

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