

Key: A

Stuff

Fairbanks, AK

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1979

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Am Am7

Stuff, stuff, stuff, stuff (x4)

F C

Stuff in the living room, stuff in the hall

E7 Am

Stuff in the cabinets, stuff on the wall

Dm Am

The sofa, the table, and stuff on the chair

E Am

There's piles and piles of stuff everywhere.

There's boxes of stuff piled over my head

There's a box of pajamas crowding the bed

The bedroom is so full of boxes and stuff

The bed is all bumpy and lumpy and rough.

There's stuff on the dashboard, stuff on the seat

Stuff on the floorboard, stuff at my feet

The console, the glove box, and stuck to the wood

Not only the trunk, but under the hood.

There's a basket of little stuff with no place to go

And a room full of big stuff stacked in a row

There's a stack of important papers and such

Got stuff up to here, and it's all too much.

D A

And if I ever have to be...the proud owner of another thing

E E7 A A7

It just might overload my boggled brain

D A

Cuz I don't need no more stuff . . . just this guitar, that's enough

E Am

And a pick, of course, and related stuff.

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(Tupe)

Like a strap and a capo and just 5 or 6 harmonicas. But that's all... But ... we like to go on the road, so when we do, I'll need a microphone and a mike stand, an amp and a mixer and some speakers and stage lights but that's it.

(Janey)

Duct tape

(Tupe)

Well sure, but that's all ... Oh! and a place to put all of this stuff and get us on down the road, in which case we will need a driver and a roadie and a manager, and a booking agent and a cook, and a massage therapist ...

(Janey),

Well, if we're going on the road, I'll need some new clothes. You'll need new stuff that matches my new stuff, but that's all.

(Tupe)

Yeah, right. And a tambourine, and the bass, and a mandolin, a dulcimer and drums, but that's all ... Oh, and my banjo ... I need this. And my rocking chair ... and a porch to rock on, and if I have a porch, then that must mean it's attached to a house ... And WOW ... I can have a whole bunch of stuff in there!

Stuff, stuff, stuff, stuff (x4)

The drawers were stuffed full a long time ago
Stuff on the shelves, up high and down low
Stuff up the ladder, and up the wahzoo
Stuff in the turkey and stuff on my shoe

There's stuff in the rain and stuff in the dirt
Don't open the closet, you might get hurt
There's stuff in the icebox that's been there for months
And stuff in the freezer that nobody wants

There's stuff on the window sill blocking the view
And stuff in the diapers . . . pew
There's stuff in my wallet and stuff in her purse
And the stuff on the TV just gets worse

(Social comment #137)

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There's stuff on the stuff that I got for the stuff
With no place to go, and it's still not enough
There's stuff in the stuff sacks making me cuss
There's so much stuff that there's no room for us

And if I ever have to be the proud owner of another thing
It just might overload my boggled brain
Cuz I don't need no more stuff,
 Just my darlin', that's enough
Oh no . . . and all her stuff!
(But that's a whole nuther song.)

* (See below)

There's stuff in the kid's room, plastic galore
Covering the wall and covering the floor
Expensive landfill, wouldn't you say?
Got so much stuff, there's no room to play.

Our lives are stuffed full from cradle to grave
Stuff we should buy, and stuff we should save
But the stuff we take with us, we rarely put first
Have you seen a luggage rack up on a hearse?

And if I ever have to be the proud owner of another thing
It just might overload my boggled brain
Cuz I don't need no more stuff,
 Just a song to sing, that's enough
And a guitar to play, and related stuff.

E7 A Am Am6 Am Am7
Enough stuff . . . and . . . that . . . ain't . . . all

.....

* Optional verse for scuba diving:

There's stuff on my face and stuff on my feet
There's stuff n my mouth to let me go deep
I got lotsa stuff with my BCD
And now I'm B.R.O.K.E.