

Rain King

Words & Music:
Adam Duritz, & David Bryson (Counting Crows)

There is an arrangement of this in the November 2005 issue of Acoustic Guitar.

[capo 2]

Cadd9 G/B Am7sus4 G [2x]

Cadd9 G/B Am7sus4 G/B Cadd9

When I think of heaven, deliver me in a black-winged bird

G/B Am7sus4 G Cadd9 G/B

I think of flying----- down into a sea of pens and feathers

Am7sus4 G/B Cadd9 G/B

And all other instruments of faith and sex and God

Am7sus4 G

In the belly of a black-winged bird.

Am F Am F C D Dsus4

Don't try to feed me 'cause I've been here before and I deserve a little more.

G Am C Dsus4 D G G Am c Dsus4 D G

I belong-- in the service of the Queen. I belong-- anywhere but in-between.

G Am7 C Dsus4 D G Am7 C

She's been crying; I've been thinking and I am the Rain King

And I said, "Mama, mama, mama, why am I so alone?

I can't go outside, I'm scared I might not make it home.

I'm alive, I'm alive, but I'm sinking in.

If there's anyone at home at your place, darling, why don't you invite me in?"

Don't try to bleed me 'cause I've been here before and I deserve a little more.

I belong in the service of the Queen. I belong anywhere but in-between.

She's been lying; I've been thinking and I am the Rain King.

BRIDGE:

Am C G Am

Hey, I only want the same as anyone.

Am C G Am

Henderson is just waiting for the sun.

Am C G Am

Oh, it seems night endlessly begins and ends.

Am C G Cadd9 [repeat intro]

After all the dreaming I just want to come back home again

When I think of heaven, deliver me in a black-winged bird.

I think of dying, lay me down in a field of flame and heather.

Render up my body into the burning heart of God

In the belly of a black-winged bird.

Don't try to bleed me 'cause I've been here before and I deserve a little more.

I belong in the service of the Queen. I belong anywhere but in-between.

She's been dying; I've been drinking and I am the Rain King.

[repeat "I am the Rain King" 2 more times and out]