

# Country House

Blur

**G+**

(So the story begins)

**A**

**E**

City dweller, successful fella

**Hmi**

Thought to himself

Oops I've got alot of money

**D**

**C#**

I'm caught in a rat race terminally

I'm a prefessional cynic

But my hearts not in it

I'm paying the price of living life at the legal limit

Caught up in the centuries anxiety

**E**

It preys on him, he's getting thin

**A**

**E**

Now he lives in a house, a very big house in the country

**D**

Watching afternoon repeats

**A**

And the food that he eats in the country

He takes all manner of pills

**E**

And piles up analyst bills in the country

**D**

It's like an animal farm,

**A**

**As**

Lots of rural charm in the country

Now he's got morning glory, life's a different story

Everything going jackanory

In touch with his own mortality

He's reading balzac, knocking back prozac,

It's a helping hand

That makes you feel wonderfully bland

Oh, it's the centuries remedy for the faint at heart,

A new start

He lives in a house, a very big house in the country

He's got a fog in his chest

Se he needs alot of rest in the country

He doesn't drink smoke laugh

He takes herbal baths in the country

Oh it's like an animal farm

But you'll come to no harm in the country

**A**

**E**

**D**

**A**

Blow blow me out I am so sad I don't know why