

Anna Begins

Counting Crows

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 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, "Your changing"
But we're always changing
It does not bother me to say
This isn't love
'Cause if you don't wanna to talk about it
Then it isn't love
And I guess, I'm gonna have to live without
But I'm sure there's somethin' in a shade of gray
Or somethin' 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 we've gonna have to think about the consequences
'Cause she can't stop shakin'
And I can't stop touchin' 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 shakin'
Leave me shudderin' for days" She says
And I'm not ready for this sort of thing
But I'm not gonna break
And I'm not gonna worry about it anymore
I'm not gonna bend and I'm not gonna break
Gonna worry about it anymore
No, no, no, no
It seems like I should say
"As long as this is love"
But it's not all that easy so maybe I should
Snap her up in a butterfly net
And pin her down on a photograph album
I am not worried
'Cause you've done this sort of thing before
But then I start to think about the consequences
'Cause I don't get no sleep in a quiet room
And this time when kindness falls like rain
It washes me away
And Anna begins to change my mind
Every time she sneezes

I believe it's love
And oh, Lord, I'm not ready for this sort of thing
She's talkin' in her sleep
It's keepin' me awake
And Anna begins to toss and turn
And every word is nonsense
But I understand
And oh, Lord, I'm not ready for this sort of thing
Her kindness bangs a gong
It's movin' me along
And Anna begins to fade away
It's chasin' me away
She disappears
And oh, Lord, I'm not ready for this sort of thing

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