

**Mrs Potter's Lullaby**  
**Counting Crows**

Intro: **F# F# Badd9 C#sus4**

**F#**

Well I woke up in mid-afternoon cause

Badd9 C#sus4

that s when it all hurts the most

**F#**

I dream I never know anyone

Badd9 C#sus4

at the party and I m always the host

Ebm7

If dreams are like movies,

Badd9 F#

then memories are films about ghosts

C#sus4

You can never escape,

Badd9 F#

you can only move south down the coast

**F# C#sus4 Badd9 C#sus4**

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