

# Thrice, Round Here

[Originally by Counting Crows]

Step out the front door like a ghost  
into the fog where no one notices  
the contrast of white on white.  
And in between the moon and you  
the angels get a better view  
of the crumbling difference between wrong and right.  
I walk in the air between the rain  
through myself and back again  
Where? I don't know  
Maria says she's dying  
through the door I hear her crying  
Why? I don't know

Round here we always stand up straight  
Round here something radiates

Maria came from Nashville with a suitcase in her hand  
she said she'd like to meet a boy who looks like Elvis  
and she walks along the edge of where the ocean meets the land  
just like she's walking on a wire in the circus  
she parks her car outside of my house  
and, you know  
says she's close to understanding Jesus  
she knows she's more than just a little misunderstood  
yes, she has trouble acting normal when she's nervous

Round here we're carving out our names  
Round here we all look the same  
Round here we talk, talk just like lions  
Oh, but we sacrifice like lambs  
Round here she's slipping through my hands

She says "It's only in my head"  
She says "I know it's only in my head"  
But the girl on the car in the parking lot  
says "Man you should try to take a shot  
can't you see my walls are crumbling?"  
Then she looks up at the building  
and she says "I'm thinking of jumping"  
She says "I'm sick and tired of life"  
Everybody's tired of something

Round here she's always on my mind  
Round here we've got lots of time  
We never go to bed early  
and nobody makes us wait  
Round here we stay up very, very, very, very late

I can't see nothing.. nothing round here  
would you catch if I'm falling  
would you kiss me 'cause i'm leaving  
would you hold me 'cause i'm lonely without you  
I said I'm under the gun around here  
I said I'm under the gun around here  
I said I'm lonely lonely lonely round here