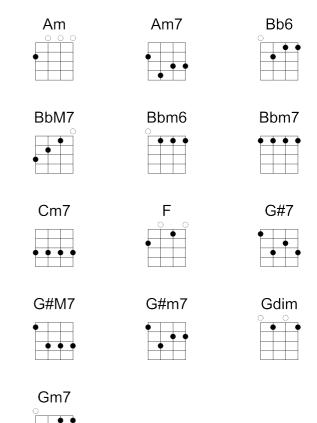
Kate Ben Folds Five

She plays 'Wipeout' on the drums, The squirrels and the birds come, Gather round to sing the guitar. Oh I, have you got nothing to say? When all words fail she speaks, Her mix-tape's a masterpiece, Gm7 Walks in the garden, So the roses can see, Bbm6 Oh I, have you got nothing to say? And you can see, G_m7 The daisies in her footsteps. Dandelions, butterflies, I wanna be Kate, Kate, Kate, Kate. Everyday she wears the same thing, Am I think she smokes pot, Gm7 She's everything I want, She's everything I'm not. Bbm6 Oh I, have you got nothing to say? She never gets wet, G#7 She smiles and it's a rainbow,
Bb6 Gdim And she speaks and she breathes, I wanna be Kate, Kate, Kate, Kate. BbM7 Down by the Rosemary and Cameron, Bbm6 G#M She hands out The Bhagavad Gita. G#m7 Bbm7 I see her round every couple days, Bb6 Gdim I wanna see her so I can say; Hey Kate. Bbm6 Am Ooh la la la, ooh la la la, Bb6 Bbm6 F Ooh la la la, la. Am Ooh la la la, ooh la la la,

She never gets wet,
G#7 Gm7
She smiles and it's a rainbow,
Bb6
You can see,
Gdim
I wanna, wanna, wanna be
F
Kate, Kate, Kate,
Bbm6
Na na,
F

F Kate, Kate, Kate, Bbm6 Na na na na na na.



Ooh la la la, la.

Bbm6 F