

Blue Tulip
Okkervil River

D A D A

They re waiting to hate you

D A E

So give them an excuse
[this repeats for all verses]

G D

Hats off to my distant hope

A

I m held back by a velvet rope

G D A

And he s behind the wall the smoke machine has made between us

G D A

And if he does exist, if camera clicking, green room guests swirl round the

G

man whose real life can be touched

G

Then I will do just that much

[this repeats for the next stanza]