

# Counting Crows, Lightning

Its crazy but often clear often clear..  
We shimmer and disappear  
In color in black and white black and white..  
We slowly fade out of sight

But these days were lit by lightning, thin lines of light

It's crazy but somehow clear somehow clear  
We ride in silence out of fear  
We've spoken seem come alive come alive  
We prefer the silence of the blind  
But these days were lit by lightning, thin lines of light  
These days  
We're lit by lines  
Of  
Sharp  
White  
Shock  
White  
Ice  
Hard  
Cold  
White  
Light

We're crazy but often kind, often kind  
We rage in violence, blind  
Together and then alone, then alone  
We race in small circles home  
But these days  
We're lit by lightning  
Thin lines of light  
These days  
We're lit by lines of  
Sharp  
White  
Light  
These days  
Were lit by lightning  
Thin lines of light..... These days.. we're lit by light