

Counting Crows - Margery Dreams of Horses

Tom: **A**

E
In still water she lies down
D
Shaking in the press of sunlight
A
We roll into Lexington
E
She shakes off a drop of daylight

E
Water beating up her chest
D
Bleeding down between her knees
A
Rivers in Kentucky flow
E
Between the bluegrass wavy seas
D **E**
But oh, Margery
D **A** **E**
Twist the blade once more inside of me

E
Breathless with anticipation
D
Baited breathers set their hooks
A
Tuck their heads beneath the high grass
E
Lie and wait beside the brooks

E
For instance, pushing slowly through
D
Frustration leading back along
A
The allies of a childhood
E
That will not release us willingly

D **E**
But oh, Margery
D **A** **E**
Sticks the knife in while I couldn't see

Gbm **E** **Gbm** **E**

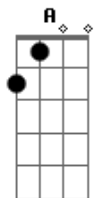
E
So dust me off and shut me down
D
I'll dream of where I haven't been

A
Close the door inside my heart and
E
Stuff in the South Atlantic wind
E
I have hollow eyes
D
Haunting only to myself
D
Even so I can't stop calling
E
Great big hollows in myself
E
I took the train from California
D
To the far side of the continent
A
Woke up in Kentucky
E
Where a wedding was about to end
E
I looked up at Anna
D
She turned back to look at me
A
It's best to kill the ones that matter
E
Render blind the ones who see
D **E**
But oh, Margery
D **A** **E**
Takes the blade and walks away from me
D **E**
Oh, Margery
D **A** **E**
Love, like blood, is pouring out of me
D **E**
Oh, Margery
D **A** **E**
My heart wont stop bleeding over me

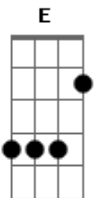
Gbm **E** **Gbm** **E**

D **E**
Oh, I can't shut it in
D **A** **E**
It's got far too many doors to block the wind
D **E**
Oh, I can't shut it in
D **A** **E**
It's got far too many doors to block the wind
D **E**
Oh, I can't shut it in
D **A** **E**
It's got far too many doors to block the wind

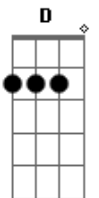
Acordes



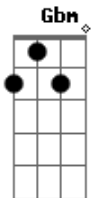
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