

## Mrs. Potter's Lullaby

### Counting Crows

Well I woke up in mid afternoon cause that's when it all hurts the most  
I dream I never know anyone at the party and I'm always the host  
If dreams are like movies then memories are films about ghosts  
You can never escape, you can only move south down the coast  
Well I am an idiot walking a tightrope of fortune and fame  
I am an acrobat swinging trapezes through circles of flame  
If you've never stared off into the distance then your life is a shame  
And though I'll never forget your face sometimes I can't remember my name

Hey, Mrs. Potter, don't cry  
Hey, Mrs. Potter, I know why  
But, hey, Mrs. Potter, won't you talk to me  
Well there's a piece of Maria in every song that I sing  
And the price of a memory is the memory of the sorrow it brings  
And there is always one last light to turn out and one last bell to ring  
And the last one out of the circus has to lock up everything  
Or the elephants will get out and forget to remember what you said  
Oh and the ghosts of the tilt-o-whirl will linger inside of your head  
Oh and the Ferris wheel junkies will spin there forever instead  
When I see you, a blanket of stars covers me in my bed  
Hey, Mrs. Potter, don't go, I said  
Hey, Mrs. Potter, I don't know, but  
Hey, Mrs. Potter, won't you talk to me  
Well all the blue light reflections that color my mind when I sleep  
And the lovesick rejections that accompany the company I keep  
All the razor perceptions that cut just a little too deep  
Hey, I can bleed as well as anyone but I need someone to help me sleep  
So I throw my hand into the air and it swims in the beams  
It's just a brief interruption of the swirling dust sparkle jet stream  
Well I know I don't know you and you're probably not what you seem  
Aw, but I'd sure like to find out  
So why don't you climb down off that movie screen  
Hey, Mrs. Potter, don't turn  
Hey, Mrs. Potter, I burn for you  
Hey, Mrs. Potter, won't you talk to me  
When the last king of Hollywood shatters his glass on the floor  
And orders another  
Well, I wonder what he did that for  
That's when I know that I have to get out cause I have been there before  
So I gave up my seat at the bar and I head for the door. Yeah.  
We drove out to the desert just to lie down beneath this bowl of stars  
We stand up in the Palace, like it's the last of the great pioneer town bars  
Aw, we shout out these songs against the clang of electric guitars  
Well, you can see a million miles tonight  
But you can't get very far  
Aw, you can see a million miles tonight  
But you can't get very far  
Hey, Mrs. Potter, I won't touch and  
Hey, Mrs. Potter, it's not much but  
Hey, Mrs. Potter, won't you talk to me [3X]