

# Couting Crows, Anna Begins

My friend assures me,  
&quot;It's all or nothing.&quot;  
I am not worried,  
I am not overly concerned....  
My friend implores me,  
&quot;For one time only, make an exception.&quot;  
I am not worried..  
Wrap her up in a package of lies,  
Send her off to a coconut island...  
I am not worried,  
I am not overly concerned....  
But the status of my emotions,  
&quot;Oh&quot; she says &quot;You're changing&quot;  
We're always changing...  
It does not bother me to say, &quot;This isn't love...  
Because if you don't want to talk about it  
Then, it isn't love.&quot;  
Well I guess I'm going to have to live without  
And I'm sure there's something in a shade of gray  
Something in between,  
And I can always change my name, if that's what you mean  
My friend assures me  
&quot;It's all or nothing.&quot;  
But I am not really worried  
I am not overly concerned  
You try to tell yourself  
The things you try to tell yourself  
To make yourself forget  
To make yourself forget..  
I am not worried  
&quot;If it's love,&quot; she said &quot;then we're going to have  
to think about the consequences.&quot;  
She can't stop shaking,  
I can't stop touching her and...  
This time when kindness falls like rain  
It washes her away and  
Anna begins to change her mind  
&quot;These seconds when I'm shaking leave me shuddering for days.&quot;  
She says  
And I'm not ready for this sort of thing  
But I'm not going to break,  
And I'm not going to worry about it anymore....  
I'm not going to bend,  
And I'm not going to break...  
I'm not going to worry about it anymore  
It seems like I should say  
&quot;As long as this is love...&quot;  
But it's not all that easy so maybe I should,  
Snap her up in a butterfly net...  
Pin her down on a photograph album...  
I am not worried..  
Cause I've done this sort of thing before.  
But then I start to think about the consequences,  
Because I don't get no sleep in a quiet room,  
And this time when kindness falls like rain  
It washes me away  
And Anna begins to change my mind  
And everytime she sneezes I believe it's love, and  
Oh lord, I'm not ready for this sort of thing  
She's talking in her sleep,  
It's keeping me awake...  
And Anna begins to toss and turn...  
And every word is nonsense but I understand and,  
Oh lord, I'm not ready for this sort of thing

Her kindness bangs a gong, it's moving me along  
And Anna begins to fade away  
It's chasing me away....  
She disappears and,  
Oh lord, I'm not ready for this sort of thing