

# Counting Crows, Omaha

Start tearing the old man down  
Run past the heather and down to the old road  
Start turning the grain into the ground  
Roll a new leaf over  
In the middle of the night  
There's an old man treading around in the gathered rain  
Well mister, if you're going to walk on water  
Could you drop a line my way?

Omaha  
Somewhere in middle America  
Get right to the heart of matters  
It's the heart that matters more  
I think you better turn your ticket in  
And get your money back at the door

Start threading a needle  
Brush past the shuttle that slides through the cold room  
Start turning the wool across the wire  
Roll a new life over  
In the middle of the night  
there's an old man threading his toes through a bucket of rain  
Hey mister, you don't want to walk on water  
You're only going to walk all over me

Omaha  
Somewhere in middle America  
Get right to the heart of matters  
It's the heart that matters more  
I think you better turn your ticket in  
And get your money back at the door

Start running the banner down  
Drop past the color come up through the summer rain  
Start turning the girl into the ground  
Roll a new love over  
In the middle of the day  
There's a young man rolling around in the earth and rain  
Hey mister, if you're going to walk on water  
You know you're only going to walk all over me.

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Said Omaha, Sunday morning  
I'm coming home today