

Counting Crows, St. Robinson In His Cadillac Dream

Staring out of his window as the world rushes by
Arthur Robinson closes the glass and replies,
"I dream of Ballerinas but I don't know why
but I've seen Cadillacs sailing"

I was born on the shores of Chesapeake Bay
But Maryland and Virginia have faded away
And I keep thinking tomorrow is coming today
So I am endlessly waiting

And the comet is coming between
Me and the girl could make it all clean
Out there in the shadow of a modern machine
Walks St. Robinson in his Cadillac dream.

Carrie's down in her basement all toe shoes and twinned
With the girl in a mirror who spins when she spins
From where you think you'll end up to the state that you're in
Your reflection approaches and then recedes again
yeah

And the comet is coming between
Me and the girl who could make it all clean
Out there in the shadow of the modern machine
Walks St. Robinson in his Cadillac dream.
come on Charlie

I have dreamed of a black car that shimmers and glides
Down the length of the evening to the carnival side
In a house where regret is a carousel ride
We are spinning and spinning and spinning and now...

There's a hole in the ceiling down through which I fell
There's a girl in a basement coming out of her shell
And there are people who will say that they knew me so well...
I may not go to heaven
I hope you go to hell

And the comet is coming between
Me and the girl who could make it all clean
Out there in the shadow of a modern machine
Walks St. Robinson in his Cadillac dream
in his dream
St. Robinson in his dream
some people are never quite what they seem
oh come on baby, come on darlin', come on.....
lets just get into my car and drive.....
come on lets just get into my car and drive..
just dont always do the same thing over and over