

# Compared To What

Med. Gospel/Rock

Eugene McDaniels

(As sung by Les McCann)

♩ = 144

N.C.

(cowbell)

(etc.)

(8)

(pn. w/ bs.)  
mf

E<sup>b</sup>Mi<sup>7</sup> (piano solo)

E<sup>b</sup>7

Dmi<sup>7</sup>

F7

(bs. & dr. simile)

(dr. play time)

**A**

F<sup>bass</sup> G<sup>Mi</sup>7/F F<sup>o7</sup> F7 (2) F<sup>#bass</sup> G<sup>Mi</sup>7/F<sup>#</sup> F<sup>#o7</sup> F<sup>#7</sup>  
(alto solo)

F<sup>#bass</sup> G<sup>Mi</sup>7/F<sup>#</sup> F<sup>#o7</sup> F<sup>#7</sup> G<sup>bass</sup> A<sup>Mi</sup>7/G G<sup>o7</sup> G7 (2)

D<sup>b</sup>/A<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> D<sup>b</sup>/A<sup>b</sup> D/A A D/A E<sup>b</sup>/B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>/B<sup>b</sup>

*poco a poco cresc.*

E/B B E/B C<sup>13</sup><sub>sus</sub> F7 B<sup>b</sup>/C F7 B<sup>b</sup>/C (2)

**B**

mf I love the lie and lie the love, a- hang- in' on with push

and shove. Pos- ses- sion is the mo - ti - va - tion that is

hang- in' up the whole damn na - tion. Looks like we al - ways

Bass plays variations on original bass line throughout. Vocal sounds one octave lower than written. Coda vamp is played 24 times on recording (three 16 bar phrases).

end up in a — rut. Ev - 'ry- bod- y now, Tryin' to make it — real

com- pared — to what. Come on ba - by. (4x's)

**(Solo)** **(On cue)**

**(Vamp till cue)**

(dr.) break — — — — —

Tryin' to make it — real — — — — — com- pared — to what *ff*

2nd VERSE

Slaughterhouses are killin' hogs; twisted children are killin' frogs;  
 Poor dumb rednecks rollin' logs; tired old ladies kissin' dogs.  
 I hate the human love of that stinkin' mutt. I can't use it.  
 Tryin' to make it real compared to what. (Come on baby, now).

Melody is freely interpreted and varies with each verse.

3rd VERSE

The President he's got his war; folks don't know just what it's for.  
 Nobody gives us rhyme or reason; have one doubt, they call it treason.  
 We're chicken feathers all without one gut. God damn it.  
 Tryin' to make it real compared to what. (Sock it to me).

4th VERSE

Church on Sunday, sleep and nod; tryin' to duck the wrath of God.  
 Preachers fillin' us with fright; they all tryin' to teach us what they think is right.  
 They really got to be some kind of nut. I can't use it.  
 Tryin' to make it real compared to what.

5th VERSE

Where's that bee and where's that honey? Where's my God and where's my money?  
 Unreal values, crass distortion; unwed mothers need abortions.  
 Kind of brings to mind old young King Tut. He did it now.  
 Tryin' to make it real compared to what.