

When I Dream Of Michelangelo

Counting Crows

Well you know I don't like you but you wanna be my friend
Well, there are bodies on the ceiling and they're fluttering their wings

It's ok I'm angry
But you'll never understand
When you dream of Michelangelo
They hang above your hands

And I know that she is not my friend
And I know cause there she goes
Walking on my skin again

And I can't why you'd want to talk to me
When your vision of America is crystalline and clean
I want a white bread life
Just something ignorant and plain,
But from the walls of Michelangelo I'm dangling again

And I know that she is not my friend
And I know cause there she goes
Walking on my skin again and again

Saturn on a line
A sun afire on strings and wires
To spin above my head and make it right
But any time you like
You can catch a sight of angel eyes all emptiness and infinite

And I dream of Michelangelo when I'm lying in my bed
I see god upon the ceiling I see angels overhead
And he seems so close as he reaches out his hand
But we are never quite as close as we are led to understand

And I know that she is not my friend
And I know cause there she goes
Walking on my skin again and again