

A Stone
Okkervil River

A Stone by Okkervil River
Tabbed by Alex Kandabarow alex[dot]kandabarow[at]gmail[dot]com
Okkervil River: <http://www.jound.com/okkervil/main.html>
Standard Tuning

Capo on 1st fret

Note: These are just chords representative of what is going on in the song, this is not exact tablature.

A
Hot breath, rough skin
D
warm laughs, and smiling,
F#m
the loveliest words
E
whispered and meant
D
you like all these things.

E
But though you like all these things
A
you love a stone.
D
You love a stone,
E **Bm**
because it s smooth and it s cold.
F#m
And you d love most
E
to be told
D
that it s all your own.

A
You love white veins,
E
you love hard grey,
Bm
the heaviest weight,
D
the clumsiest shape,
F#m
the earthiest smell,

E

the hollownest tone

D

you love a stone.

Bridge: **A E Bm D**

A

And I m found too fast,
called too fond of flames,

D

and then I m phoning my friends,
and then I m shouldering the blame,

F#m

while you re picking pebbles

E

out of the drain,

D

miles ago.

A

You re out singing songs,
and I m down shouting names

D

at the flickerless screen,
going fucking insane.

F#m

Am I losing my cool,

E

overstating my case?

D

Well, baby what can I say?

E

You know I never claimed

A

that I was a stone.

D

And you love a stone.

F#m

You love white veins,

E

you love hard grey,

Bm

the heaviest weight,

D

the clumsiest shape,

F#m

the earthiest smell,

E

the hollownest tone

D

you love a stone.

Bridge: **A E Bm D (x2) A**

D
You love a stone,
E
because it s dark
Bm
and it s old
F#m
and if it could start
E
being alive
D
you d stop living alone.

(quieter)

A
And I think I believe
E
that if stones could dream
Bm
they d dream of being laid
D
side-by-side piece-by-piece
F#m
and turned into a castle
E
for some towering queen
D
they re unable to know.

A
And when that queen s daughter
E
came of age,
Bm
I think she d be lovely
D
and stubborn and brave,
F#m
and suitors would journey
E
from kingdoms away
D
just to make themselves known.

A
And I think that I know
E
the bitter dismay
Bm
of a lover who brought

D

fresh brouquets every day

F#m

when she turned him away

E

to remember some knave

D

A

who once gave just one rose, one day, years ago.

End:

A E Bm D X4

A