

# 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

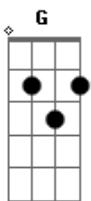
to lift into a dream  
Em C  
baby, baby  
Am D H7  
you can starts to breathe

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.

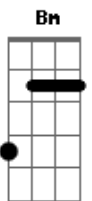
Em C  
open the window  
Am Bm D  
to lift into a dream  
Em C  
baby, baby  
Am Bm D  
you can starts to breathe.  
Em C  
open your window  
Am Bm D  
to lift into a dream  
Em C  
baby, baby  
Am D H7  
you can starts to breathe

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.

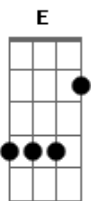
## Acordes



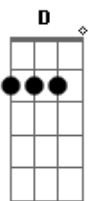
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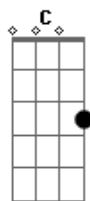
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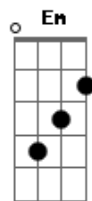
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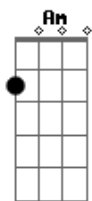
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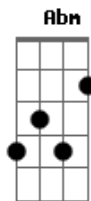
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