On Almost Any Sunday Morning

Counting Crows

Take a message to your head
Stay beside her in the bed
You were so stupid to believe in
Things you couldn't see then make 'em all you wantIf you haven't got the reasons
Just make up any reasons
And pick it til it's tornTake it all away
You took your coat today
But they all go back in the morningMake a time to find your way
Got a little further today
Wash your eyes clear of anything
Just make them empty circlesDress yourself in black or gray
Im hungry like a wild waif or only child
This lithium is heroin to meIt makes it all withdraw
All the anger and loss
But it all keeps coming back in the morningYou keep yourself too clean
You dig yourself a dream
That you wont be coming home alone
Not this time, not this time, not this time, not this time

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