

Counting Crows, Another Horsedreamers' Blues

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