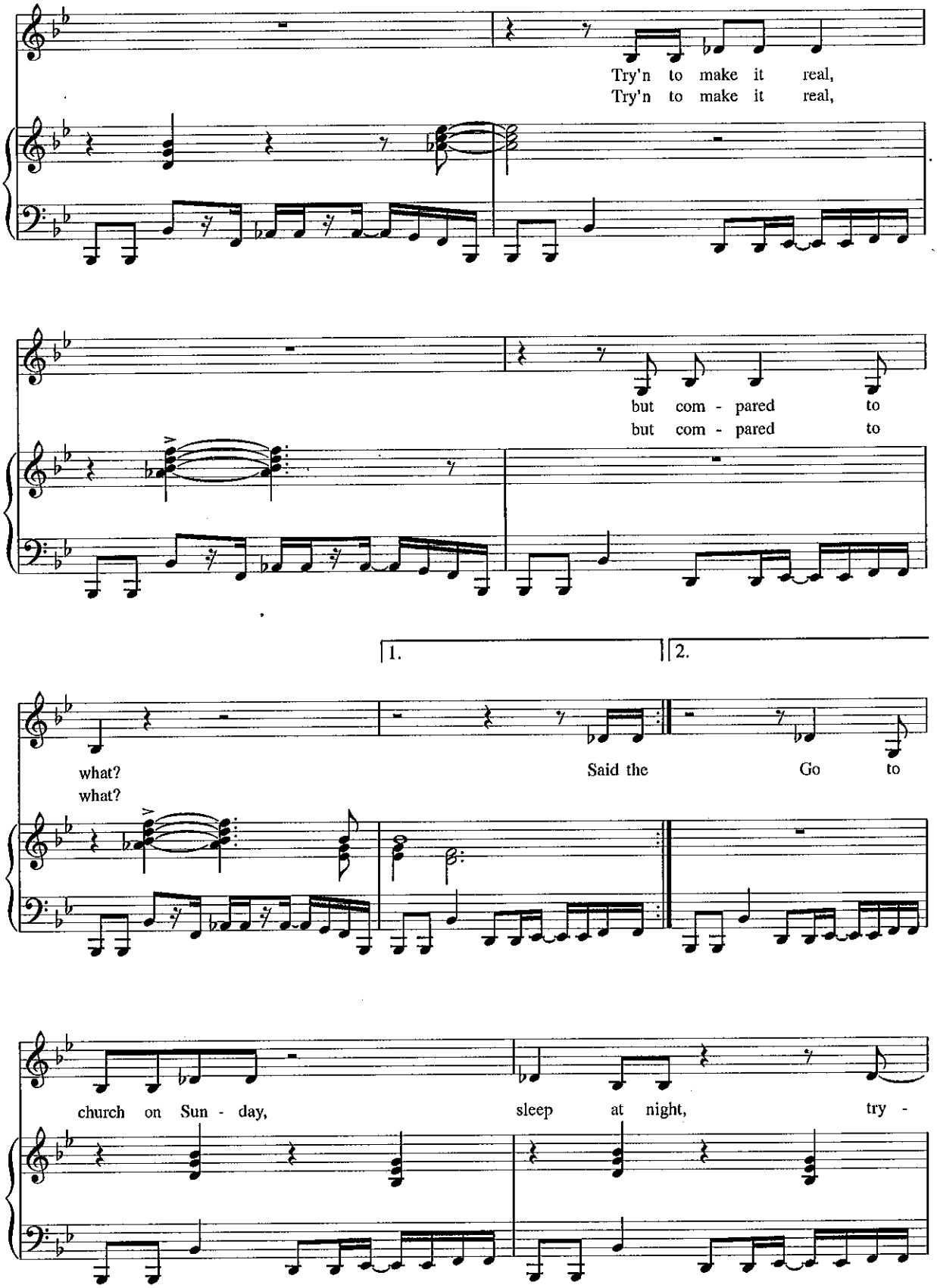
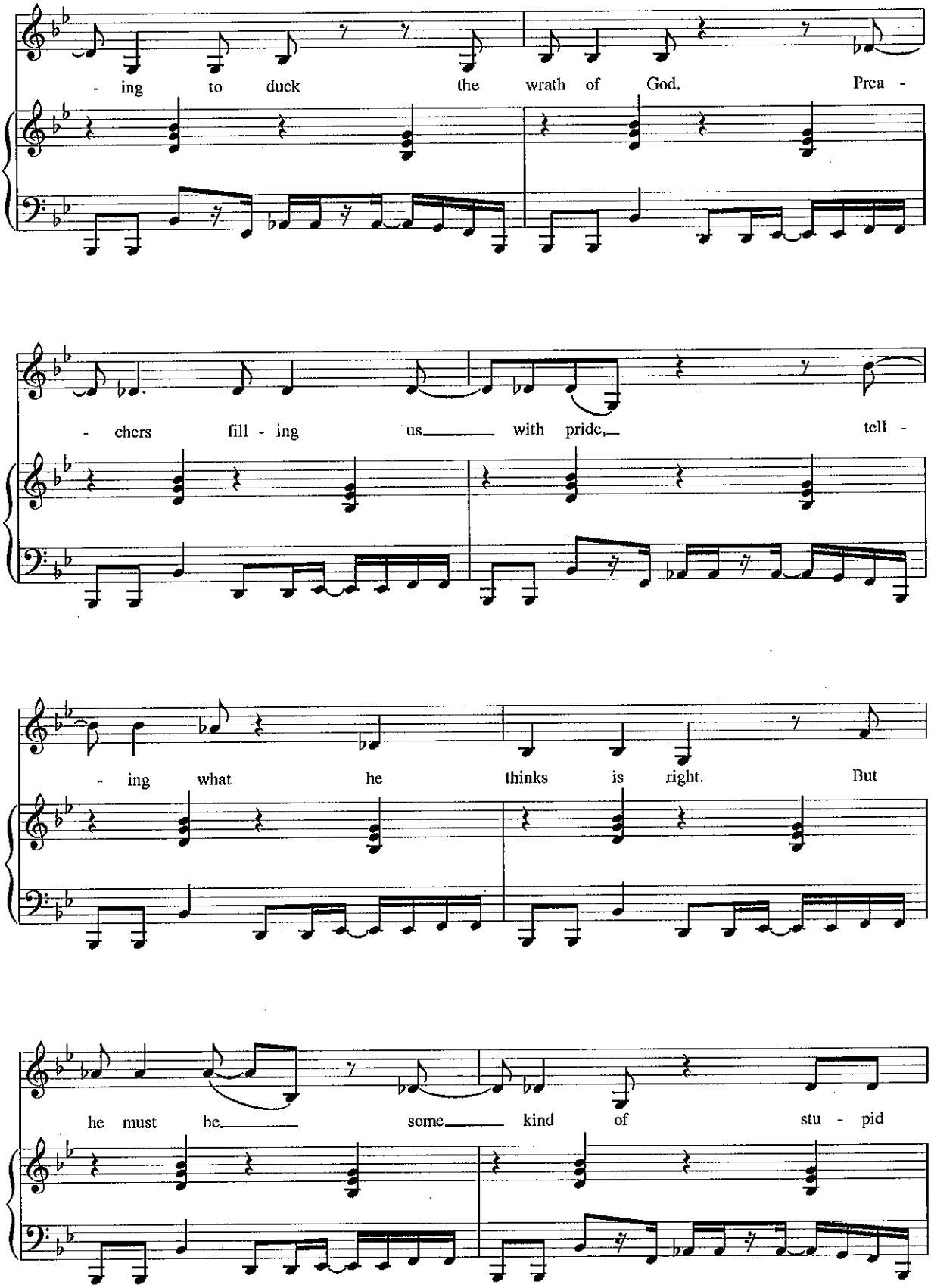
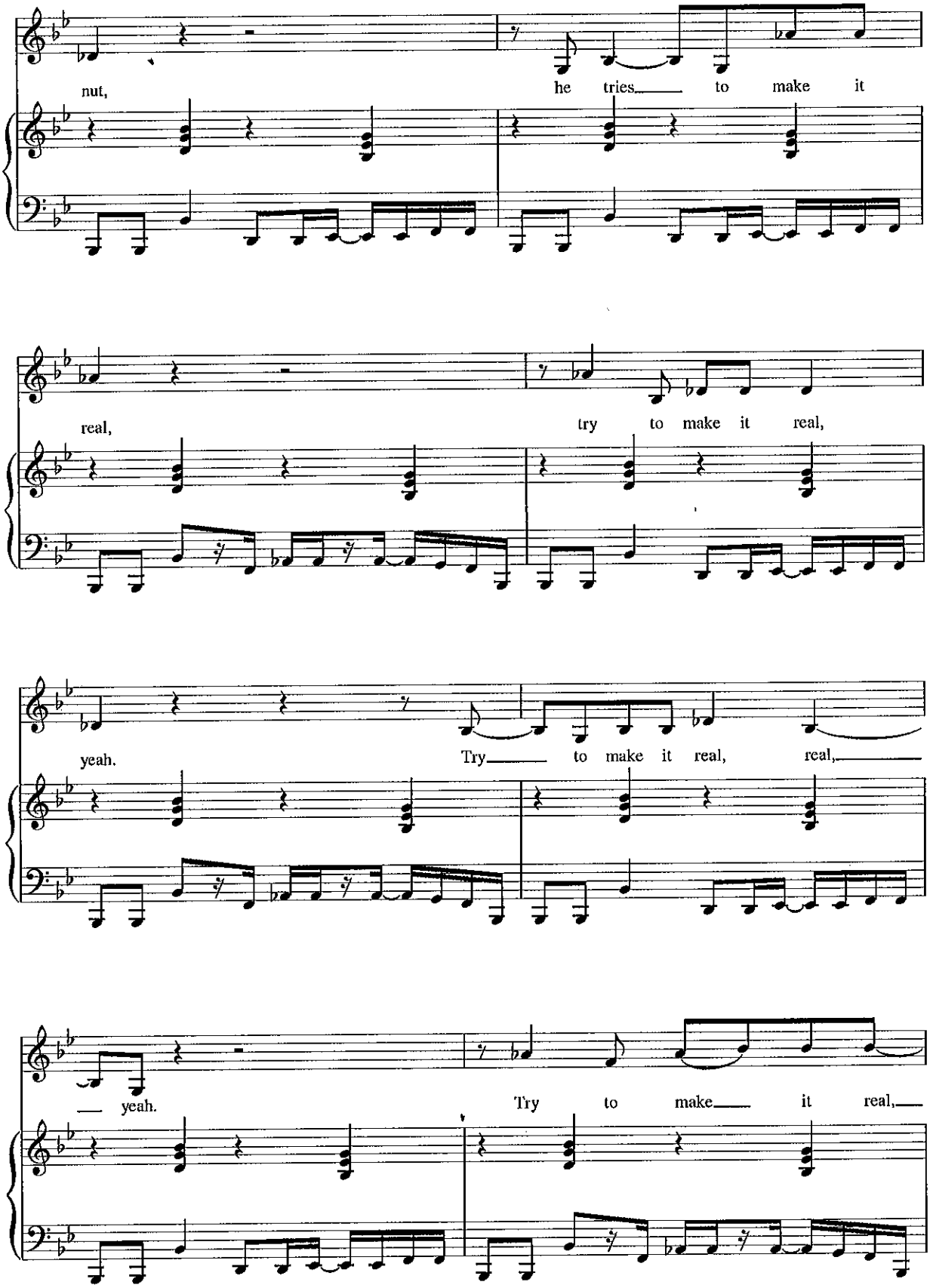

- ing on with push and shove.
Pos - ses - sion is the mo - ti - va - tion,
hang - ing up the whole damn na - tion.
Looks like we al - ways end up in a

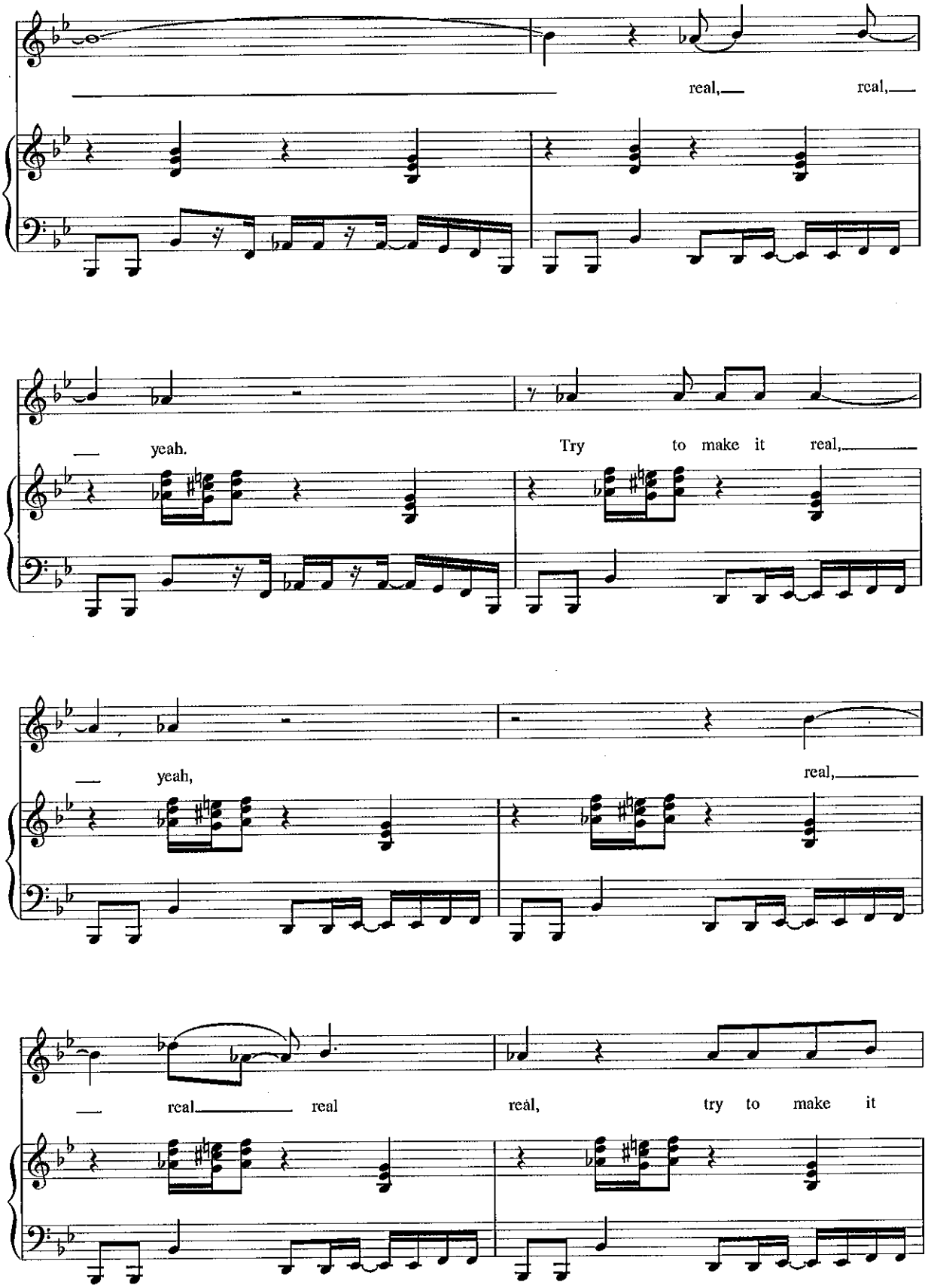

rut.
Try'n to make it real,
but com - pared to
To Coda
what?
Slaugh - ter - house is kill - ing hogs, twis -
Pre - si - dent he's got his war, folks.

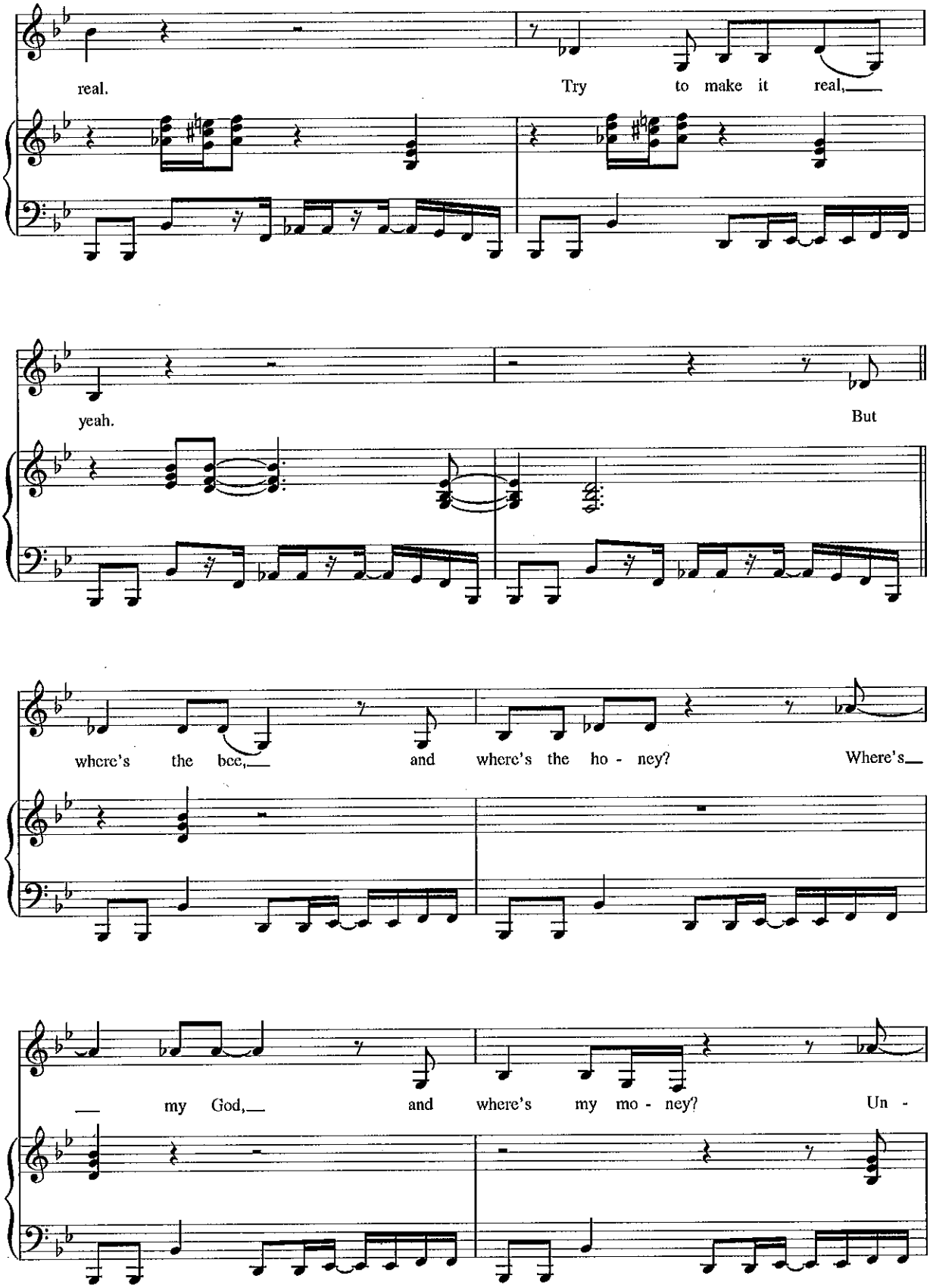

- ted child - ren are kill - ing frogs. Poor
__ don't know__ just what it's for.__ No -
__ darn red - necks roll - ing logs,_ tired__
- one gives__ us rhyme__ or__ reason, you
__ old la - dies are kiss - ing dogs. And I
have one doubt,__ they call it treason. I said
hate that hu - man lo - ver, that stink - ing mud.
we're chick - en__ fea - thers__ all with - out one gut.

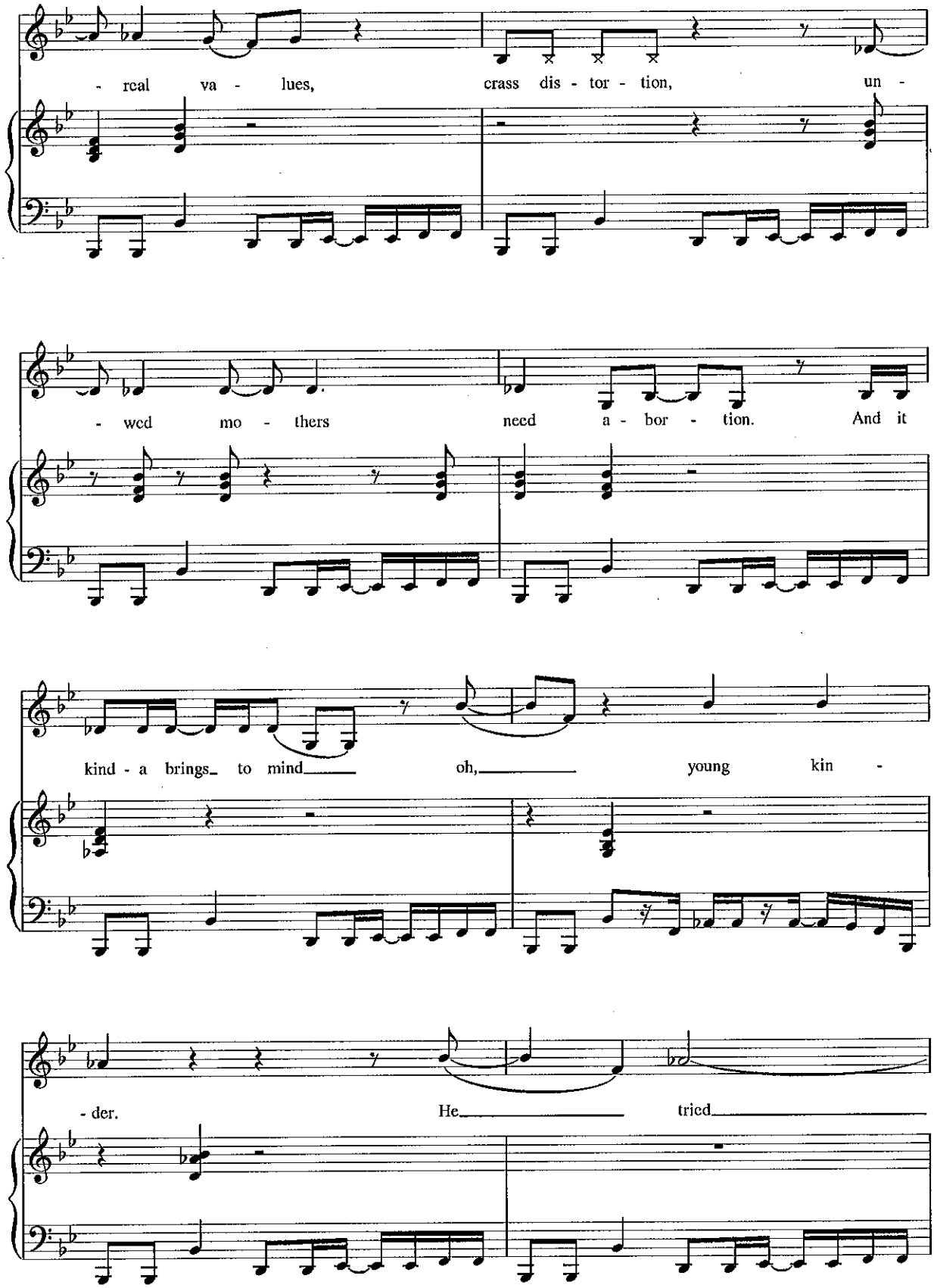

Try'n to make it real,
Try'n to make it real,
but com - pared to
but com - pared to
1.
2.
what?
what?
Said the
Go to
church on Sun - day,
sleep at night,
try -

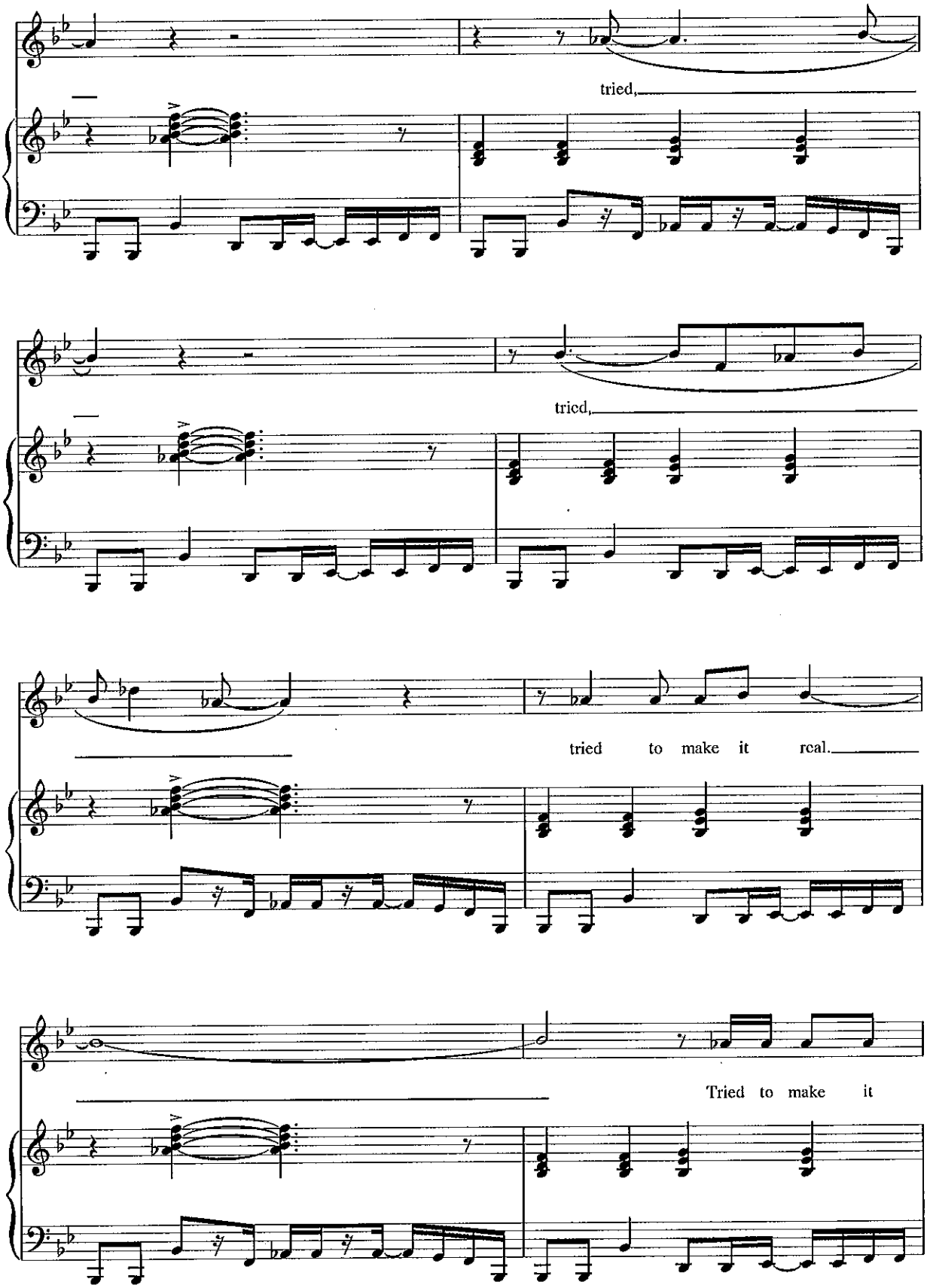

- ing to duck the wrath of God. Prea -
- chers fill - ing us with pride, tell -
- ing what he thinks is right. But
he must be some kind of stu - pid

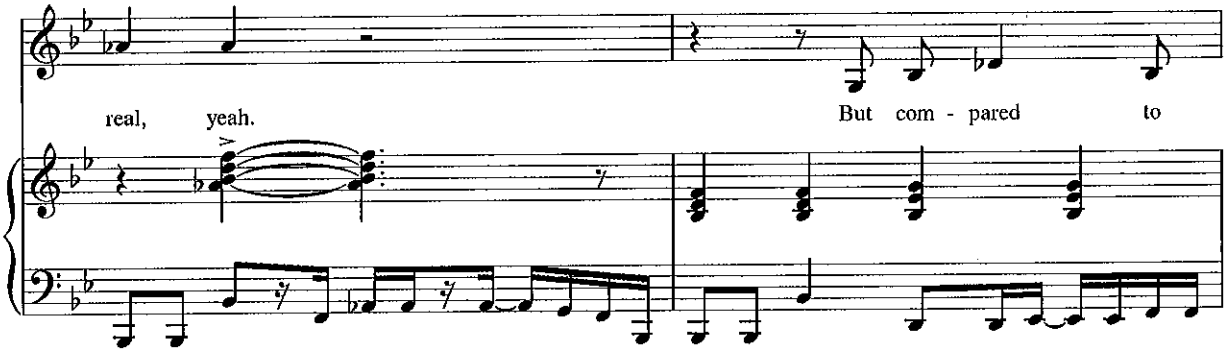

nut,
he tries to make it
real,
try to make it real,
yeah.
Try to make it real, real,
yeah.
Try to make it real,

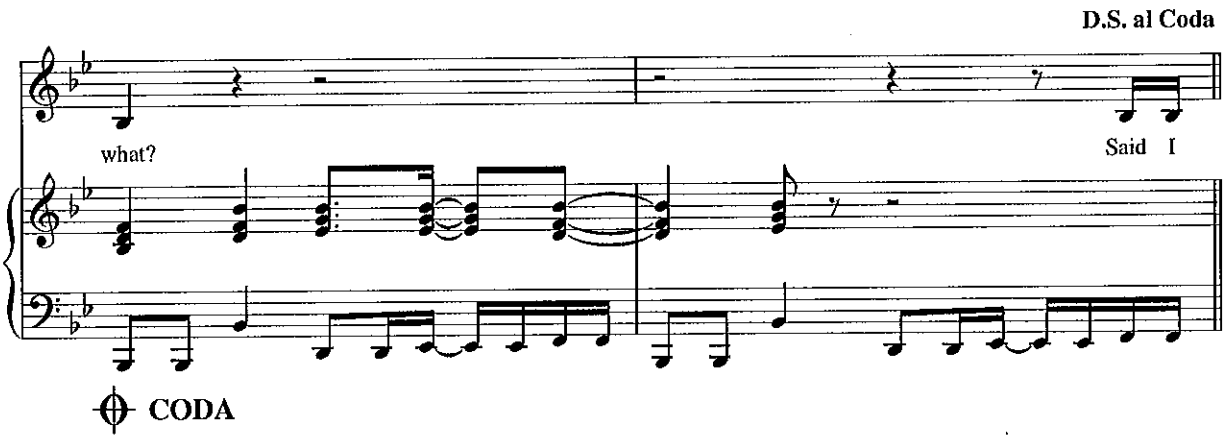

real, real,
yeah. Try to make it real,
yeah, real,
real real real, try to make it

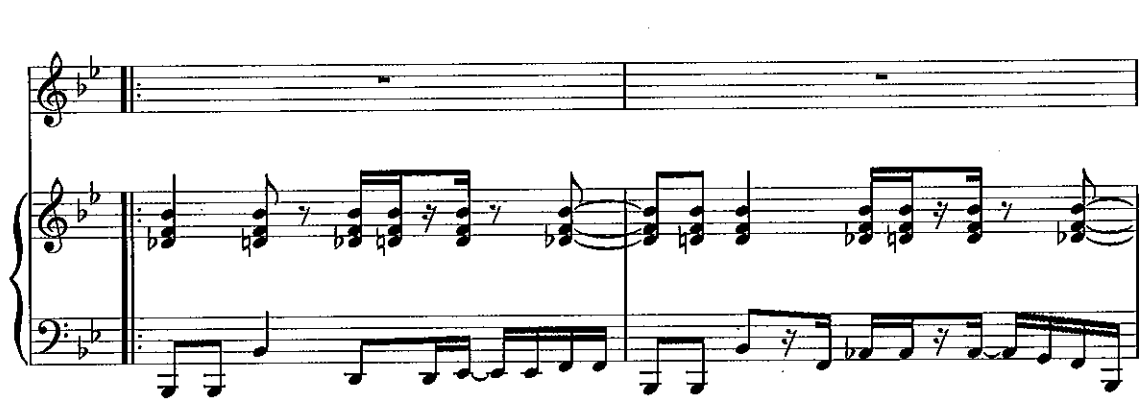

real.
Try to make it real,
yeah.
But
where's the bee,
and where's the ho - ney?
Where's
my God,
and where's my mo - ney?
Un -

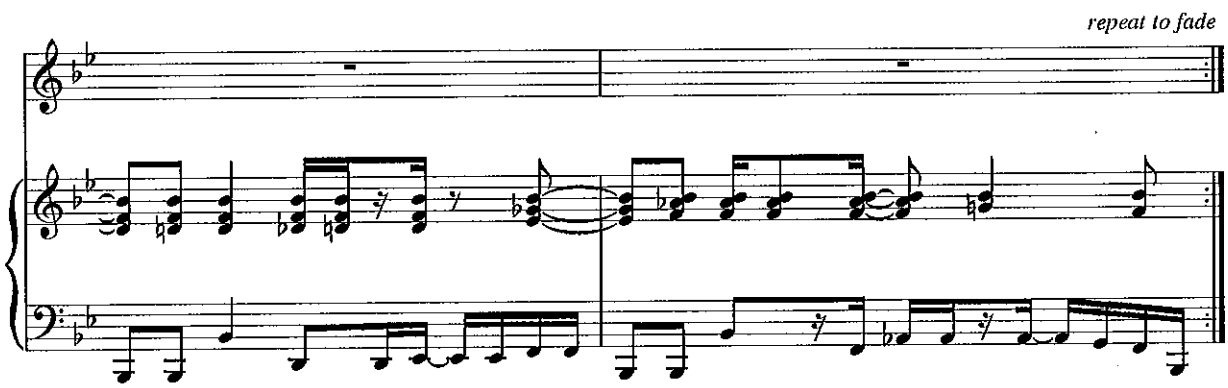

- real va - lues, crass dis - tor - tion, un -
- wed mo - thers need a - bor - tion. And it
kind - a brings_ to mind_____ oh,_____ young kin -
- der. He_____ tried_____


tried,
tried,
tried to make it real.
Tried to make it


real, yeah.
But com - pared to


D.S. al Coda
what?
Said I

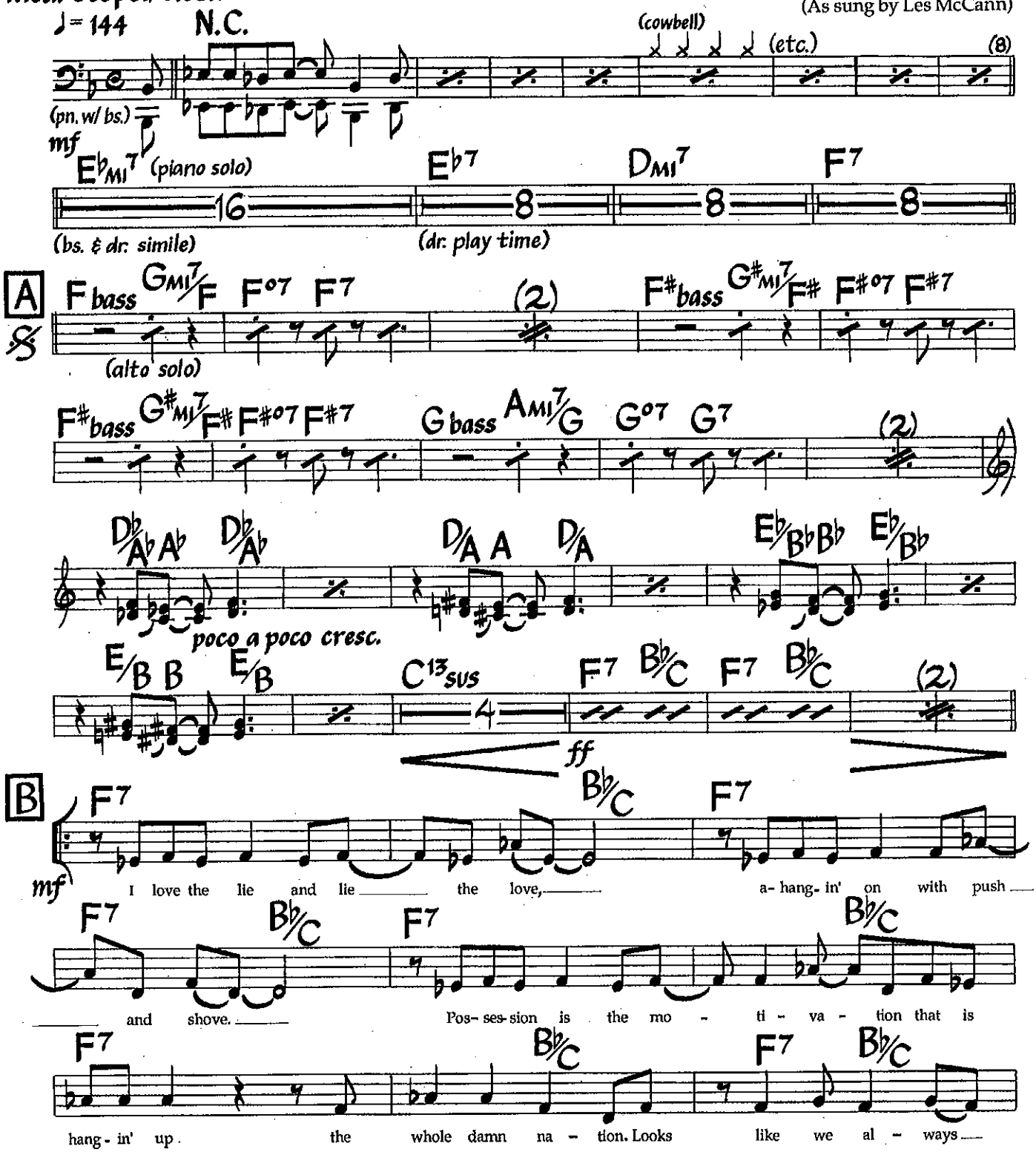

CODA


repeat to fade

Compared To What

Med. Gospel/Rock

Eugene McDaniels
(As sung by Les McCann)



Bass plays variations on original bass line throughout. Vocal sounds one octave lower than written. Coda vamp is played 24 times on recording (three 16 bar phrases).

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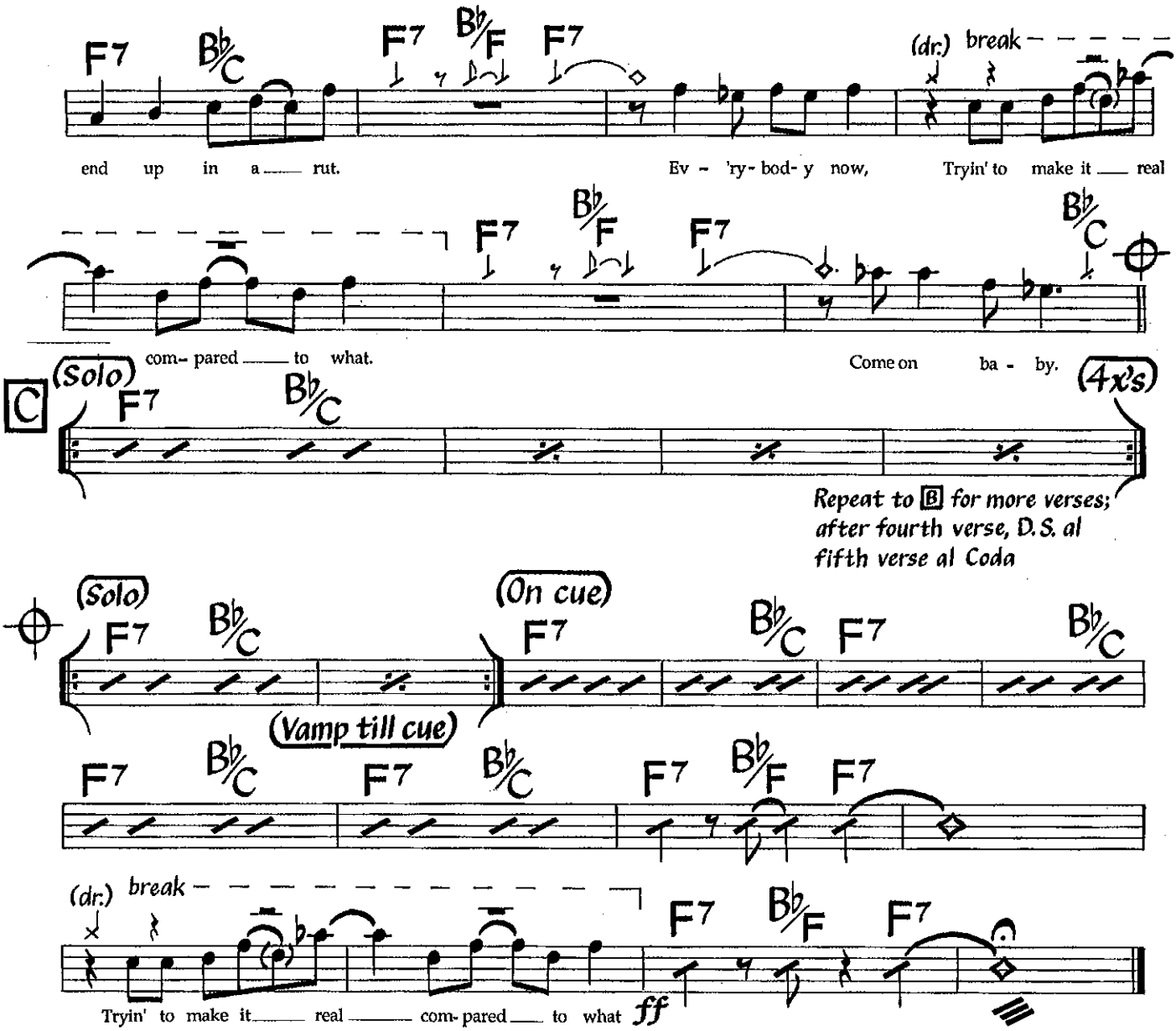

2nd VERSE
Slaughterhouses are killin' hogs; twisted children are killin' frogs;
Poor dumb rednecks rollin' logs; tired old ladies kissin' dogs.
I hate the human love of that stinkin' mutt. I can't use it.
Tryin' to make it real compared to what. (Come on baby, now).

3rd VERSE
The President he's got his war; folks don't know just what it's for.
Nobody gives us rhyme or reason; have one doubt, they call it treason.
We're chicken feathers all without one gut. God damn it.
Tryin' to make it real compared to what. (Sock it to me).

4th VERSE
Church on Sunday, sleep and nod; tryin' to duck the wrath of God.
Preachers fillin' us with fright; they all tryin' to teach us what they think is right.
They really got to be some kind of nut. I can't use it.
Tryin' to make it real compared to what.

5th VERSE
Where's that bee and where's that honey? Where's my God and where's my money?
Unreal values, crass distortion; unwed mothers need abortions.
Kind of brings to mind old young King Tut. He did it now.
Tryin' to make it real compared to what.

Melody is freely interpreted and varies with each verse.