

Counting Crows, The Greening Of America

She's closing all the shades
she finds the daylight just a little frightening
she pulls the pedals overhead each day
but she's opening her business is blooming nightly
and every time it does it gets me hazy
the color of her head changing every day
a little breath of wind and I just go crazy
the greening of Americas progressing smoothly
cuz she's choosing me

"it's later then" I said
and all the worlds a shade of black and purple
everybody else has gone to bed
but when she makes me happy I just fly in circles
and every time she does I just get teary
the color of her head changing everyday
a little puff of wind and she's always near me
the greening of America is progressing nicely
it's all right with me

if there's another life, and if I got to choose
I'd like to be a daisy
I'll stay up waiting for my dusky wife
to open and get high with just my jasmine baby
and every time she does it gets me crazy
the color of her head changing every day
a little breath of wind and I just get crazy
the greening of Americas progressing nicely
it's all right with me

-every time she
she does it I just get teary
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cuz she's choosing me