

# Counting Crows, On A Tuesday In Amsterdam Long Ago

A picture of Amsterdam  
Bare trees under glass  
Framed in the gray and white afternoon light  
Of a winter long past

When I was a riser  
To Dublin I'd roam  
She was a bareback rider  
Some miles from home

Come back to me

She's a carnival diver  
Hung in the sky  
Cutting through time like a memory  
Strung on a wire

The color of anything  
Fades in the air  
but she is the film of a book of the story  
Of the smell of her hair

Come back to me

When everything's over  
And everything's clear  
when everyone's older  
And no one is here  
I try to remember  
A girl on a wire  
Tumbling and diving above Stephen's Green  
Like a kite on the air

Come back to me