

Rain King (Roxy, Hollywood, CA, 1994/03/17)

Counting Crows

When I think of heaven (Deliver me in a black-winged bird)
I think of flying down into a sea of pens and feathers
and all other instruments of faith and sex and God
In the belly of a black-winged bird
Don't try to feed me
I've been here before and I deserve a little more I belong in the service of the Queen I belong anywhere but in
between
She's been crying I've been thinking And I am the Rain King Mama, why am I so alone?
I can't go outside
I'm scared I might not make it home
I'm alive but I'm sinking in
If there's anyone at home at your place
Why don't you invite me in
Don't try to bleed me
I've been there before and I deserve a little more I belong in the service of the Queen
I belong anywhere but in between
She's been lying
I've been sinking
And I am the Rain King Hey, I only want the same as anyone
Henderson is waiting for the sun
Oh, it seems night endlessly begins and ends
After all the dreaming I come home again... When I think of heaven (Deliver me in a black-winged bird)
I think of dying Lay me down in a field of flame and heather
Render up my body into the burning heart of God in the belly of a black-winged
bird
Don't try to bleed me
I've been here before and I deserve a little more I belong in the service of the Queen
I belong anywhere but in between
She's been dying
I been drinking and I am the Rain King.

Songwriters

ADAM DURITZ, DAVID BRYSON, BEN MIZE, DANIEL VICKREY, STEVE BOWMAN, MATTHEW
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