

**Broken Parakeet Blues**

**Ike Reilly**

Broken Parakeet Blues : Intro - **E B A E B**

**E**  
East of the village and west of the trees  
**A**  
Up on the high ground where the soldiers would stand  
**E**  
Cooling themselves in the sulfurous breeze  
**B A**  
It seemed like something to lose

**E**  
The houses were filled with flattering hosts  
**A**  
In tight shirts and compliments for soldiers and ghosts  
**E**  
Up on the high ground blowing their loads  
**B A**  
For the cowgirls left back home

**E**  
How can you say there's nothing to lose  
**B**  
Singing your broken parakeet blues  
**A**  
On the side of the highway lighting the fuse  
**E B**  
Black like the crows from the cattlecar fumes

**E**  
Yeah, up on the highway near 29 Palms  
**B**  
I saw busloads of soldiers rolling along  
**A**  
And people like crows on the side of the road  
**E B**  
Waving goodbye to lovers and sons

**E**  
The soldiers were boys, there were brown ones and fat ones  
**B**  
White ones and cool ones and camouflaged black ones  
**A**  
Sweet ones and cruel ones but I didn't see  
**E B**  
Anybody I thought had money like me

**E**

Some were sleeping, some dreaming, some quietly weeping

**B**

Out of 29 Palms the buses kept creeping

**A**

Right through the desert and out to the shore

**E**

**B**

29 Palms won't see 'em no more

**E**

How can you say there's nothing to lose

**B**

Singing your broken parakeet blues

**A**

On the side of the highway lighting the fuse

**E**

**B**

Black like the crows from the cattlecar fumes

**E**

How can you just wave farewell to them

**B**

Knowing what you know and where you have been

**A**

On the side of the highway lighting the fuse

**E**

**B**

Singing your broken parakeet blues

**E**

**B**

**E**

How can you say there's nothing to lose

**E**

**B**

**A**

**E**

**B**

**E**

East of the village and west of the trees

**A**

Up on the high ground where the soldiers would stand

**E**

Cooling themselves in the sulfurous breeze

**B**

**A**

We all crowd those parakeet blues