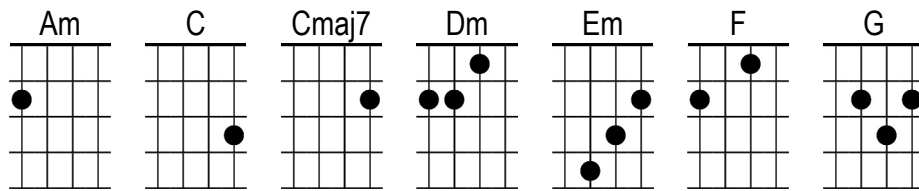


Where Have All The Average People Gone?

Roger Miller



C **Cmaj7** **Am** | **F** **G** **C** |

The **C** people in this **Cmaj7** city call me **Am** country |
Be **F** cause of how I **G** walk and talk and **C** smile |
Well, | I don't mind them **Cmaj7** laughin' in the **Am** city |
But the **F** country folks all **G** say I'm citi**C**fied |
The | fightin' men they **Cmaj7** say that I'm a **Am** coward |
Be **F** cause I never **G** push no one a **C**round |
| Gentle people **Cmaj7** call me trouble-**Am**maker |
F 'Cause I'll always **G** fight and stand my **C** ground |
F Funny I don't **Em** fit
Dm Where have all the **G** average people **C** gone? | | |

Some **C** pious people **Cmaj7** point and call me **Am** sinner |
Be **F** cause to them I've **G** never seen the **C** light |
| Other folks think **Cmaj7** of me as a **Am** preacher |
F I'm just doin' **G** what I think is **C** right |
The | wealthy people **Cmaj7** think that I am a **Am** hobo |
F Lean and hungry, **G** writin' mournful **C** songs |
And the | poor, poor people **Cmaj7** think I am a **Am** rich man |
But **F** really, I'm just **G** tryin' to get a **C**long |
It's **F** funny I don't **Em** fit
Tell me **Dm** where have all the **G** average people **C** gone? |

F G C |

And the **C** government has **Cmaj7** given me a **Am** number |

To **F** simplify my **G** birth and life and **C** death |

And | still my woman **Cmaj7** thinks I'm awful im**Am**portant |

Like the **F** moon and the sun and the **G** sea the sky and **C** breath |

Yes, it's **F** funny I don't **Em** fit

Dm Where have all the **G** average people **C** gone? |

F Honey, I don't **Em** fit

Dm Where have all the **G** average people **C** gone? |

C Cmaj7 Am | F G C↓