

A Murder Of One

Counting Crows

Blue morning Blue morning
Wrapped in strands of fist and bone
Curiosity, Kitten, doesn't have to mean you're on your own
Your can look outside your window
He doesn't have to know
We can talk awhile, baby
We can take it nice and slow All your life is such a shame
All your love is just a dream Are you happy where you're sleeping?
Does he keep you safe and warm?
Does he tell you when you're sorry?
Does he tell you when you're wrong?
I've been watching you for hours
It's been years since we were born
We were perfect when we started
I've been wondering where we've gone All your life is such a shame
All your love is just a dream I dreamt I saw you walking up a hillside in the snow
Casting shadows on the winter sky as you stood there counting crows
One for sorrow
Two for joy
Three for girls and four for boys
Five for silver
Six for gold and
Seven for a secret never to be told There's a bird that nests inside you
Sleeping underneath your skin
When you open up your wings to speak
I wish you'd let me in All your life is such a shame
All your love is just a dream
Open up your eyes
You can see the flames
of your wasted life
You should be ashamed You don't want to waste your life I walk along these hillsides in the summer 'neath the
sunshine
I am feathered by the moonlight falling down on me

Songwriters

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