

# First World Problems

Dan Tappan - August 2014

Start on 1's until "pick up my guitar"

*G* I'm sitting on the settee. There's nothing on TV. *CM7*  
*Am7* My iPhone won't connect. There's no-one I can call. *D7*  
*Gm* I pick up my guitar, play a simple chord, *Cdim7*  
*Em* then simply sit there staring at the wall. *Adim7* *B7*

*C* It's hard to write a song 'bout First World Problems *D7*  
*Em* Sounds so whiny, like a self entitled jerk *Adim7* *B7*  
*CM7* Might be crouching in the dark, while missiles miss their mark *D7*  
*Em* but the toughest test I'm facing is my Wifi doesn't work. *Am7* *D7*

I open the Frigidaire and wonder if there's something there  
to ease that peckish interval 'tween lunch and dinner time  
'though it's full of dishes, nothing satisfies my itches  
I sit at the piano, no verses come to mind

It's Hard to write a song 'bout First World Problems  
So petty, tryin' to work the referee  
Might've traded my last cent for a bowl of rice and lentil  
*Em* Instead I have to choose 'tween the gouda and the brie *Adim7* *B7*

*C* *D7* *G* *G7*  
la da da la da dada / la da da da dada da da  
*CM7* *D7* *Em* *Am7* *D7*  
la dadada la da da / la dada da da da

Leaving in the morning rain, heading out to catch a train  
to take me to the city, working for a corporation  
The job is kind of boring; I'd rather still be snoring  
Strum my mandolin, but get no inspiration

It's hard to write a song 'bout 1st World Problems.  
Put down on paper, they're trivial and trite.  
Might write a hymn for evolution, or call for revolution,  
*Em* Instead I'm here complainin' about my sorry plight *Adim7* *B7*

la da <sup>C</sup>dala da da da da <sup>D7</sup>dada la <sup>Em</sup>dada da da da da <sup>A7</sup>da da da da <sup>D7</sup>da da da <sup>G7</sup>da da da

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