

**Broken Parakeet Blues**

**Ike Reilly**

Broken Parakeet Blues : Intro - **Eb Bb G# Eb Bb**

**Eb**

East of the village and west of the trees

**G#**

Up on the high ground where the soldiers would stand

**Eb**

Cooling themselves in the sulfurous breeze

**Bb**

**G#**

It seemed like something to lose

**Eb**

The houses were filled with flattering hosts

**G#**

In tight shirts and compliments for soldiers and ghosts

**Eb**

Up on the high ground blowing their loads

**Bb**

**G#**

For the cowgirls left back home

**Eb**

How can you say thereâ€™s nothing to lose

**Bb**

Singing your broken parakeet blues

**G#**

On the side of the highway lighting the fuse

**Eb**

**Bb**

Black like the crows from the cattlecar fumes

**Eb**

Yeah, up on the highway near 29 Palms

**Bb**

I saw busloads of soldiers rolling along

**G#**

And people like crows on the side of the road

**Eb**

**Bb**

Waving goodbye to lovers and sons

**Eb**

The soldiers were boys, there were brown ones and fat ones

**Bb**

White ones and cool ones and camouflaged black ones

**G#**

Sweet ones and cruel ones but I didnâ€™t see

**Eb**

**Bb**

Anybody I thought had money like me

**Eb**

Some were sleeping, some dreaming, some quietly weeping

**Bb**

Out of 29 Palms the buses kept creeping

**G#**

Right through the desert and out to the shore

**Eb**

**Bb**

29 Palms won't see 'em no more

**Eb**

How can you say there's nothing to lose

**Bb**

Singing your broken parakeet blues

**G#**

On the side of the highway lighting the fuse

**Eb**

**Bb**

Black like the crows from the cattlecar fumes

**Eb**

How can you just wave farewell to them

**Bb**

Knowing what you know and where you have been

**G#**

On the side of the highway lighting the fuse

**Eb**

**Bb**

Singing your broken parakeet blues

**Eb**

**Bb**

**Eb**

How can you say there's nothing to lose

**Eb**

**Bb**

**G#**

**Eb**

**Bb**

**Eb**

East of the village and west of the trees

**G#**

Up on the high ground where the soldiers would stand

**Eb**

Cooling themselves in the sulfurous breeze

**Bb**

**G#**

We all crowed those parakeet blues