

## **Crows Counting**

### **"Mrs Potter's Lullaby"**

Visit "[Mrs Potter's Lullaby](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Well I woke up in mid-afternoon cause that's when it all  
hurts the most  
I dream I never know anyone at the party and I'm  
always the host  
If dreams are like movies, then memories are films  
about ghosts  
You can never escape, you can only move south down  
the coast

Well, I am an idiot walking a tightrope of fortune and  
fame  
I am an acrobat swinging trapezes through circles of  
flame  
If you've never stared off in the distance, then your life  
is a shame  
And though I'll never forget your face,  
sometimes I can't remember my name

Hey Mrs. Potter don't cry  
Hey Mrs. Potter I know why but  
Hey Mrs. Potter won't you talk to me

Well, there's a piece of Maria in every song that I sing  
And the price of a memory is the memory of the sorrow  
it brings  
And there is always one last light to turn out and one  
last bell to ring  
And the last one out of the circus has to lock up  
everything

Or the elephants will get out and forget to remember  
what you said  
And the ghosts of the tilt-a-whirl will linger inside of  
your head  
And the ferris wheel junkies will spin them forever  
instead  
When I see you a blanket of stars covers me in my bed

Hey Mrs. Potter don't go  
Hey Mrs. Potter I don't know but  
Hey Mrs. Potter won't you talk to me

All the blue light reflections that color my mind when I sleep  
And the lovesick rejections that accompany the company I keep  
All the razor perceptions that cut just a little too deep  
Hey I can bleed as well as anyone, but I need someone to help me sleep

So I throw my hand into the air and it swims in the beams  
It's just a brief interruption of the swirling dust sparkle jet stream  
Well, I know I don't know you and you're probably not what you seem  
But I'd sure like to find out  
So why don't you climb down off that movie screen

Hey Mrs. Potter don't turn  
Hey Mrs. Potter I burn for you  
Hey Mrs. Potter won't you talk to me

When the last king of Hollywood shatters his glass on the floor  
and orders another  
Well, I wonder what he did that for  
That's when I know that I have to get out cause I have been there before  
So I gave up my seat at the bar and I head for the door

We drove out to the desert just to lie down beneath this bowl of stars  
We stand up at the Palace like it's the last of the great Pioneertown bars  
We shout out these songs against the clang of electric guitars  
You can see a million miles tonight  
But you can't get very far

Hey Mrs. Potter I won't touch and  
Hey Mrs. Potter it's not much but  
Hey Mrs. Potter won't you talk to me

Visit [Crows Counting](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.