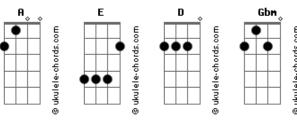


## **Counting Crows - Margery Dreams of Horses**

```
Tom: A
In still water she lies down
Shaking in the press of sunlight
We roll into Lexington
She shakes off a drop of daylight
Water beating up her chest
Bleeding down between her knees
Rivers in Kentucky flow
Between the bluegrass wavy seas
But oh, Margery
Twist the blade once more inside of me
Breathless with anticipation
Baited breathers set their hooks
Tuck their heads beneith the high grass
Lie and wait beside the brooks
For instance, pushing slowly through
Frustration leading back along
The allies of a childhood
That will not release us willingly
    D
But oh, Margery
Sticks the knife in while I couldn't see
Gbm E Gbm E
So dust me off and shut me down
I'll dream of where I haven't been
```

## **Acordes**



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