

Milkt Thistle

Conor Oberst and the Mystic Valley Band

I don't really know the chords in the chorus, but this works for me:

CAPO 4TH FRET

C D G
Milk thistle, milk thistle,
C D G
Let me down slow,
C D G
Help me down slow,
C D
I've been hurryin' on,
C D G
I'm not scared of nothin',
C D G
And I'll go pound for pound,
C D G
I keep death on my mind,
C D
Like a heavy crown.
C D
If I go to heaven,
C D
I'll be bored as hell,
C D
Like a little baby,
AM G
At the bottom of a well.

Fair child, fair child,
How are you man?
Did you fix that storefront?
Did you start that band?
Don't be scared of nothin',
You go pound for pound,
You'll bring peace to midnight,
Like a spotted owl.
I'll be rootin' for you,
Like my favorite team,
If somebody sweats you,
You just point 'em out to me.

AM
All the sights and sounds,
D7 (This one I'm not sure about)
This little world's too crowded now,
C G

And there s only one way out.

AM

An elevator ride,

D7

Through the tunnel towards the light,

C **G**

And I know where bound,

C **D** **AM**

Keep going up and down,

C **D** **G**

Up and down.

Newspaper, newspaper

Can t take no more,

You re here every morning,

Waitin at my door.

And I m just tryin to kiss you,

And you stab my eyes,

Make me blue forever,

Like an Allen sky.

And I m not pretending,

That it s all okay,

Just let me have my coffee,

Before you take away the day.

Lazarus, Lazarus,

Why all the tears?

Did your faithful chauffer just disappear?

What a lonesome feeling,

To be just waitin round,

Like some washed up actress,

In a Tinseltown.

But for the record,

I d come pick you up,

We ll head for the ocean,

Just say when you ve had enogh.

All the light and sound,

This little world s too fragile now,

And there s only one way out.

If you let me slide,

I ll do my best to make things right,

And I know where bound,

Keep going up and down,

Up and down.

Milk thistle, milk thistle,

Let me down slow,

Just help me down slow,

I ve been carrying on.

I was poised for greatness,

I was down and out

I keep death at my heels

Like a basset hound
If i go to heaven,
I ll be bored as hell,
Like a crying baby at the bottom of a well.