Life’s A Drag
by Jack Klatt transcribed from the CD Mississippi Roll with permission from Jack Klatt
practice sheet at ukesterbrown.com (1st note sung is “D”)

G                               D7                                                                      G
Life’s a drag, but not mine. Though my wallets empty most of the time
D7                                                                        G
Feel the sun shinin’ on my back, Listen to the sound of them ol’ smoke stacks
B7                           Em
Mmm I never know-- which way I ought to go
A7                                                                                  D7
I raise one finger to the wind and it’s down the road I go
G                                                     D7                                                                       B7
So when you’re feelin’ down and out, Don’t you fret and don’t you pout
C                                                                                  G
Well, can’t you see, you can’t get much worse than me
D7                                                             G
Life’s a drag, but not mine

G                               D7                                                                      G
I said, Life’s a drag, but not mine, Though the markets always in decline
D7                                                                        G
You see I don’t own a fancy car, Your houses they’re made of golden bars
B7                           Em
Ooohh, This recession-- it gives me the impression
A7                                                                                  D7
That some folks must learn a lesson, ‘cause I can’t feel a thing
G                                                     D7                                                                       B7
So when your bank account is low, And you’re feelin’ like there ain’t no place to go
C                                                                                  G
Well, it might sound funny, but you don’t need too much money
D7                                                             G
Life’s a drag, but not mine.

G                               D7                                                                      G
Well, I said Life’s a drag, but not mine, I left home when I was five
D7                                                                        G
Peddlin’ down the road on tempered steel, My legs to short to drive an automobile
B7                           Em
Well, it was sad to see me go, I saw my face on telephone poles
A7                                                                                  D7
I raised one finger to the wind and it’s down the road I go
G                                                     D7                                                                       B7
So when you just can’t get along, Hum the last few lines of this song
C                                                                                  G
When I hear the people say: Times is hard, skies are gray
D7                                               G                               D7                                                                       G
I’ll be singin’ life’s a drag, but not mine, I’ll be singin’ life’s a drag, but not mine