

Open All Night

Counting Crows

She said hey
Smoke at three
Georgia moonlight
It's three a.m.
I've been driving all night
Got a funny air
Red-brown hair
In the porch light
She said 'we're open all night
So won't you come inside
It's gonna be alright' She said child
I said I'm a little bit unstable
She said 'honey, I will help you if I'm able
There's a bottle of relief on the table
And we're open all night
So won't you come inside
It's gonna be alright' She said 'i was born the year the rockets landed
Circa 1969 and I got stranded
Yeah, but the comet's getting close
And I can't stand it.'
She said 'we're open all night
So won't you come inside
It's gonna be alright' She said hey
Smoke at three
Georgia moonlight
It's eight a.m.
I've been drinking all night
And there is nothing I will not do to make it alright
She said 'we're open all night
So won't you come inside
It's gonna be alright'

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