

## Four Days

## Counting Crows

All I want is something good  
It gets harder every time  
She is leaving here tonight  
take a breath  
take your time  
spread your wings and rise  
Make a mark upon the wall  
Paint your face and pass the time  
Close your eyes as she ascends  
Hold your breath and ease your mind  
Forty thousand times  
Time ...fades into the night  
They descend and then they climb  
Feathers falling through the night  
Have you seen Ohio rise?  
It has been four days and nights  
All I want is something fine  
It gets harder every time  
She is sleeping far away  
Take a breath  
take your time  
Spread your wings and rise  
Rise into the black Ohio skies