

# 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  
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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