

Counting Crows "She's Like The Weather"

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Life is simple. Life is sweet.
Oh, so saddle up and go.
Little cowgirl, in the underground,
she talks to people she doesn't know.
Oh, people on the train to Eden
The circus girl, after all the rodeos,
she settles down alone.
She planted flowers in her basement
so she has a little color when the sky runs low.
[Chorus:]
She likes the weather today
She said "It's raining' in my head"
All of the flowers I've raised
Come up a little cloudy
Life is bitter. Life is cheap.
The cowgirl settles down alone.
Yeah, ten years out of Eden now
She's got a little garden of her very own

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