The Hills of Madress I went down the hills of depression And I pussed many people and things pretly butterflies C/a with beautiful buckes Compliants away Bryang in my ears building me up C/a paly to bounce me down G F/G)

Steeping in and seeping out of consciousness C/6 crying in the night Logic and lare eluding me secursed 1/4 and abandoned What did I see one color (6 F/6) it was blue