

## Lydia Purple (The Collectors)

Capo 3

Am G D Am

Am G Am  
Lydia Purple lived in a steeple,  
G Am  
tall by nature, colored by people.

Am G Am  
Lydia Purple was taken for granted  
G Am  
by people that knew her, whose views were all slanted.

G C G C G C D Am  
Writing sonets daily, drinking apple tea, Lydia pretending she's free.

Am G Am  
Living there lonely, a view from her window,  
G Am  
she keeps to herself and peeks through the keyhole.  
Am G Am  
At the end of her first year, her walls were all painted,  
G Am  
she wrote to her lover who never existed.

G C G C G C D Am  
Writing sonets daily, drinking apple tea, Lydia pretending she's free.

F G F

F G Am A#  
Singing softly she tends her tower,  
(singing softly she tends her tower)  
D# Cm Am G D Am  
Sweep the dirt, wipe the hurt, she sings.

Am G Am  
By the close of her third year she talked to her mirror.  
Am G Am  
Her questions were clever, her answers much clearer.

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