

by Counting Crows
"Mrs. Potter's Lullaby"

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Well I woke up in mid-afternoon cause that's when it all
hurts the most
I dream I never know anyone at the party and I'm
always the host
If dreams are like movies, then memories are films
about ghosts
You can never escape, you can only move south down
the coast

Well, I am an idiot walking a tightrope of fortune and
fame
I am an acrobat swinging trapezes through circles of
flame
If you've never stared off in the distance, then your life
is a shame
And though I'll never forget your face,
sometimes I can't remember my name

Hey Mrs. Potter don't cry
Hey Mrs. Potter I know why but
Hey Mrs. Potter won't you talk to me

Well, there's a piece of Maria in every song that I sing
And the price of a memory is the memory of the sorrow
it brings
And there is always one last light to turn out and one
last bell to ring
And the last one out of the circus has to lock up
everything

Or the elephants will get out and forget to remember
what you said
And the ghosts of the tilt-a-whirl will linger inside of
your head
And the ferris wheel junkies will spin them forever
instead
When I see you a blanket of stars covers me in my bed

Hey Mrs. Potter don't go
Hey Mrs. Potter I don't know but
Hey Mrs. Potter won't you talk to me

All the blue light reflections that color my mind when I
sleep
And the lovesick rejections that accompany the
company I keep
All the razor perceptions that cut just a little too deep
Hey I can bleed as well as anyone, but I need someone
to help me sleep

So I throw my hand into the air and it swims in the
beams
It's just a brief interruption of the swirling dust sparkle
jet stream
Well, I know I don't know you and you're probably not
what you seem
But I'd sure like to find out
So why don't you climb down off that movie screen

Hey Mrs. Potter don't turn
Hey Mrs. Potter I burn for you
Hey Mrs. Potter won't you talk to me

When the last king of Hollywood shatters his glass on
the floor
and orders another
Well, I wonder what he did that for
That's when I know that I have to get out cause I have
been there before
So I gave up my seat at the bar and I head for the door

We drove out to the desert just to lie down beneath this
bowl of stars
We stand up at the Palace like it's the last of the great
Pioneertown bars
We shout out these songs against the clang of electric
guitars
You can see a million miles tonight
But you can't get very far

Hey Mrs. Potter I won't touch and
Hey Mrs. Potter it's not much but
Hey Mrs. Potter won't you talk to me

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