

Counting Crows, Margery Dreams Of Horses

In the still water she lies down
Shaking through the press of sunlight
We rolled into Lexington
She shakes off the drop of daylight
Water beading up her chest
Bleeding down between her knees
Rivers in Kentucky flow
Between the bluegrass wavy seas
But oh, Margery
twists the knife once more inside of me
Breathless with anticipation
Baited reelers set their hooks
Tuck their heads beneath the high grass
and lie and wait beside the brooks
We're infants pushing slowly through
Frustration leading back along
The alleys of a childhood
That will not release us willingly
But oh, Margery ..sticks the knife in while I couldn't see (strait into me baby)
Dust me off and shut me down
and dream of where I haven't been
Close the door inside my heart
Stuck in the south Atlantic wind
I have hollow eyes
haunting only to myself
Even so, I can't stop calling
These great big hollows in myself
I took the train from California
to the far side of the continent
Woke up in Kentucky
Where a wedding was about to end
I looked up at Anna
she turned back to look at me
It's best to kill the ones that matter
render blind the ones who see
But oh, Margery
takes the blade and walks away from me
Oh, Margery
love like blood is pouring out of me
Oh, Margery
my heart won't stop bleeding over me baby
Oh, I can't shut it in
it's got far too many doors to block the wind
Oh, I can't shut it in