

Counting Crows "Children In Bloom"

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Children in bloom, cookin' in the sun
Waitin' for a room of our own
Leave my sister alone
She doesn't deserve this
She is a flower and I am a flower
And we are all alone

I gotta get out on my own
I gotta get up from this waitin', waitin' at home
I gotta get out of this sunlight
It's meltin' my bones
I gotta get up from this slumber and just get myself
home

All these wasted dreams
Just waiting for the sun to open
To open up my heart to anyone
Bring me some rain
Because I'm dyin', I'm dyin'
And I can't get this damn thing closed again

I gotta get out on my own
I gotta get up from this waitin', waitin' at home
I gotta get out of this sunlight
It's meltin' my bones
I gotta get up from this slumber and just get myself
home

Where's the fun house this year?
The fairground's deserted and the skies don't seem as
near but
Nicole's my oldest friend
But the altar is empty and she'll never be a little girl
again

I gotta get out on my own
I gotta get up from this waitin', waitin' at home
I gotta get out of this sunlight
It's meltin' my bones
I gotta get up from this slumber and just get myself
home, home

I can't find my way home
I can't find my way home
I can't find, I can't find
I can't find, I can't find
I can't find, I can't find my way home
No no no
...

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