

Counting Crows, If I Could Give All My Love -Or-

"Got a message in my head
that the papers had all gone
Richard Manuel is dead
And the daylight's coming on
I've been wandering through the dark
now I'm standing on the lawn

If I could give all my love to you
I could justify myself
but I'm just not coming through
You're a pill to ease the pain
of all the stupid things I do
I'm an anchor on the line
of a clock that tells the time
that is running out on you

Well it was cold when i woke
and the day was halfway done
Nearly spring in San Francisco
but I cannot feel the sun
you were sleeping next to me
but I knew that you'd be gone

If I could give all my love to you
I could justify myself
but I'm just not coming through
You're a pill to ease the pain
of all the stupid things I do
I'm an anchor on the line
of a clock that tells the time
that is running out on you

Take some time before you go
think of monday's coming down
and the people that you knew
The ones that aren't around
you've been fading day to day
I've been moving town to town

If I could give all my love to you
I could justify myself
but I'm just not coming through
You're a pill to ease the pain
of all the stupid things i do
I'm an anchor on the line
of a clock that tells the time
that is running out on you"
{2X}