

# Althea

Hunter Garcia

||: B- A | E A | B- A | E :|| A | C#- | D | A | C#- | E | B- A | E |

I told Althea I was feeling lost, lacking in some direction.

Althea told me upon scrutiny that my back might need protection.

I told Althea that treachery was tearing me limb from limb.

Althea told me better cool down boy, settle back, easy Jim.

You may be Saturday's child, all alone, moving with a tinge of grace.

You may be a clown in the burying ground, or just another pretty face.

You may meet the fate on Ophelia, sleeping every chance to dream.

Honest to the point of recklessness, self-centered in the extreme.

Ain't nobody messing with you, your friends are getting most concerned

Loose with the truth, baby, it's your fire, but baby don't get burned.

When the smoke has cleared, she said, that's what she said to me.

Gonna want a bed to lay your head and a little sympathy.

**Break** | D /// | G /// | E /// | % | Bm / A / | E / /// |

There are things you can replace, and others you cannot.

The time has come to weigh those things.

This space is getting hot, you know this space is getting hot.

I told Althea I'm a roving son, and I was born to be a bachelor.

Althea told me, okay, that's fine, so now I'm trying to catch her.

Can't talk to you without talking to me, we're guilty of the same old thing

Been talking alot about less and less Forgetting the love we bring.