

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