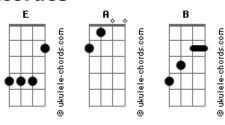


Tom: E

## **God Help The Girl - Marys Market**

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  $\ensuremath{\mathbf{I}}$  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 В 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  ${\sf B}$ And the bells they kept on ringing The rats were happy, the mice were full

## **Acordes**



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.