

Counting Crows, Anna Begins

My friend assures me,
"It's all or nothing."
I am not worried,
I am not overly concerned....
My friend implores me,
"For one time only, make an exception."
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....
'bout the status of my emotions,
"Oh," she says, "you're changing"
But we're always changing...

It does not bother me to say, "This isn't love..."
Cause if you don't want to talk about it
Then, it isn't love
And I guess I'm gonna have to live with that
But I'm sure there's something in a shade of gray
Or something in between,
And I can always change my name, if that's what you mean

My friend assures me
"It's all or nothing."
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
"If it's love," she said "then we're going to have
to think about the consequences."
And she can't stop shaking,
And 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
"These seconds when I'm shaking leave me shuddering for days," she says
And I'm not ready for this sort of thing

But I'm not gonna break,
And I'm not gonna worry about it anymore....
I'm not gonna bend,
And I'm not gonna break...
I'm not going to worry about it anymore
No, no, no, no, no

It seems like I should say
"As long as this is love..."
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,
And I don't get no sleep in a quiet room

And then this time when kindness falls like rain
It washes me away

And Anna begins to change my mind
Every time 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