

The Birds Of St Marks
Jackson Browne

The Birds of St. Marks by Jackson Browne

Tabbed using the version off of Solo Acoustic, Vol. 1 (the only version available, I think).

Put a capo on the first fret or tune each string down a half-step.

C
Oh how sad they sound, the songs, the queen must sing of dying
Am **F** **Am** **G**
A prisoner upon her throne of melancholy sighing
F **G**
If she could see her mirror now
F **G**
She would be free of those who bow
F
And scrape the ground beneath her feet

C
Silently she walks among her dying midnight roses
Am **F** **G**
And watches as each moment goes that never really know us
F **G**
And so it seems she doesn't care
F **G**
If she has dreams of no one there
F
Within the shadows of her room

C **Am**
But all my frozen words agree, and say it's time to
C **F** **G**
Call back all the birds I sent to fly behind her castle walls
Am **G**
And I'm weary of the nights I've seen
F **C**
Inside these empty halls

Interlude

C
Wooden lady turn and turn among my weary secrets
F **Am** **G**
And wave within the hours past and other empty pockets
F **G**

Maybe we've found what we have lost

F

G

When we've unwound so many crossed

F

Entangling misunderstandings

C

Am

But all my frozen words agree, and say it's time to

C

F

G

Call back all the birds I sent to fly behind her castle walls

Am

G

And I'm weary of the nights I've seen

F

C

Inside these empty halls