

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, scarred and depressed
Her visions of one day go racing the next She's tryin' 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
Tryin' 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 tryin' to be a good girl
And give 'em what they want
But Margery's dreaming of Tryin' to be a good girl
And give 'em what they want
But Margery's dreaming of horses

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