

God Help The Girl - Marys Market

Tom: E

I want to win this city in June

I want to walk down to the harbor

I want to play guitar like you

I want the sea to be my cellmate

I want the last dream to come true

A dream in everyone's back garden

A tunnel to the heart of you

A summer Sunday chiming off bodies brown

And the sleepy way you said my name

As you turned and read my fortune

And you picked up pieces of ancient texts

That were dripping with your legend

You turned to me and said

You know you're blowing all your chances

I asked if there was time

You said that nothing was decided

You played me music I hadn't heard

From a long lost lady's box set

You cooked me dinner I never ate

And we washed up all my dishes

The sun was bloody, the sky was dark

And the bells they kept on ringing

The rats were happy, the mice were full

And there was something wrong with the plumbing

You showed me yesterday's dress

The one you nicked from Mary's Market

You tried to look like her

Because you thought that I would like it

I liked you better I like you loads

I like you unaffected

Take your 80's records your books by Joyce

And you pack 'em up for the summer

The wind was pulling again

And the sun thought about setting

You made the shadow shapes on the wall

You thought I wasn't watching

The wind was messing again

And the sun thought about leaving

You made the dirty shape on the wall

You thought I wasn't watching

It was liberating your puppet dance

It was a one true moment lasting

You took the slipper you took the bed

You made a still life out of nothing

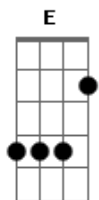
I want a windless city in June

I want to walk down to the shoreline

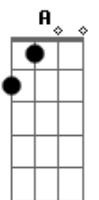
I want to affinity in a girl?

I want a song that kills me.

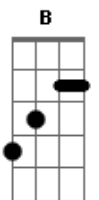
Acordes



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