

Counting Crows, Four Days

All I want is something good
It gets harder every time
She is leaving here tonight
Take a breath
Take your time
Spread your wings and rise

Make a mark upon the wall
Paint your face and pass the time
Close your eyes and she ascends
Hold your breath and ease your mind
Forty Thousand times
Time fades into the night

They descend and then they climb
Feathers falling through the night
Have you seen Ohio rise?
It has been four days and nights

All I want is something fine
It gets harder every time
She is sleeping far away
Take a breath
Take your time
Spread your wings and rise
Rise into the black Ohio skies