

Another Hosedreamer's Blues

Counting Crows

Margery's dreaming of the middle of the day
Tiyuri to win
Perfect Dozen to place
money is the matter
that's been on her mind
time ticks by her
one race at a time
She's tryin' to be a good girl
And give 'em what they want
But Margery's dreaming of horses

Lookin' at a green sky
Sun like a red eye
Bright blue horses
are the fortune she lives by
She's tired and lonely
Scared and depressed
Her visions of one day
go racing the next
She's trying to be a good girl
And give 'em what they want
But Margery's dreaming of horses

Margie doesn't say anything
all the way home
So afraid she'll awake
to find she's all alone

Margery's wingspan's
all feathers and coke cans, and
TV dinners and letters she won't send, and
Every race night is shot through with sunlight
Trying to hit the big one
one last time tonight for...
Drunken fathers
and stupid mothers and
Boys who can't tell
one girl from another
So she takes her pills
Careful and round
One of these days
she's gonna throw the whole bottle down
But she's trying to be a good girl
And give 'em what they want
But Margery's dreaming of...
Trying to be a good girl
And give 'em what they want
But Margery's dreaming of...
horses