

Four Days

Counting Crows

All I want is something good
It gets harder every time
She is leaving here tonight
Take a breath, take your time
Spread your wings and rise Make a mark upon the wall
Paint your face and pass the time
Close your eyes and she ascends
Hold your breath, ease your mind
Forty thousand times Time fade into the night
They descend and then they climb
Feathers falling through the night
Have you seen Ohio rise?
It has been four days and nights All I want is something fine
It gets harder every time
She is sleeping far away
Take a breath, take your time
Spread your wings and rise

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