

He Was So Fine

Fine. He was so fine. Lin-en suits and Guc-ci boots, and
he was a friend of mine. Rare. He was so rare. Per-fect teeth and per-fect hair.
"Je ne sais quoi" and "sa-voir faire." Cred-it cards and cash to spare, he'd
take me an-y-where. Man - y the night we danced till light,
man - y the day we whiled a - way with re - cre - a-tion-al po-tions by the
score. We sailed them to ex - o-tic dis - tant shores, but
then one day he fell down that back-street pass-age-way to hell. I
stayed. I ev-en prayed, be-cause I thought we had much more than the

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The prodigal son from the girlfriend's point of view

C D C D
hand-rolled ther - a - peu-ti-cal, street-scored phar - ma - ceu - ti - cal games we

G G C G
played. Oh, he was fine. He'd been so fine till he

D G D
pawned his cry-stal spoon and he sang his beg-gar's tune. By the

C G D G G7
end I sprung him ev - ery snort-ing line. Now, now I

C G D7
see just what was our brand of chem-is - try.

G G7 C G D
Now I on - ly pray he makes it home to live an-oth - er

G C
day. Fine. He was so fine.

G
Lin-en suits and Guc-ci boots, and all those sweet for - bid-den fruits, and

D G D G
he was a friend of mine. Yes, he was a friend of mine.