

Crows Counting

"Anna Begins"

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My friend assures me, "it's all or nothing."

I am not worried

I am not overly concerned

My friend implores me, "For one time only, make an exception."

I am not worried

Wrap her up in a package of lies

Send her off to a coconut island

I am not worried

I am not overly concerned

With the status of my emotions

"Oh" she says "You're changing"

But we're always changing

It does not bother me to say this isn't love

Because if you don't want to talk about it

Then it isn't love

And I guess I'm going to have to live with that

But I'm sure there's something in a shade of grey

Something in between

And I can always change my name if that's what you mean

My friend assures me "It's all or nothing."

But I am not really worried

I am not overly concerned

You try to tell yourself

The things you try to tell yourself

To make yourself forget

I am not worried

"If it's love," she said "then we're going to have to think about the consequences"

She can't stop shaking

I can't stop touching her and...

This time when kindness falls like rain

It washes her away and

Anna begins to change her mind

"These seconds when I'm shaking leave me shuddering for days" she says

And I'm not ready for this sort of thing

But I'm not going to break

And I'm not going to worry about it anymore

I'm not going to bend

And I'm not going to break and

I'm not going to worry about it anymore

It seems like I should say "As long as this is love..."

But it's not all that easy so maybe I should

Snap her up in a butterfly net

Pin her down on a photograph album

I am not worried

I've done this sort of thing before
But then I start to think about the consequences
Because I don't get no sleep in a quiet room and...
The time when kindness falls like rain
It washes me away and
Anna begins to change my mind
And everytime she sneezes I beleive it's love and
Oh lord, I'm not ready for this sort of thing
She's talking in her sleep
It's keeping me awake
And Anna begins to toss and turn
And every word is nonsense but I understand and
Oh lord, I'm not ready for this sort of thing
Her kindness bangs a gong, it's moving me along
And Anna begins to fade away
It's chasing me away she disappears and
Oh lord, I'm not ready for this sort of thing

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