

Counting Crows "Margery"

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In the still water she lies down
Shaking in 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
Twists the knife once more inside of me

Breathless with anticipation
Baited breathers 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
Will not release us willingly

But oh, margery
Sticks the knife in while I coundn't the sea

Dust me off and shut me down
And dream of where I haven't been
Close the door inside my heart
Stuck in the south atlantic wind

I have hollow eyes
Haunting only to myself
Even so, I can't stop calling
This great big hollows in my self

I took the train form california
To the far side of the continent
Woke up in kentucky
Where a wedding was about to end

I looked up at anna
She turned back to look at me
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, margery
My heart won't stop bleeding 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
It's got far too many doors to block the wind

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