A Girl In Port

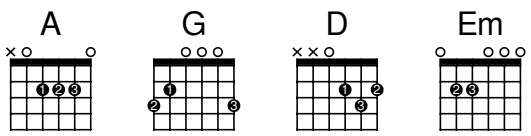
A
Let fall your
G *D*
soft and swaying skirt; let fall your
A *Em*
shoes; let fall your shirt. I'm not the
G *D*
lady-killing sort. Enough to
A *G* *D*
hurt a girl in port.

A
Marie's gone
G *D*
blonde, and lost a stone. She lay on her
A *Em*
lawn, spun and alone. And when the
G *D*
morning sun, it rose upon
A *Em*
Marie, and her lacy clothes. It lit her
G *D*
up, and she walked around the winding
A *Em*
streets of Camden town. She don't know
G *D*
who she wants to be, but if I
A *G* *D*
knew, I'd tell Marie.

And Cindy tells me she's had fun,
Sitting backstage,someone's plus one.
Up in her room,the records spin
a needle in the grooves that she's worn thin.
Well, she lifts the sleeve and she sees a name.
And she's got a smile on her face
And she's got a story you can't see
Well, that's just between that name and Cindy.

Interlude: A Asus4 A

And before Holly made her way
Over the sea and far away,
She's telling me inside her car
driving us back from the Crystal Corner bar.



I lost her there; I fell from health
Cut some fresh pieces from myself
Then for a second something in me
Said leave today, it's time, Holly.

Oh, I'm a weak and lonely sort,
Though I'm not sailing just for sport.
I've come to feel out on the sea
These urgent lives press against me.
I'm just a guest; I'm not a part
My tender head with my easy heart.
These several years out on the sea
Made me empty, cold, and clear; pour yourself into me.