

# Counting Crows, Nothing But A Child

Nothing but a Child  
Glass upon me walking on the ocean  
Sun upon me walking on a wave  
You can slide like the lord above.. You're a beam of teaming motion  
But for everyone you do,  
There's always one or two like me you can't save  
Sail on Maria, burn her to the ground  
Slide your hand between her tears until she comes  
Wake up her mother, tell her You're sorry now  
All gods children walk before they run

Everything is beautiful in dreamland  
Everything is much, much better when we're gone  
Think I'm going to write myself a letter  
Something you can keep with you forever  
Because everybody gets to be perfect when they're gone  
Nothing but a child baby  
Nothing but a child baby  
Nothing but a child baby...  
In You're arms, I am