

Counting Crows

"Saint Robinson In His Cadillac Dream"

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Staring out of his window as the world rushes by
Arthur Robinson closes the glass and replies,
"I dream of ballerinas and I don't know why?
But I see Cadillac's sailing.
I was born on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay
Maryland and Virginia have faded away
And I keep thinking tomorrow is coming today
So I am endlessly waiting
The comet is coming between
Me and the girl who could make it all clean
Out there in the shadow of the modern machine
walks St. Robinson in his Cadillac dream
Carrie's down in her basement all toe shoes and
twinned
With the girl in the mirror who spins when she spins,
From where you think you will end up to the state that
you're in
Your reflection approaches and recedes again. Yeah
And the comet is coming between
Me and the girl who could make it all clean
Out in the shadow of the modern machines
Walks St. Robinson in his Cadillac dream
I had a dream of a black car that shimmers and drives
Down the length of the evening to the carnival's side
In a house where regret is a carousel ride
We are spinning and spinning and spinning
There's a hole in the ceiling down through which I fell
There's a girl in the basement coming out of her shell
And there are people who will say they knew me so well
I may not go to heaven..
I hope that you go to hell!
The comet is coming between
Me and the girl who could make it all clean
out there in the shadow of a modern machine
Walks St. Robinson in his Cadillac dream
In his dream.
St. Robinson in his dream.
Some people are never quite what they seem
Come on baby come on baby
Lets just Get into my car and drive.

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