

Counting Crows, Mrs. Potter's Lullaby

Well I woke up in mid-afternoon 'cause that's when it all hurts the most.
I dream I never know anyone at the party and I'm always the host.
If dreams are like movies, then memories are films about ghosts.
You can never escape, you can only move south down the coast.

Well, I am an idiot walking a tightrope of fortune and fame.
I am an acrobat swinging trapezes through circles of flame.
If you've never stared off into the distance, then your life is a shame.
And though I'll never forget your face,
sometimes I can't remember my name.

Hey, Mrs. Potter don't cry.
Hey, Mrs. Potter I know why but,
Hey, Mrs. Potter won't you talk to me.

Well, there's a piece of Maria in every song that I sing.
And the price of a memory is the memory of the sorrow it brings.
And there is always one last light to turn out and one last bell to ring.
And the last one out of the circus has to lock up everything,

Or the elephants will get out and forget to remember what you said.
And the ghosts of the tilt-a-whirl will linger inside of your head.
And the ferris wheel junkies will spin them forever instead.
When I see you a blanket of stars covers me in bed.

Hey, Mrs. Potter don't go.
Hey, Mrs. Potter I don't know but.
Hey, Mrs. Potter won't you talk to me.

All the blue light reflections that color my mind when I sleep,
And the lovesick rejections that accompany the company I keep,
All the razor perceptions that cut just a little too deep,
Hey I can bleed as well as anyone, but I need someone to help me sleep.

So I throw my hand into the air and it swims in the beams.
It's just a brief interruption of the swirling dust sparkle jet stream.
Well, I know I don't know you and you're probably not what you seem,
Oh, But I'd sure like to find out,
So why don't you climb down off that movie screen.

Hey, Mrs. Potter don't turn.
Hey, Mrs. Potter I burn for you.
Hey, Mrs. Potter won't you talk to me.

When the last king of Hollywood shatters his glass on the floor
and orders another,
Well, I wonder what he did that for.
That's when I know that I have to get out cause I have been there before,
So I gave up my seat at the bar and I head for the door.

We drove out to the desert just to lie down beneath this bowl of stars;
We stand up in the Palace like it's the last of the great Pioneertown bars.
Oh, We shout out these songs against the clang of electric guitars.
Well, You can see a million miles tonight,
But you can't get very far
Oh, you can see a million miles tonight,
But you can't get very far.

Hey, Mrs. Potter I won't touch and,
Hey, Mrs. Potter it's not much but,
Hey, Mrs. Potter won't you talk to me.

Hey, Mrs. Potter won't you talk to me.
Hey, Mrs. Potter won't you talk to me.

