

On Almost Any Sunday Morning

Counting Crows

Take a message
To your head
Just stay beside her
In the bed
You were so stupid
To believe in things
You couldn't see
Then make them
All you want

If you haven't
Got the reasons
Just make up
Any reasons
Then pick them
'Til they're torn

Take it all away
You took your coat today
But they all
Go back in the morning

Make a time
To find your way
I got
A little further today
Wash your eyes
Clear of anything
Make them empty circles

Dress yourself
In black or grey
I'm hungry
Like a wild waif
Or only child
This lithium
Is heroin to me

It makes it all withdraw
All the anger and loss
But it all keeps
Coming back
In the morning

You keep yourself
Too clean
You dig yourself
A dream
That we won't be
Coming home alone

Not this time (4x)