

THE BALLAD OF THE BABYPANTS

E A E A
long ago I wrote a bunch of silly little songs
 E A E
then suddenly the songs they would not flow
E A E A
time after time I would try to sing and play
E A E
I could not write melodies any mo'

C#m E
one day in the street I found a pair of babypants
A B
made by hand fuzzy striped and brown
G#m A
I put them on my head to wear them as a hat
 B
when something made me shiver way deep down

E A E A
I ran home and grabbed my guitar
 E A E
and suddely the songs came bursting forth
 E A E A
that powerful pair of pants when worn upon my head
E A E
filled my mind with words and rhymes and chords

C#m E
after I wrote twenty seven silly little songs
A B
I felt like I could sleep for a year
G#m A
I took them off my head those special babypants
 B E
and as I drifted off I held them close safe and near

solo - E A

E A E A
when I woke from my nap the babypants were gone

E A E
gone and left me here all alone

E A E A
so I grabbed my guitar and sang this very tune

E A E A
and found that I could make it on my own

C#m E
I wonder who'll be next to wear that supernatural hat

A B
and will it help them sing and play and dance?

G#m A
I like to imagine that they hop from head to head

B E
and you could be the next to find those magic babypants

E A E A
one day I did stumble on a pair of babypants

E A E
made by hand fuzzy striped and brown