Gloomy

By J. C. FOGERTY

Moderately
NC

Some people laugh in the dark,
Some people cry alone,
And

NC

Some people count your money,
Some one is countin' your days,
And

NC

Some people talk without sayin' a thing,
And ev'rything turns out Gloomy.
Brothers'll make you look side-ways, Father's'll make you look back.

And when you're done talk-ing, you still got to shoot, and ev'-ry-thing turns out gloomy.