

Morning Hollow
Sparklehorse

Tabbed by Blackmirth

D **A**
in the silver morning hollow
 G **D**
trembling and getting old
 D **A**
smelling burnt oil of heaven
 G **D**
about ten years, too big to hold

A **G** **D**
she don t get up when I come into the room
 A **G** **D**
she don t run through the fields anymore

D **A**
built a fire in the kitchen
 G **D**
made her bed by a stove
 D **A**
took a walk to the graveyard
 G **D**
but she didn t want to go

A **G** **D**
she don t worry all them murders of crows
 A **G** **D**
even though they was always out of reach

A **G** **D**
she don t get up when I come into the room
 A **G** **D**
she don t run through the fields anymore