

On a Tuesday In Amsterdam Long Ago

Counting Crows

A picture of Amsterdam
Bare trees under glass
Framed in the gray and white afternoon light
Of a winter long past When I was a riser
To Dublin I'd roam
She was a bareback rider
Some miles from home Come back to me
Come back to me
Come back to me
Come back to me She's a carnival driver
Hung in the sky
Cutting through time like a memory
Strung on a wire The color of anything
Fades in the air
She is the film of a book of the story
Of the smell of her hair Come back to me
Come back to me
Come back to me
Come back to me When everything's over
Everything's clear
Everyone's older
And no one is here I try to remember
A girl on a wire
Tumbling and diving above Stephen's Green
Like a kite on the air Come back to me
Come back to me
Come back to me
Come back to me Come back to me
Oh, come back to me
Come back to me
Come back to me
Come back to me
Come back to me

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