

# Counting Crows, Children In Bloom

children in bloom cooking in the sun  
waiting for a room of our own  
leave my sister alone  
she don't deserve this  
she is a flower and i am a flower and  
we are all alone

i gotta get out on my own  
i gotta get up from this waiting at home  
i gotta get out of this sunlight it's melting my bones  
i gotta get up from this slumber and get myself home

all these wasted dreams  
waiting for the sun to open up my heart to anyone  
bring me some rain  
because i'm dying and i can't get this damn thing closed again

i gotta get out on my own  
i gotta get up from this waiting at home  
i gotta get out of this sunlight it's melting my bones  
i gotta get up from this slumber and get myself home

where's the funhouse this year?  
the fairground's deserted and the skies don't seem as near  
Nicole's my oldest friend  
but the altar is empty and she'll never be a little girl again

i gotta get out on my own  
i gotta get up from this waiting at home  
i gotta get out of this sunlight it's melting my bones  
i gotta get up from this slumber and get myself home  
i can't find my way home