

# Counting Crows, Hanging Tree

She brings a friend so we don't have to be alone  
I fear I might lose my composure without warning  
I am a child of fire  
I am a lion  
I have desires  
And I was born inside the sun this morning

This dizzy life of mine keeps hanging me up all the time  
This dizzy life is just a hanging tree

They say "Good evening"  
When they don't know what to say  
They say "Good morning"  
When they wish you would go home  
You open windows  
And you wait for someone warm to come inside  
And then you freeze to death alone

This dizzy life of mine keeps hanging me up all the time  
This dizzy life is just a hanging tree

She calls a waitress when it's time for her to go  
And I know everyone's eventually leaving  
I got a pair of wings for my birthday, baby  
And I will fall down through the sun this evening