

Counting Crows, Come Pick Me Up

(Original by Ryan Adams)

When they call your name
will you walk right up
with a smile on your face?
Or will you cower in fear
in your favorite sweater
with an old love letter?
I wish you would
I wish you would
Come pick me up
Take me out
Fuck me up
Steal my records
Screw all my friends
They're all full of shit
With a smile on your face
And then do it again
I wish you would
When you're walking downtown
do you wish I was there?
Do you wish it was me?
With the windows clear and the mannequins eyes
Do they all look like mine?
You know you could
I wish you would
Come pick me up
Take me out
Fuck me up
Steal my records
Screw all my friends behind my back
With a smile on your face
and then do it again
I wish you would
I wish you'd make up my bed
So I could make up my mind
Try it for sleeping instead
Maybe you'll rest sometime
I wish I could