

## THE SKETCH

C Em  
I still have that sketch some guy drew of me  
Dm G  
On the final day of class  
C Em  
A sketchy way to get a girl's attention  
Dm G  
He couldn't draw to save his ass

Am G  
Simplistic as that doodle initially appeared  
F G  
He hit the nail right on the head  
Am G  
Half a prom queen, half a nervous Nellie  
F G  
Smile wiggling with dread

C Em  
I don't recall a single thing about him  
Dm G  
He didn't sign his name  
C Em  
Dropped it on my desk right before the bell rang  
Dm G  
Then just walked away

Am G  
All my life I've been staring in the mirror  
F G  
Looking way too long and way too hard  
Am G  
Sometimes I suppose it takes a total stranger  
F G  
To show us who we really are

C Em  
Now twenty-seven years and two divorces later  
Dm G  
He's a fuzzy memory  
C Em  
Oh how I wish that I had a sketch of that guy  
Dm G C  
All I have is this one of me