

Counting Crows, Carriage

If anything
It should have been a better thing
From underneath you staring at the ceiling
There's another world
Of chocolate bars and baseball cards
That hides inside of all
This tension that I'm feeling
But it's all inside of you

Surprise surprise
I miss your hair
You miss my eyes
And all this solitude is my confidence eroding
So we slide inside of
Someone's mouth and someone's eyes
Until there's a sound
Of something intimate exploding
But it's all inside of you

I wish that I was anaesthetized
And sterilized and then
We wouldn't have this evidence congealing
Surprise surprise,
Another pair of lips and eyes
And that is the consequence
Of actually feeling
It was all inside of you 4X