

Counting Crows, Einstein On The Beach

Albert's always sincere, he's a sensitive type
His intentions are clear, he wanna be well-liked
But if everything is nothing, then are we anything?
Is it better to be better than to be anything?

And Albert's vision is blooming uncontrolled
All his wings are slowly sinking

The world begins to disappear
The worst things come from inside here
All the king's men reappear
For an eggman, fallen off a wall
Who'll never be together again

Einstein's down on the beach staring into the sand
Cause everything he believes in is shattered
What you fear in the night in the day comes to call anyway-ay
We all get burned as:

One more sun comes sliding down the sky
One more shadow leans against the wall, and

The world begins to disappear
The worst things come from inside here
And all the king's men reappear
For an eggman, fallen off a wall
Who'll never be together again

Albert's waiting in the sun
On a field American
For the cause of some inflated form of hit and run

One more sun comes sliding down the sky
One more shadow leans against the wall, and

The world begins to disappear
The worst things come from inside here
And all the king's men reappear
For an eggman, fallen off a wall
Who'll never be together again

Albert's fallen on the sun
Cracked his head wide open

The world begins to disappear
The worst things come from inside here
And all the king's men reappear
For an eggman, fallen, fallen

The world begins to disappear
The worst things come from inside here
And all the king's men reappear
For an eggman, fallen off a wall
Who'll never be together again

No never be together again
No no never never never again, uh huh
What you fear in the night in the day comes to call anyway