

# 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

