

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
F C
I'm a down and dusky blonde
F C
I am living in a tree
F C
When I lie in bed I see
F C G
Beyond my lover's head the moon, I hear the rain

C C
I am conscious of my voice
F C
as a tool it's more demure
F C
Than your friend the singing queen
F C
With her matinee good looks
F C
She talks like talking from a book
F C G
I speak the language of my village, of my street

F C
But I need a friend and I choose you
F C
I tell you the way I feel
F C
The truth is crushing like a heel
F C G
I will forget the kiss and feel if you will too

C C
Tell me tales of punk rockin' girls
F C
It's a dim and distant page
F C
But I mostly blame my age
F C G
Please make allowances for me. I do not see.

C C
It's a drag that you're getting old
F C
I love to think about the year
F C
When we sobbed and then we cheered

F C
The town deserted like a film
F C
Your torso crushing me
F C G
Into the country and the tunnels and the fields
F C
But I need a friend and I choose you
F C
I tell you the way I feel
F C
The truth is crushing like a heel
F C G
I will forget the kiss and feel if you will too
(C C F C F C F C F C F C G)

C C
I read a book a day like an apple
F C
But I did not eat
F C
And so the doctor came to me
F C
He said a woman does not live
F C G
By the printed word forgive yourself and eat
C C
Autumn sped along outside
F C
Trick photography on speed
F C
I was locked inside a room
F C
They made a deal, they would control
F C G
The simple things like bodies but I kept my soul

F C
When I needed someone I chose you
F C
Because the fledgling soul awakes
F C
And on the balcony she quakes
F C
And she is waiting for the sign
F C
And when the brother does not come
F C G
And when the sister's much too young, she chooses you

Acordes

