Who Cares What You Believe

V1: B          B                 B    B
Used to believe that I was pretty damn smart, and I still do, I guess
G6      A
Though I know now that that has very limited uses
B         B
And it doesn’t do much to keep me out of a mess
B          B           B
Used to believe that the be all and end all was to think our way out of this idiocy
G6    A   Am           D
And while I still know it’s a requisite to not be a Republican, that only gets you just so far
V2: Used to believe that the be all and end all was to think our way out of this idiocy
And while I still know it’s a requisite to not be a Republican, that only gets you just so far

V3=V1 1st 3 lines:
Used to believe that if there isn’t a God
Then there still must be some kind of force under the world
And though that may be I don’t think it matters in the least
E     F#
Pretend what you can stomach, hey, whatever gives you peace
Chor: G6           A7              B  B
Who cares (who cares who cares) what I believe?
G6      A                   B — - Em                  G               G
Just shut y’all up, now, and stagger where you please Do you believe? I don’t care.
V4=V1: It doesn’t matter what you think or say when what you do says otherwise,
and what most of us are doing is work
And we will work and we will work, and then come home to other work
And the illusion of vacation doesn’t make you less a jerk
V5=V3: And when your leisure’s a reaction to the sucking things upon you
So the time that you kick back in is spent kicking back at the rest of the time
What the hell could it possibly matter what you’ve got to say about it
You can talk about the system, but you’re in it, and you are it
C: So who cares (who cares, who cares) what you believe?
Just shut y’all up, now, and stagger where you please
G6
What we think we might achieve is most often still diseased
B             B
As we define ourselves in terms of something foreign to us
Instrum break 1: B B B B Cmod Amod B B
B B B B Cmod Amod E F#
Chorus chords (still instrum)

V6=V1: Used to believe, when I grew up I’d be a god — I honestly did — sort of
When you see yourself expanding as a kid, you can imagine that it’ll keep that pace forever, but it won’t
V7=V3: And though your thoughts get much more nuanced, and you get over stupid fascinations with
what first might seem trippy or divine. You might no longer think you’re clever when you “break out
of the box,” ‘Cause you can see that you live in it, and your head is full of rocks
Chorus, Instrum break: B B B B Cmod Amod B B
B B B B Cmod Amod B B
Bbsus4 Bbsus4 Bbsus4 Bbsus4 Cmod Amod — - Bmod
Cmod Bmod — - D#mod
E    G   A    F   E   F  G  A  F  E
[A G6 — — D6 ] X 4
V8=V2 with new rhythm: Used to believe that most people are stupid, and I still do, a bit, I guess
But I’ve gotten beyond caring, ‘cause I’m not distinguished from them, by anything that could really
make a real, substantial difference
V9=V3: Though I may be less annoying, or just irritate in a different way…
(instrum line) What we do rules out any sort of good, and there’s more to good than not so bad.