

**Color In Your Cheeks**  
**The Mountain Goats**

**E G#m A B**  
She came in on the redeye to dallas-fort worth.  
**E G#m A B**  
All the way from sunny taipei.  
**E G#m A B**  
Skin the color of a walnut shell,  
**E G#m A B**  
And a baseball cap holding down her black hair.  
**A B**  
And she came here after midnight.  
**A B**  
The hot weather made her feel right at home.  
**E B**  
Come on in, we haven t slept for weeks.  
**G#m A B**  
Drink some of this. it ll put color in your cheeks.

he drove from in from mexicali, no worse for wear.  
money to burn, time to kill.  
but five minutes looking in his eyes and we all knew he  
was broken pretty bad, so we gave him what we had.  
we cleared a space for him to sleep in,  
and we let the silence that s our trademark  
make its presence felt.  
come on in, we haven t slept for weeks.  
drink some of this. it ll put color in your cheeks.

Bridge:

**C# G#m A B**  
**E (One octave Up) B**

They came in by the dozens, walking or crawling.  
Some were bright-eyed.  
Some were dead on their feet.  
And they came from zimbabwe,  
Or from soviet, georgia.  
East saint louis, or from paris, or they lived across the street.  
But they came, and when they d finally made it here,  
It was the least that we could do to make our welcome clear.  
Come on in, we haven t slept for weeks.  
Drink some of this. it ll put color in your cheeks.