

Caterpillar

Dm7

Bb9

8-A as in "Alice."

Look, I can't seem to find the service elevator, but I'm hoping

Dm7

Bb9

Dm7

Bb9

that whatever comes down must go up.

Caterpillar: Who

are

Dm7

Bb9

Dm7

Bb9

you?

Legs: Who are you?

Who are you?

Dm7

Bb9

Em7b5

A7#5

I - den - ti - ty

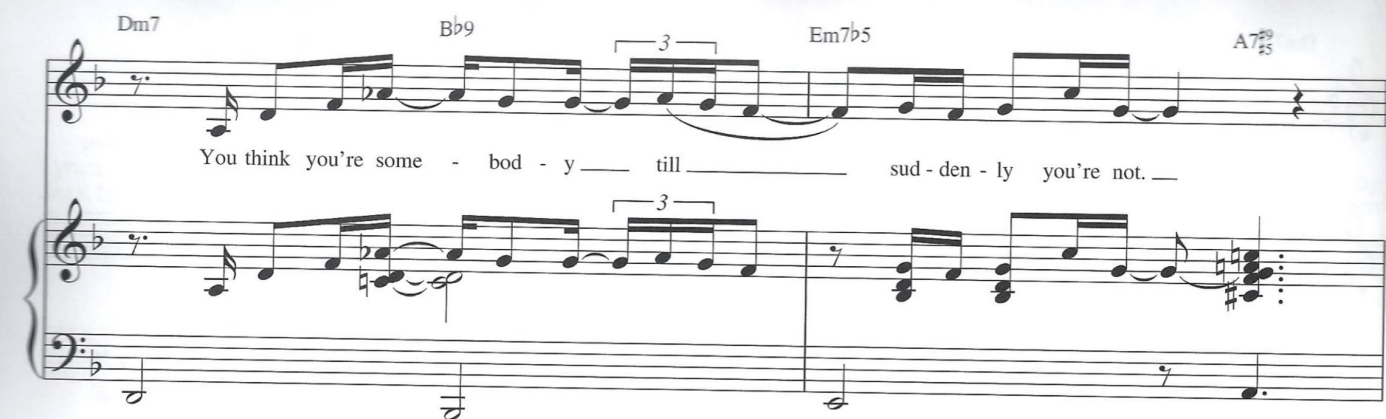
is

a

trick - y, ———— trick - y bus' - ness.

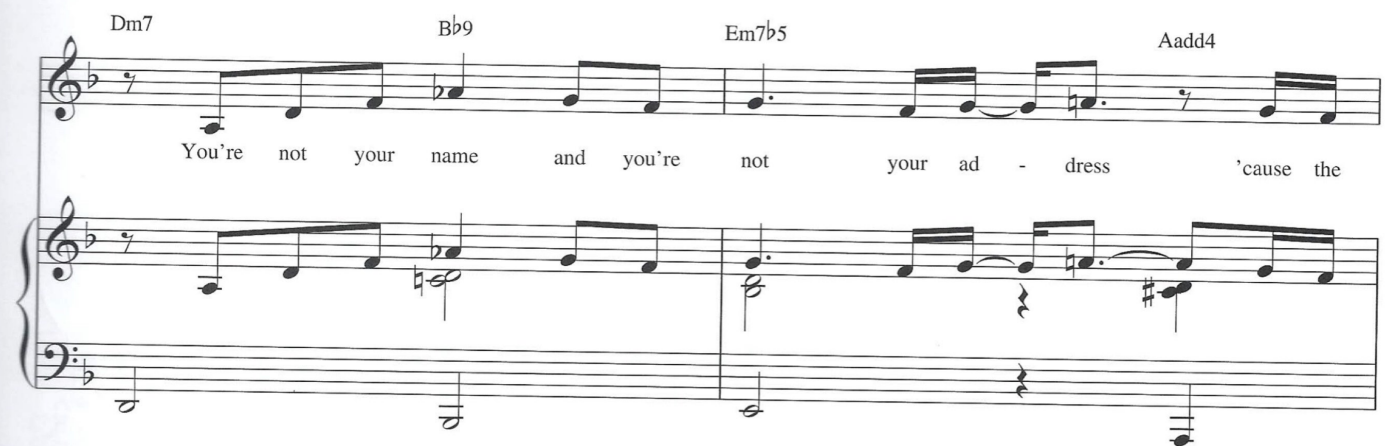
Dm7 Bb9 Em7b5 A7^{#5}₂₅

You think you're some - bod - y — till — sud - den - ly you're not. —



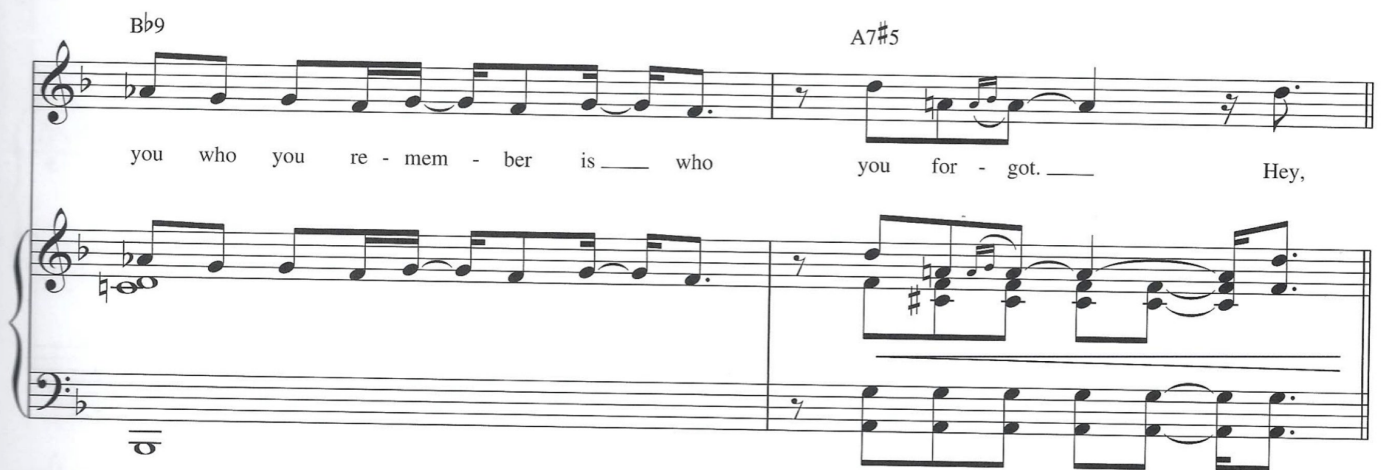
Dm7 Bb9 Em7b5 Aadd4

You're not your name and you're not your ad - dress 'cause the



Bb9 A7^{#5}

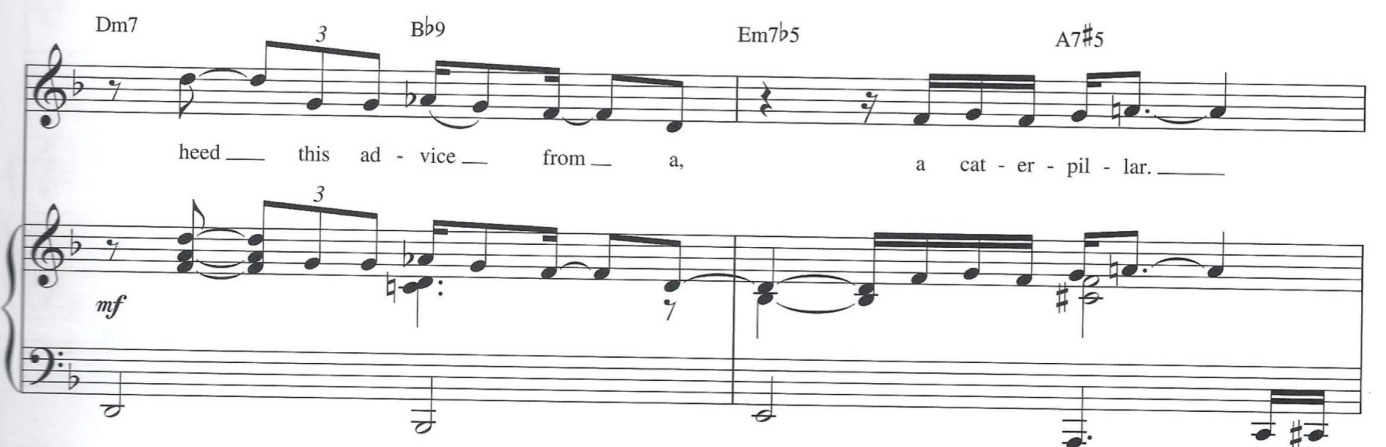
you who you re - mem - ber is — who you for - got. — Hey,



Dm7 Bb9 Em7b5 A7^{#5}

heed — this ad - vice — from — a, a cat - er - pil - lar. —

mf



Dm7 Bb9 Em7b5 A7#5

I know a thing or two of met-a-mor-pho-sis. Ow.

Dm7 Bb9 Em7b5 A7#5

Fool's par-a-dise is you stand-ing still-er while the

Bb9 A7#5

riv-er rush-in' 'round you is the thing you miss.

Gm7 A7b9 Dm7

Alice: The way you talk sounds like a for-tune cook-ie