

# God Help The Girl - Marys Market

Tom: E

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

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  
 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  
 And the bells they kept on ringing  
 The rats were happy, the mice were full

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.

## Acordes

