MY FRIEND, THE DICTIONARY

Words and Music by
WILLIAM FINN

Moderately bright \( j = 108 \)

I saved a chair for my dad in the

fourth row on the aisle. And it

may take him a while, but when he gets
here, that's his chair...

'Cause my mother's in an ashram in India. I saved a chair for her, too, but it's lightly

merely symbolic, as daily she cleanses herself in the Ganges. And I live in a

a tempo

house where there's an oversized dictionary that I read as a
C9          E♭       C       F

girl on the toilet. I

C/G      Am7(♭5)    B♭      Gm7      Dm/F

love my dictionary, and I love the indent ed

Em       C        F       D7      G

border. Every word's in alphabetical order, er-

F/C      C7

poco rit.
go, lost things always can be found.

poco rit.
And I wrap my head around the fact that in one book is the entire
language of our species, which is a favorite term of Nietzsche's. Who's the great-
grandfather of Christina Ricci's. Yes, I joke, but the words in the dictionary are the
friends that I'll have forever, more than the friends I have.
CHIP & CONEYBEAR:  C/G

She's such a lovely girl, with a

love-ly lit-ter voice. And I've

heard that she's pro-choice, though still a

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