

# Counting Crows, Mercury

she is trapped inside a month of grey  
and they take a little every day  
she is a victim of her own responses  
shackled to a heart that wants to settle  
and then runs away  
it's a sin to be fading endlessly  
yeah, but she's alright with me

she is leaving on a walkaway  
she is leaving in disarray  
in the absence  
of a place to be  
she stands there looking back at me  
hesitates, and then turns away  
she'll change so suddenly  
she's just like mercury  
yeah, but she's alright with me

keep some sorrow in your  
hearts and minds  
for the things that die before thier time  
for the restlessly abandoned homes  
the tired and weary rambler's bones and stay beside me where i lie  
she's entwined in me  
crazy as can be  
yeah, but she's alright with me