

# Counting Crows

## "On A Tuesday In Amsterdam Long Ago"

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A picture of Amsterdam  
Bare trees under glass  
Framed in the gray and white afternoon light  
Of a winter long past

When I was a riser  
To Dublin I'd roam  
She was a bareback rider  
Some miles from home

Come back to me  
Come back to me  
Come back to me  
Come back to me

She's a carnival driver  
Hung in the sky  
Cutting through time like a memory  
Strung on a wire

The color of anything  
Fades in the air  
She is the film of a book of the story  
Of the smell of her hair

Come back to me  
Come back to me  
Come back to me  
Come back to me

When everything's over  
Everything's clear  
Everyone's older  
And no one is here

I try to remember  
A girl on a wire  
Tumbling and diving above Stephen's Green  
Like a kite on the air

Come back to me  
Come back to me

Come back to me  
Come back to me

Come back to me  
Oh, come back to me  
Come back to me  
Come back to me  
Come back to me  
Come back to me

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