

# Miami (live in Oslo)

## 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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