

## Anna Begins

## Counting Crows

My friend assures me, "It's all or nothing"  
I am not worried, I am not overly concerned  
My friend implores me, "For one time only  
Make an exception" I am not worried

Wrap her up in a package of lies  
Send her off to a coconut island  
I am not worried  
I am not overly concerned

With the status of my emotions  
Oh, she says, "Your changing"  
But we're always changing  
It does not bother me to say

This isn't love  
'Cause if you don't wanna to talk about it  
Then it isn't love  
And I guess, I'm gonna have to live without

But I'm sure there's somethin' in a shade of gray  
Or somethin' in between  
And I can always change my name  
If that's what you mean

My friend assures me, "It's all or nothing"  
But I am not really worried  
I am not overly concerned

You try to tell your self the things, you try tell your self  
To make yourself forget, to make your self forget  
I am not worried

"If it's love" She said  
Then we've gonna have to think about the consequences  
'Cause she can't stop shakin'  
And I can't stop touchin' her

And this time when kindness falls like rain  
It washes her away  
And Anna begins to change her mind

"These seconds when I'm shakin'  
Leave me shudderin' for days" She says  
And I'm not ready for this sort of thing

But I'm not gonna break  
And I'm not gonna worry about it anymore  
I'm not gonna bend and I'm not gonna break  
Gonna worry about it anymore  
No, no, no, no, no

It seems like I should say  
"As long as this is love"  
But it's not all that easy so maybe I should

Snap her up in a butterfly net

And pin her down on a photograph album  
I am not worried  
'Cause you've done this sort of thing before

But then I start to think about the consequences  
'Cause I don't get no sleep in a quiet room

And this time when kindness falls like rain  
It washes me away  
And Anna begins to change my mind

Every time she sneezes  
I believe it's love  
And oh, Lord, I'm not ready for this sort of thing

She's talkin' in her sleep  
It's keepin' me awake  
And Anna begins to toss and turn

And every word is nonsense  
But I understand  
And oh, Lord, I'm not ready for this sort of thing

Her kindness bangs a gong  
It's movin' me along  
And Anna begins to fade away

It's chasin' me away  
She disappears  
And oh, Lord, I'm not ready for this sort of thing