

Lightning

Counting Crows

It's crazy but often clear
But often clear
We shimmer and disappear
In color, in black and white
Black and white
We slowly fade out of sight
But these days were lit by lightning
These lights all were white
It's crazy but somehow clear
Somehow clear
We ride in silence out of fear
We spoke and soon come alive
Come alive
We prefer the silence of the blind
But these days were lit by lightning

These lights all were white
These days were lit by lightning
Of sharp,light,sharp,white,light,hard,good,white
We're crazy but often kind
Often kind
Enrage and in violence blind
You gather, and that alone
That alone
We race in small circles home
But these days were lit by lightning
These lights are were white
These days were lit by lightning
Of sharp, white, light
These days were lit by lightning
These lights are were white
These days were lit by light

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