

Counting Crows, Barely Out Of Tuesday

Woke up Tuesday morning
staring at the ceiling
hoping for deliverance
from the distances in you.
this room feels like an oven
somewhere south of nowhere
north of nothing
barely out of Tuesday
seen seven hours of Wednesday
And I guess I got regrets

maybe you could leave a light on
leave a light on for me
can you see her waiting
there down by the sea
with a hat on,
with her eyes in there looking for me.

if you see me coming home turn me away
everybody tries to go back somewhere someday
Wont you give me the distance
52 weeks later, your still the same
I'm standing in my basement
making my arrangements
waiting for the telephone
to ring
to ring
to ring

So I left for Minnesota
where the weather is getting colder
people are changing
maybe you could leave a light on
leave a light on for me

can you see her
waiting there down by the sea
& how arrangements made there for welcoming me?
if you see me coming home turn me away
everybody tries to go back somewhere someday
And for all this distance
aint going to bring you to me
what's the point of all this patience
its not your nature
you just keep what you need
and you got some pictures of me

woke up Wednesday morning
sometime Wednesday evening
hoping for a piece of
something easy to believe
we live out on the border
of everything and nothing
theres nothing but waking and dreaming
barely out of tuesday
theres no one to receive me
nothing is changing
maybe you could leave a light on
leave a light on for me
can you see her
waiting there down by the sea

there's a light on but there's no body waiting for me.
if you see me coming home turn me away

everybody tries to go back somewhere someday
everybody tries to go back somewhere someday
everybody tries to go back somewhere someday
everybody tries to go back somewhere.....