

# When I Dream of Michelangelo

## Counting Crows

You know I don't like you but you wanna be my friend  
There are bodies on the ceiling and they're fluttering their wings  
It's okay, I'm angry but you'll never understand  
When you dream of Michelangelo they hang above your hands And I know she is not my friend  
And I know 'cause there she goes  
Walking on my skin again And I can't see why you wanna talk to me  
When your vision of America is crystal and clean  
I wanna white bread life just something ignorant and plain  
But from the walls of Michelangelo I'm dangling again And I know she is not my friend  
And I know 'cause there she goes  
Walking on my skin again and again Saturn on a line, the sun afire of strings and wires  
Spin above my head and make it right  
Anytime you'd like you can catch a sight  
Of angel eyes on emptiness and infinite And I dream of Michelangelo when I'm lying in my bed  
I see God upon the ceiling, I see angels overhead  
And he seems so close as he reaches out his hand  
We are never quite as close as we are led to understand And I know she is not my friend  
And I know 'cause there she goes  
Walking, walking, walking And I know she is not my friend  
And I know 'cause there she goes  
Walking on my skin again and again On my mind, oh, Lord, no  
Yes, she's walking on my skin again and again

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