

**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.

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**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