

Counting Crows, On Almost Any Sunday Morning

Take a message to your head
Just stay beside her in the bed
You were so stupid
To believe in things you couldn't see
Then make them all you want

If you haven't got the reasons
Just make up any reasons
Then pick them 'til they're torn

Take it all away
You took your coat today
But they all go back in the morning

Make a time to find your way
I got a little further today
Wash your eyes clear of anything
Make them empty circles
Dress yourself in black or grey
I'm hungry like a wild waif or only child
This lithium is heroin to me

It makes all withdraw
All the anger and loss
But it all keeps coming back in the morning

You keep yourself too clean
You dig yourself a dream
That we won't be coming home alone

Not this time
Not this time
Not this time
Not this time