

Craig Owens

"Anna Begins"

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My friend assures me it's all or nothing
I am not worried- I am not overly concerned
My friend implores me for one time only,
Make an exception. I am not not worried
Wrap her up in a package of lies
Send her off to a coconut island
I am not worried - I am not overly concerned
With the status of my emotions
Oh, she says, were changing.
But were always changing
It does not bother me to say this isn't love
Because if you don't want to talk about it then it isn't
love
And I guess I'm going to have to live that
But, I'm sure there's something in a shade of gray
Or something in between
And I can always change my name if that's what you
mean
My friend assures me it's all or nothing'
But I am not really worried
I am not overly concerned
You try to tell your self the things you try tell your self
to make
Yourself forget
To make your self forget
I am not worried
If it's love she said, then were gonna have to think
about the
Consequences
She can't stop shaking and I can t stop touching her
and...
This time when kindness falls like rain
It washes her away and anna begins to change her
mind
These seconds when I'm shaking leave me shuddering
For days she says.
And I'm not ready for this sort of thing
But I'm not gonna break
And I'm not going to worry about it anymore
I'm not gonna bend. and I'm not gonna break and
I'm not gonna worry about it anymore
It seems like I should say as long as this is love...

But it's not all that easy so maybe I should just
Snap her up in a butterfly net-
Pin her down on a photograph album
I am not worried
I've done this sort of thing before
But then I start to think about the consequences
Because I don't get no sleep in a quiet room and...
The time when kindness falls like rain
It washes me away and anna begins change my mind
And every time she sneezes I believe it's love
And oh lord... I'm not ready for this sort of thing
She s talking in her sleep-it s keeping me awake
And anna begins to toss and turn
And every word is nonsense but I understand it and
Oh lord. I'm not ready for this sort of thing
Her kindness bangs a gong
It's moving me along and anna begins to fade away
It s chasing me away. she dissappears, and oh lord I'm
not ready for this sort of thing

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