

Counting Crows "Margery Dreams Of Horses"

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In the still water she lies down
Shaking through the press of sunlight
We rolled into Lexington
She shakes off the drop of daylight

Water beading up her chest
Bleeding down between her knees
Rivers in Kentucky flow
Between the bluegrass wavy seas

But oh, Margery
Sticks the knife in while I couldn't see

Oh, breathless with anticipation
Baited reelers set their hooks
Tuck their heads beneath the high grass
And lie and wait beside the brooks

For instance pushing slowly through frustration
Leading back along the alleys of a childhood
That will not release us willingly

But oh, Margery
Sticks the knife in while I couldn't see
Strait into me, baby

Dust me off, shut me down
Dream of where I haven't been
Just close the door inside my heart
It's tough in the South Atlantic wind

'Coz I have hollow eyes
Haunting only to myself
But even so I, I, I can't stop
These great big hollows in myself

I took the train from California
To the far side of the continent
Woke up in Kentucky
Where a wedding was about to end

And I looked up at Anna

She turned back to look at me
Yeah, it's best to kill the ones that matter
Render blind the ones who see

But oh, Margery
Takes the blade and walks away from me
Oh, Margery
Love like blood is pouring out of me

Oh yeah, oh, Margery
[Incomprehensible] my heart
It won't stop bleeding all, all, all over me, baby

Oh, I can't shut it in
It's got far too many doors to block the wind
Oh, I can't shut it in
Yeah, it's got far too many doors to block the wind
Oh, I can't shut it in
It's got far too many doors to block the wind

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