

Counting Crows "Tuesday In Amsterdam"

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A picture of Amsterdam
Bare trees under glass
Framed in the grey and white afternoon light
Of a winter long passed
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 diver
Hung in the sky
Cutting through time like a memory
Strung on a wire
Now 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
And everything's clear
When everyone's older
And no one is here
I try to remember
A girl on a wire
Tumbling and diving above Steven's Green
Like a kite in the air

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

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