

# Counting Crows, August & Everything After

They're wakin' up maria 'cause everybody else has got someplace to go

She makes a little motion with her head. rolls over

And says she's gonna sleep for a couple minutes more

I said I'm sorry to maria for all the cold hearted things that I

have done

I said I'm sorry by now at least once to just about everyone

She says, I've forgotten what I'm supposed to do today

And it slips my mind what I'm supposed to say

I'm getting older and older and older

And always a little further out of the way

You look into her eyes and it's more than your heart will allow

In august and everything after, you get a little less than you

expected somehow

Well I stumbled into washington square just as the sun began to rise

And I walked across the lawn to the cathedral

And lay down in the shadow of st. Marys in the sky

I'm just one of these late model children waiting for the king

But there ain't no sign of elvis in san francisco

It's just me, and I'm playing this rock and roll thing

She wants to be just like me

And I want every damn thing I can see.

You know one day you're daddy's little angel,

The next day you're everything he wanted you to be

They dress you up in white satin

And they give you your very own pair of wings

In august and everything after, I'm after everything.

I said lalalalalalalalalala

Well I got my reservations

and I got my seven-million dollar home

And I got the number of some girl in New York City

who's always wide awake

so I never have to spend the night alone

I got this nasty little habit  
of peekin' down the shirts of all the little girls  
as they pass me by

And I wonder when it all catches up to me  
and I finally break down now  
Did you think I was gonna cry?  
Well I already got my disease  
So take your f\*\*kin' filthy hands off of me  
Well I hope you dont expect me to be crucified  
The best that they can do  
is just hang me from the nearest tree  
Cause it's midnight in San Francisco  
and I'm waiting here for Jesus on my knees  
In August and everything after  
I want somebody else to bleed for me  
I said lalalalalalalalala...

Came down from North Dakota  
Cause I had confidence in the military mind  
And now everyone I know is turning showgirl  
and dancing with their shirt off  
in some Las Vegas hotel line  
So I'm going to New York City  
Cause it got a little sleazy here for me  
I'm gonna find myself alone  
You know I'm never coming home  
You make the changes the changes that you need  
But I no longer know how to pray  
I live in dog town and it's a Dalmatian parade  
And I change my spots over and over  
but they never seem to fade away  
I am the last remaining Indian  
looking for the place where the buffalo roam

In August and everything after  
man them buffalo ain't never comin' home  
In August and everything after  
man them buffalo ain't never comin' home  
lalalalalalalalala