

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