

St. Robinson in His Cadillac Dream

Counting Crows

Staring out of his window as the world rushes by
Arthur Robinson closes the glass and replies,
"I dream of Ballerinas and I don't know why
but I see Cadillac's sailing

I was born on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay
But Maryland and Virginia have faded away
And I keep thinking tomorrow is coming today
So I am endlessly waiting

And the comet is coming between
Me and the girl who could make it all clean
Out there in the shadow of the modern machine
Walks St. Robinson in his Cadillac dream.

Carrie's down in her basement all toe shoes and twinned
With the girl in the mirror who spins when she spins
From where you think you'll end up to the state that you're in
Your reflection approaches and then recedes again

And the comet is coming between
Me and the girl who could make it all clean
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I have dreamed of a black car that shimmers and drives
Down the length of the evening to the carnival side
In a house where regret is a carousel ride
We are spinning and spinning and spinning and now...

There's a hole in the ceiling down through which I fell
There's a girl in a basement coming out of her shell
And there are people who will say that they knew me so well'
I may not go to heaven
I hope you go to hell

And the comet is coming between
Me and the girl who could make it all clean
Out there in the shadow of the modern machine
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