

## Round Here

### Counting Crows

1. Step out the front door like a ghost into the fog  
Where no one notices the contrast of white on white  
And in between the moon and you the angels get a better view  
Of the crumbling difference between wrong and right  
I walk in the air between the rain through myself and back a  
gain  
Where? I dont know  
Maria says shes dying through the door I hear her crying  
Why? I dont know

R: Round here we always stand up straight  
Round here something radiates

2. Maria came from nashville with a suitcase in her hand  
She said shed like to meet a boy who looks like elvis  
She walks along the edge of where the ocean meets the land  
Just like shes walking on a wire in the circus  
She parks her car outside of my house  
Takes her clothes off  
Says shes close to understanding jesus  
She knows shes more than just a little misunderstood  
She has trouble acting normal when shes nervous

R: Round here were carving out our names  
Round here we all look the same  
Round here we talk just like lions  
But we sacrifice like lambs  
Round here shes slipping through my hands