Rain King (Live From The 10 Spot)

Counting Crows

When I think of heaven
Deliver me in a black-winged bird
I think of flying down into a sea of pens and feathers
And all other instruments of faith and sex and God
In the belly of a black-winged bird
Don't try to feed me
'Cause I've been here before and I deserve a little moreI belong in the service of the Queen
I belong anywhere but in between
She's been crying, I've been thinking
And I am the rain kingI said mama, mama, mama
Why am I so alone?
I can't go outside, I'm scared, I might not make it home
But I'm alive, but I'm sinking in
If there's anyone home at your place
Why don't you invite me in?
Don't try to bleed me
'Cause I've been there before and I deserve a little moreI belong in the service of the Queen
I belong anywhere but in between
She's been lying, I've been sinking
And I am the rain kingHey, I only want the same as anyone
Henderson is waiting for the sun
Oh, it seems night endlessly begins and ends
After all the dreaming I come home againWhen I think of heaven
Deliver me in a black-winged bird
I think of dying
Lay me down in a field of flame and heather
Render up my body into the burning heart of God
In the belly of a black-winged bird
Don't try to bleed me
'Cause I've been here before and I deserve a little moreI belong in the service of the Queen
I belong anywhere but in between
She's been dying
And I've been drinking and I am the rain king
'Cause I say I am the rain king
'Cause I say I am the rain king, yeah

Songwriters
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