Acordesweb.com

Mrs Potter's Lullaby
Counting Crows

Intro: **F F Bbadd9 Csus4**

F
Well I woke up in mid-afternoon cause
Bbadd9 Csus4
that s when it all hurts the most
F
I dream I never know anyone
Bbadd9 Csus4
at the party and I m always the host
Dm7
If dreams are like movies,
Bbadd9 F
then memories are films about ghosts
Csus4
You can never escape,
Bbadd9 F
you can only move south down the coast

F Csus4 Bbadd9 Csus4
Hey, Mrs Potter, don t cry
Hey, Mrs Potter I don t know why but
Hey, Mrs Potter won t you talk to me

(Mesmos Acordes dos Versos Anteriores)

Well there s a piece of Maria in every song that I sing
And the price of a memory is the memory of th sorrow it brings
And there is always one last light to turn out and one last bell to ring
And the last one out of the circus has to lock up everything

Or the elephants will get out and forget to remember what you said
And the ghosts of the tilt-a-whirl will ling inside of your head
And the ferris whell junkies will spin their forever instead
When I see you a blanket of stars covers me in my bed

Hey Mrs. Potter, don t go
Hey Mrs. Potter I don t know but
Hey Mrs. Potter won t you talk to me

All the blue light reflections that color my mind when I speak
And the lovesick rejections that accompany the company I keep
And all the razor perceptions that cut just a little too deep
Hey I can bleed as well as anyone, but I need someone to help me sleep

So I throw my hand into the air and it swims in the beams
It s just a brief interruption of the swirling dust sparkle jet streams
Well I know I don t know you...and you re probably not what you seem
But I d sure like to find out so why don t you climb down off that movie screen

Hey Mrs. Potter, don t turn
Hey Mrs. Potter, I burn for you
Hey Mrs. Potter won t you talk to me

When the last king of Hollywood shatters his glass on the floor
And orders another, well I wonder what he did that for...
Then when I know that I have to get out cause I have been there before
So I gave up my seat at the bar and I head for the door

We drove out to the desert just to lie down beneath this bowl of stars
We stand u in the palace like it s the last of the great Pioneertown bars
We shout out these songs against the clang of electric guitars
You can see a million miles tonight
But you can t get very far

Hey Mrs. Potter I won t touch and
Hey Mrs. Potter, it s not much but
Hey Mrs. Potter won t you talk to me