God Help The Girl - A Down And Dusky Blonde

Tom: C Intro: C F C F C F C F C I fried my head, I'm not a brunette I'm a down and dusky blonde I am living in a tree When I lie in bed I see F Beyond my lover's head the moon, I hear the rain C I am conscious of my voice as a tool it's more demure Than your friend the singing queen With her matinee good looks F She talks like talking from a book I speak the language of my village, of my street But I need a friend and I choose you F C I tell you the way I feel The truth is crushing like a heel I will forget the kiss and feel if you will too Tell me tales of punk rockin' girls It's a dim and distant page F С But I mostly blame my age C Please make allowances for me. I do not see. It's a drag that you're getting old F I love to think about the year When we sobbed and then we cheered

Acordes



The town deserted like a film F Your torso crushing me E. Into the country and the tunnels and the fields But I need a friend and I choose you F C I tell you the way I feel The truth is crushing like a heel I will forget the kiss and feel if you will too (CCFCFCFCFCG) C I read a book a day like an apple C But I did not eat F And so the doctor came to me F He said a woman does not live C F By the printed word forgive yourself and eat Autumn sped along outside F C Trick photography on speed I was locked inside a room F They made a deal, they would control The simple things like bodies but I kept my soul When I needed someone I chose you F Because the fledgling soul awakes And on the balcony she quakes F And she is waiting for the sign And when the brother does not come And when the sister's much too young, she chooses you