

## **Crows Counting**

### **"St Robinson In His Cadillac Dream"**

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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 Cadillacs 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  
Out there in the shadow of the modern machine  
Walks St. Robinson in his Cadillac dream.

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

Walks St. Robinson in his Cadillac dream."

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