

# R.E.M. - Parakeet

Tom: G

G Bm E  
 you wake up in the morning  
 G Bm E  
 and fall out of your bed  
 G Bm E  
 mean cat eat parakeets  
 D C H  
 and this one's nearly dead.  
 G Bm E  
 you dearly wish the wind shift  
 G Bm E  
 and greasy windows slide  
 G Bm E  
 open for the parakeet  
 D C H  
 who's colored bitter lime.

Em C  
 open the window  
 Am Bm D  
 and lift into your dreams  
 Em C  
 lately, baby  
 Am D H7  
 you can barely breathe.

G Bm E  
 a broken wrist an accident  
 G Bm E  
 you know that something's wrong  
 G Bm E  
 you fold the leavings of your past  
 D C H  
 no one knows you've gone.  
 G Bm E  
 the sunspot flares of the early  
 G Bm E  
 nineties light up your wings.  
 G Bm E  
 and scan the shortwave radio  
 D C H  
 it's tracking outer rings.

Em C  
 open your window  
 Am Bm D

to lift into a dream  
 Em C  
 baby, baby  
 Am D H7  
 you can starts to breathe

G Bm E  
 the tectonic dispatcher shifts  
 G Bm E  
 to smooth the ocean floor  
 G Bm E  
 and flattens out to warmer winds  
 D C H  
 of Brisbane's sunny shore.  
 G Bm E  
 where buddhas tend to mending wrists  
 G Bm E  
 a tea made from the leaves  
 G Bm E  
 of eucalyptus fragrances  
 D C H  
 and coriander seeds.

Em C  
 open the window  
 Am Bm D  
 to lift into a dream  
 Em C  
 baby, baby  
 Am Bm D  
 you can starts to breathe.  
 Em C  
 open your window  
 Am Bm D  
 to lift into a dream  
 Em C  
 baby, baby  
 Am D H7  
 you can starts to breathe

G Bm E  
 you wake up in the morning  
 G Bm E  
 to warm Pacific breeze  
 G Bm E  
 where mean cars chew on licorice  
 D C Abm  
 and cannot climb the trees.

## Acordes

