

**A Down And Dusky Blonde  
God Help the Girl**

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Finally, an easy one.

**C F C F C F C F**

**C** I fried my head, I m not a brunette  
**F** **C**  
I m a down and dusky blonde  
**F** **C**  
I am living in a tree  
**F** **C**  
When I lie in bed I see  
**F** **C** **G**  
Beyond my lover s head the moon, I hear the rain

**C** I am conscious of my voice  
**F** **C**  
as a tool it s more demure  
**F** **C**  
Than your friend the singing queen  
**F** **C**  
With her matinee good looks  
**F** **C**  
She talks like talking from a book  
**F** **C** **G**  
I speak the language of my village, of my street

**F** **C**  
But I need a friend and I choose you  
**F** **C**  
I tell you the way I feel  
**F** **C**  
The truth is crushing like a heel  
**F** **C** **G**  
I will forget the kiss and feel if you will too

**C** **C**  
Tell me tales of punk rockin girls  
**F** **C**  
It s a dim and distant page  
**F** **C**  
But I mostly blame my age  
**F** **C** **G**  
Please make allowances for me. I do not see.



**F**

**C**

And she is waiting for the sign

**F**

**C**

And when the brother does not come

**F**

**C**

**G**

And when the sister s much too young, she chooses you

The little riff at the end of the verses is this or a variation

-3-5-7-5-3-7-(8)-----|

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-4-5-7-5-4-7-(9)-----|

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He doesnâ€™t usually play the last one, but goes back to the verse C.