

Counting Crows "40 Years"

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I was born in the jungle
With the sickening smell of cinnamon in the air
I was born in a white hole
And I can't believe the colors here, they stalk on a circle
I've never been blessed with elephant's memory
I'm riding a red line nowhere

If it takes 40 years for the gun to be paid for
If it takes 40 years, I'll put the money away
If it takes 40 years to get the things that I need sir
If it takes 40 years, I'll walk the thunder and the rain

I was born in a good home
Where the rising cost of raising children was not a
factor
And you can't believe the things it does to me
I'm filled with the white noise
Well, I never did much of anything anyway
Jump n a big train nowhere on a big train nowhere

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If it takes 40 years, I'll put the money away
If it takes 40 years to get the things that I need sir
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I wanna buy me a good heart, and a conscience
Maybe raise some children
I wanna get me a good wife, with a garden
Garden, garden, garden
And I'll start me a new life with a six foot color
television
I'll start me a new life somewhere

I was born on a warm night
On the right coast, southeastern America
Dead on arrival, but you can't believe the things you
hear
I'll fly me a white plane over water, over blue and green
And land in the ocean somewhere

