

Miami

Counting Crows

I guess I think I feel alright
You come circling through the light
The skyline is bright tonight
What more perfect rendezvous?
The sundown paints the shadows through
The daylight, Amy, on what we do
It looks like darkness to me
Drifting down into Miami
Can I say
I wish that this weather would never leave?
It just gets hard to believe
That god sent this angel to watch over me
Cause my angel
She don't receive my calls
Says I'm too dumb to
To dumb to fight
To dumb to save
Well, maybe I don't need no angel at all
It looks like darkness to me
Drifting down into Miami
She could pull the sunlight through me
Coming down into Miami
Make a circle in the sand
Make a halo with your hands
I'll make a place for you to land
The bus is running
It's time to leave
The summer's gone
And so are we
So come on baby,
Let's go shut it down in New Orleans

Songwriters

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