

Crows Counting

"Round Here"

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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 again
Where? I don't know
Maria says she's dying
through the door I hear her crying
Why? I don't know
[Chorus]
Round here we always stand up straight
Round here something radiates
Maria came from Nashville with a suitcase in her hand
she said she'd like to meet a boy who looks like Elvis
she walks along the edge of where the ocean meets
the land
just like she's walking on a wire in the circus
she parks her car outside of my house

takes her clothes off

says she's close to understanding Jesus

she knows she's just a little misunderstood

she has trouble acting normal when she's nervous

[Chorus:]

Round here we're 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 she's slipping through my hands

Sleeping children better run like the wind

out of the lightning dream

Mama's little baby better get herself in

out of the lightning

She says It's only in my head

She says Shhh I know it's only in my head

But the girl in car in the parking lot

says "Man you should try to take a shot

can't you see my walls are crumbling?"

Then she looks up at the building

and says she's thinking of jumping

She says she's tired of life

she must be tired of something

Round here she's always on my mind

Round here hey man got lots of time

Round here we're never sent to bed early

And nobody makes us wait

Round here we stay up very, very, very, very late

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