

<b>Clean Up Your Own Backyard - Elvis Presley</b>	A
	And he ducks out of sight and he cheats on his wife
Intro: E	E
	With his employee
E	
Back porch preacher preaching at me	A
E	Clean up your own backyard
Acting like he wrote the golden rules	E7
A	Oh don't you hand me none of your lines
Shaking his fist and speeching at me	B7
E	Clean up your own backyard
Shouting from his soap box like a fool	A E7
B7	You tend to your business, I'll tend to mine
Come Sunday morning he's lying in bed	
A	E
With his eye all red, with the wine in his head	
A	E
Wishing he was dead when he oughta be	Armchair quarterback's always moanin'
E	E
Heading for Sunday school	Second guessing people all day long
	A
A	Pushing, fooling and hanging on in
Clean up your own backyard	E
E7	Always messing where they don't belong
Oh don't you hand me none of your lines	B7
B7	When you get right down to the nitty-gritty
Clean up your own backyard	A
A E7	Isn't it a pity that in this big city
You tend to your business, I'll tend to mine	A
	Not a one a'little bitty man'll admit
E	E
Drugstore cowboy criticizing	He could have been a little bit wrong
E	
Acting like he's better than you and me	A
A	Clean up your own backyard
Standing on the sidewalk supervising	E7
E	Oh don't you hand me, don't you hand me none of your lines
Telling everybody how they ought to be	B7
B7	Clean up your own backyard
Come closing time 'most every night	A E7
A	You tend to your business, I'll tend to mine
He locks up tight and out go the lights	B7
	Clean up your own backyard
	A E7
	You tend to your business, I'll tend to mine