

Counting Crows "St. Robinson In His Cadillac Dream"

Visit "[St. Robinson In His Cadillac Dream](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

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 a Cadillac sailing.
And I was born on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay
But Maryland and Virginia have faded away
And I keep thinking tomorrow is coming today
So I am endlessly waiting

And 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

Well Carrie's down in her basement all toe shoes and
twin
With the girl in the mirror who spins when she spins
Where you think you will end up to the state that you're
in
Your reflection approaches and then recedes again

But the comet is coming between
Me and the girl who could make it all clean
Out there in the shadow of the modern machines
Walks St. Robinson in his Cadillac dream

Well I have dreamed of a black car that shimmers and
drives
Down the length of the evening to the carnival side
In a house where regret is a carousel ride
We are spinning and spinning and spinning and now
There's a hole in the ceiling down through which I fell
There is a girl in a basement coming out of her shell
There are people who will say that 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
And there in the shadows of modern machines
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 darling, come on
Let's just Get into my car and drive
Come on, get into my car and drive
She says I always do the same things over and over...

Visit [Counting Crows](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.