

Counting Crows, Suffocate

Good morning baby, guess you wanna touch me now
You wanna put your hands on my face
Tell me you love me,
Tell me you need me
Don't say you love me
Don't say anything...

'Cause I am not that kind of man,
I'm much less than you think I am...
So many people are just like Jesus,
They drag all this weight,
to get to anything better than...
Where they've been
Or where they are
Well tell me what the hell's the reason
when we never get anywhere...

But you want me to say "Hey, it's okay..."
But I'm so dizzy baby, just get the hell away from me...
How can you breathe?
How can you see?
I can't even sleep when you're with me...

I'm sick of summertime
I know, all of the best things in life are unkind
To be everything I could be, anything
But all the time I'm thinking, "If I only had a pair of wings..."
But you want touch me
Just get your hands off me
Don't touch me
And baby, I can't see that you see
How can you see?
How can you breathe?
I can't feel a thing when you're with me...

I can't take it this way, I hope you understand,
Don't you fucking touch me
I can hardly stand to look at you
How can you breathe?
How can you see?
How can you breathe?
How can you see?
I can't even sleep when you're with me

How can you breathe?
How can you see?
I can't feel...
I can't feel a thing...
Can't feel a thing...
Can't feel a thing...
Can't feel a thing...