

R.E.M. - Parakeet

Tom: G

G Bm E
you wake up in the morning
G Bm E
and fall out of your bed
G Bm E
mean cat eat parakeets
D C H
and this one's nearly dead.
G Bm E
you dearly wish the wind shift
G Bm E
and greasy windows slide
G Bm E
open for the parakeet
D C H
who's colored bitter lime.

Em C
open the window
Am Bm D
and lift into your dreams
Em C
lately, baby
Am D H7
you can barely breathe.

G Bm E
a broken wrist an accident
G Bm E
you know that something's wrong
G Bm E
you fold the leavings of your past
D C H
no one knows you've gone.
G Bm E
the sunspot flares of the early
G Bm E
nineties light up your wings.
G Bm E
and scan the shortwave radio
D C H
it's tracking outer rings.

Em C
open your window
Am Bm D

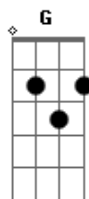
to lift into a dream
Em C
baby, baby
Am D H7
you can starts to breathe

G Bm E
the tectonic dispatcher shifts
G Bm E
to smooth the ocean floor
G Bm E
and flattens out to warmer winds
D C H
of Brisbane's sunny shore.
G Bm E
where buddhas tend to mending wrists
G Bm E
a tea made from the leaves
G Bm E
of eucalyptus fragrances
D C H
and coriander seeds.

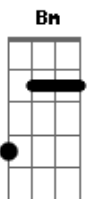
Em C
open the window
Am Bm D
to lift into a dream
Em C
baby, baby
Am Bm D
you can starts to breathe.
Em C
open your window
Am Bm D
to lift into a dream
Em C
baby, baby
Am D H7
you can starts to breathe

G Bm E
you wake up in the morning
G Bm E
to warm Pacific breeze
G Bm E
where mean cars chew on licorice
D C Abm
and cannot climb the trees.

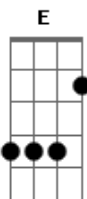
Acordes



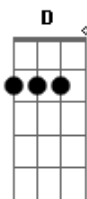
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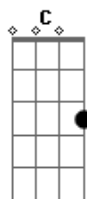
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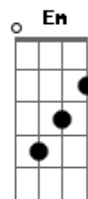
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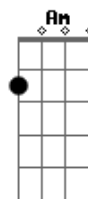
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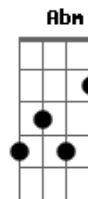
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