



My song deserves a good chair

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Lively (♩ = 180)

I'm pleased that so ma-ny could ga-ther to - night To share in an eve-ning of song.
To see these old fa-ces is such a de-light, And some have brought new friends a-long.
The best seats have gone to those first through the door; I can-not de - ny that that's fair.
I'm per-fect-ly hap-py to sit on the floor, But my song de - serves a good chair.

This song can be played on a guitar in a dropped-D tuning, with G⁶ played  and A⁹ played 

I'm pleased that so many could gather tonight
To share in an evening of song.
To see these old faces is such a delight,
And some have brought new friends along.
The best seats have gone to those first through the door;
I cannot deny that that's fair.
I'm perfectly happy to sit on the floor,
But my song deserves a good chair.

I sing to my floor as I vacuum up dust;
The motor provides a nice drone.
I sing to my cookie sheet, scouring rust;
I'm quiet when I sing alone.
But this is no private song, fit for a chore.
Instead, I've brought something to share.
I'm perfectly happy to sit on the floor,
But my song deserves a good chair.

You don't know what treat I've prepared for your ears:
A ballad that Child thought unique,
Or something that in *Rise Up Singing* appears,
Or something I wrote just this week.
Perhaps it's a round from some far-distant shore,
Like what's-his-name-Jacques — you know, Frère.
I'm perfectly happy to sit on the floor,
But my song deserves a good chair.

I've taken the trouble to learn all the words,
So I needn't look at the page.
I've put on new strings so you'll hear all the chords,
And given them three days to age.
All six* of my strings are in tune, not just four;
My capo's in proper repair.
I'm perfectly happy to sit on the floor,
But my song deserves a good chair.

**Five for a banjo, eight or ten for a mandolin, twelve for that sort of guitar, etc. Do not attempt this verse while playing an autoharp. If you're doing this unaccompanied, you might want to just leave out this verse altogether.*

I don't want to put myself out on display:
I think I would quake at the knees.
I sound inauthentic when I try to say,
"More bass in the monitors, please."
The glow of soft candlelight pleases me more
Than any bright spotlight's harsh glare.
I'm perfectly happy to sit on the floor,
But my song deserves a good chair.

I don't mind the noises of toilet and sink;
I'm not being recorded on tape.
But down on the rug I would find, I should think,
My diaphragm bent out of shape.
I'd gulp all the breath my compressed lungs could store,
Yet swear I'd no air I could spare.
I'm perfectly happy to sit on the floor,
But my song deserves a good chair.

The feeling I'm scrunched can be heard in my voice
When there's no available seat,
And, in such a circumstance, I have no choice
But springing up onto my feet,
Where I become tempted to bellow and roar
As if I were Tam**, so beware!
I'm perfectly happy to sit on the floor,
But my song deserves a good chair.

***"Tam" was the late Tam Kearney, a gruff-surfaced but harmless creature who frequently participated in Toronto song circles, complained about people who read lyrics while singing, stood when he led a song, and sang very loudly in choruses. If he has a different name in your culture, feel free to make the appropriate substitution. In the absence of any such creature, sing "Quite out of control, so beware!"*

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This songsheet was slightly revised in February 2019