

1 2 3

## Indigo Girls

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#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #  
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #  
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#

From: jreitz@cats.ucsc.edu  
Date: Fri, 1 Oct 93 19:01:52 -0700  
To: jamesb@animal-farm.nevada.edu  
Subject: CRD:123-IndigoGirls

1-2-3

## Indigo Girls

**E A D G B E**

D(9): x x 0 2 3 0

intro: **E D(9) E D(9)**

**E D(9) E D(9)**  
>From the bowery to the brimstone, I tried to find your heart.  
**E D(9) E D(9)**  
With drugs of initiation, bottom of the barrel that drops.  
**E D(9) E D(9)**  
I understand your causes, sympathize the motivation.  
**E D(9) E D(9)**  
But all the details of this war are just self-infatuation.

**E D(9)**  
One Two Three, Nothing s for free  
**E D(9) E**  
Four Five Six, Pick up the sticks and go home.  
**D(9) E D(9)**  
You better own up to me yeah

**E D(9) E D(9)**  
Manic blood runs thick my friend, are you looking for a clean escape?  
**E D(9) E D(9)**  
What s left when the locks have all been broken, young children of authority?  
**E D(9) E D(9)**

How long can you be agile, dancing between the altar and the mercy seat?

**E** **D(9)** **E** **D(9)**

Here s a chance to make a choice, are you aware of the fire beneath your feet?

**E** **D(9)**

One Two Three, Nothing s for free

**E** **D(9)** **C**

Four Five Six, Pick up the sticks and go home.

**Em**

the basement lies within us, the fear comes through the door

**C** **Em** **C(9)** **A** **B**

there s nothing left between us, the fear becomes a roar

**E** **D(9)** **E** **D(9)**

Once that wheel is in motion, don t lose what you have found.

**E** **D(9)** **E** **D**

(9)

I m talking about the burning wheel of tongues, everything that makes it go around.

**E** **D(9)** **E** **D(9)**

We re all born in the devil s scorn, they want to see you die.

**E** **D(9)** **E** **D(9)**

I m asking you: Are you true? Everything they say is a lie.

**E** **D(9)**

One Two Three, Nothing s for free

**E** **D(9)** **E**

Four Five Six, Pick up the sticks and go home.

**D(9)** **E**

You better own up to me yeah

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| submitted by | It would help if you could die |
| jonas reitz | something fast and tragic at an early age. . .|
| jreitz@cats.ucsc.edu | -Alice Donut |
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