

## 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