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