

**Braille**

**Regina Spektor**

No Capo

**G D**

She was lying on the floor and counting stretch marks

**Em C**

She hadn't been a virgin and he hadn't been a god

**G D**

So she names the baby Elvis

**Em C**

To make up for the royalty he lacked

**G D**

And from then on it was turpentine and patches

**Em C**

From then on it was cold Campbell's from the can

**G D**

And they were just two jerks playing with matches

**Em C**

**G D Em C G**

Cause that's all they knew how to play

And it was raining cats and dogs out side of her window

And she knew they were destined to become

Sacred road kill on the way

And she was listening to the sound of heavens shaking

Thinking about puddles, puddles and mistakes

Cause it's been turpentine and patches

It's been cold, cold Campbell's from the can

And they were just two jerks playing with matches

Cause that's all they knew how to play

Elvis never could carry a tune

She thought about this irony as she stared back at the moon

She was tracing her years with her fingers on her skin

Saying why don't I begin again

With turpentine and patches

With cold, cold Campbell's from the can

After all I'm still a jerk playing with matches

It's just that he's not around to play along

I'm still an ass hole playing with candles

Blowing out wishes blowing out dreams

Just sitting here and trying to decipher

What's written in Braille upon my skin...