

Counting Crows

"When I Dream Of Michelangelo"

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You know I don't like you
But you want to be my friend
There are bodies on the ceiling
And they are fluttering their wings
It's ok, I'm angry
But you'll never understand
You dream of Michelangelo
They hang above your hands

And I know, she is not my friend
And I know, cuz there she goes
Walking on my skin again

And I can't see why
You want to talk to me
When your vision of America
Is crystal and clean
I wanna white bread life
Just something ignorant in the rain
But from the walls of Michelangelo
I'm dangling again

And I know, she is not my friend
And I know, cuz there she goes

Walking on my skin again and again

Saturn on a line
The sun afire of strings and wires
Spin above my head and make it right
Anytime you'd like, you can catch a sight
Of angel eyes on emptiness and infinite
And I dream of Michelangelo when I'm lying in my bed
I see God upon the ceiling
I see angels overhead
And he seems so close
As he reaches out his hand
We are never quite as close
As we are led to understand

And I know, she is not my friend
And I know, cuz there

She goes walking walking walking
And I know, she is not my friend
And I know, cuz there she goes
Walking on my skin again and again
On my mind
Oh Lord No
Yes she's walking on my skin
Again and again

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