

## Counting Crows "Lightning"

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It's crazy but often clear  
But often clear  
We shimmer and disappear  
In color, in black and white  
Black and white  
We slowly fade out of sight

But these days were lit by lightning  
These lights all were white

It's crazy but somehow clear  
Somehow clear  
We ride in silence out of fear  
We spoke and soon come alive  
Come alive  
We prefer the silence of the blind

But these days were lit by lightning

These lights all were white  
These days were lit by lightning  
Of sharp, light, sharp, white, light, hard, good, white

We're crazy but often kind  
Often kind  
Enrage and in violence blind  
You gather, and that alone  
That alone  
We race in small circles home

But these days were lit by lightning  
These lights are were white  
These days were lit by lightning  
Of sharp, white, light

These days were lit by lightning  
These lights are were white  
These days were lit by light

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