

# Harpies Bizarre

Words & Music:  
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## INTRO:

Here's what the keyboards play over the E:

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e:-----
B:-----
G:-----
D:--1--2-----1--2-----1--2-----1--2-----
A:-----1--2-----0-----4--3-----3--2--
E:-----4-----

```

```

E             B             A             B
He selects the plainest face from a spiteful row of girls.
E             B             A             G#7
Elegant insulted women, a flaw of cultured pearls.
C#m          G#m          G#          C#m          A             E
He drops a name or two, she fails to catch, at last he's met his match.
            B             E
Unspoiled and unaffected, he wants her so much.

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## INTRO REPRISE:

She puts up half-hearted resistance, like she was taught to do.  
 She's heard some of those small town playboys but this is something new.  
 His promise seems dangerous, she'd like to believe.  
 He says "You'd better leave."  
 "You've only got yourself to blame, shame, or deceive."

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E7             A             A7(Am?)             E
The waiting lines are long, they never get too far.
B             E
Everyone wearing that medal with pride: Harpies Bizarre.

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## INTERLUDE OVER:

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E [7m.] B [1m.] | B [7m.] E [1m.] | C [7m.] A [1m.] |
B [7m.] E [1m.] | Bm [4m.] F# [3m.] Bm [1m.] | D [7m.] A7 [1m.] D |

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## TO INTRO REPRISE:

E                    B                    A                    B  
I looked on but hesitated. I failed to interrupt.

E                            B                            A                            G#7  
You're so hard to tell the truth to, so easy to corrupt.

C#m          G#m                    G#                    C#m          A                    E  
I'll memorize your face, your tragic smile, the hurt look in your eyes

                            B                            E  
As you betrayed yourself to the part of him that dies.

          E7                            A                            A7(Am?)                    E  
The waiting lines are long, they never get too far,

          E7                            A                            A7(Am?)                    E  
They're shining up their shoes to kick a falling star.

          E7                            A/E                            A7/E(Am?)                    E  
You think you should be somebody, but you don't know who you are.

B  E  
Everyone wearing that medal with pride: Harpies Bizarre.

INTRO SECTION REPEAT & OUT: