

Counting Crows "Mrs. Potter's Lullaby"

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Well, I woke up in mid-afternoon 'cause that's when it
all hurts the most
I dream I never know anyone at the party and I'm
always the host
If dreams are like movies, then memories are films
about ghosts
You can never escape, you can only move south down
the coast

Well, I am an idiot walking a tightrope of fortune and
fame
I am an acrobat swinging trapezes through circles of
flame
If you've never stared off into the distance, then your
life is a shame
And though I'll never forget your face
Sometimes I can't remember my name

Hey Mrs. Potter, don't cry
Hey Mrs. Potter, I know why but
Hey Mrs. Potter, won't you talk to me?

Well, there's a piece of Maria in every song that I sing
And the price of a memory is the memory of the sorrow
it brings
And there is always one last light to turn out and one
last bell to ring
And the last one out of the circus has to lock up
everything

Or the elephants will get out and forget to remember
what you said
And the ghosts of the tilt-a-whirl will linger inside of
your head
And the ferris wheel junkies will spin there forever
instead
When I see you, a blanket of stars covers me in my bed

Hey Mrs. Potter, don't go
I said, hey Mrs. Potter, I don't know but
Hey Mrs. Potter, won't you talk to me?

All the blue light reflections that color my mind when I
sleep
And the lovesick rejections that accompany the
company I keep
All the razor perceptions that cut just a little too deep
Hey, I can bleed as well as anyone
But I need someone to help me sleep

And so I throw my hand into the air and it swims in the
beams
It's just a brief interruption of the swirling dust sparkle
jet stream
Well, I know I don't know you and you're probably not
what you seem
But I'd sure like to find out
So why don't you climb down off that movie screen

Hey Mrs. Potter, don't turn
Hey Mrs. Potter, I burn for you
Hey Mrs. Potter, won't you talk to me?

When the last king of Hollywood shatters his glass on
the floor
And orders another, well, I wonder what he did that for
That's when I know that I have to get out 'cause I have
been there before
So I gave up my seat at the bar and I head for the door

We drove out to the desert just to lie down beneath this
bowl of stars
We stand up in the palace like it's the last of the great
pioneer town bars
We shout out these songs against the clang of electric
guitars

You can see a million miles tonight
But you can't get very far
Oh, you can see a million miles tonight
But you can't get very far

Hey Mrs. Potter, I won't touch you
Hey Mrs. Potter, it's not much but
Hey Mrs. Potter, won't you talk to me?

Hey Mrs. Potter, won't you talk to me?
Hey Mrs. Potter, won't you talk to me?

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