

Counting Crows, Hard Candy

On certain Sundays in November
When the weather bothers me
I empty drawers of other summers
Where my shadows used to be
She is standing by the water
As her smile begins to curl
In this or any other summer
She is something all together different
Never just an ordinary girl

And in the evenings on Long Island
When the colors start to fade
She wears a silly yellow hat
That someone gave her when she stayed
I didn't think that she returned it
We left New York in a whirl
Time expands and then contracts
When you are spinning in the grip of someone
Who is not an ordinary girl

And when you sleep
You find your mother in the night
But she stays just out of sight
So there isn't any sweetness in the dreaming
And when you wake the morning covers you with light
And it makes you feel alright
But it's just the same hard candy
You're remembering again

You send your lover off to China
And you wait for her to call
You put your girl up on a pedestal
Then you wait for her to fall

I put my summers back in a letter
And I hide it from the world
All the regrets you can't forget
Are somehow pressed upon a picture
In the face of such an ordinary girl

And when you sleep
You find your mother in the night
But she fades just out of sight
So there isn't any sweetness in the dreaming
And when you wake
the morning showers you with light
And it makes you feel alright
But it's just the same hard candy
You're remembering again

And it's just the same hard candy
You're remembering again

Go ask her to come around
And see me late after dark
Don't ask me to come around
Then wait to see if there's a spark