

Counting Crows, Return Of The Greivous Angel

(Original by Gram Parsons)

Won't you scratch my itch sweet Annie Rich
and welcome me back to town
Come out on your porch or I'll step into your parlor
and I'll show you how it all went down
Out with the truckers and the kickers and the cowboy angels
and a good saloon in every single town
Oh, and I remember something you once told me
and I'll be damned if it did not come true
Twenty thousand roads I went down, down, down
and they all lead me straight back home to you
'Cause I headed west to grow up with the country
Across those prairies with the waves of grain
And I saw my devil,
and I saw my deep blue sea
And I thought about a calico bonnet from
Cheyenne to Tennessee
We flew straight across that river bridge,
last night at half past two
The switchman wave his lantern goodbye
and so long as we went rolling through
Billboards and truckstops pass by the grievous angel
And now I know just what I have to do
And the man on the radio won't leave me alone
He wants to take my money for something
that I've never been shown
And I saw my devil,
and I saw my deep blue sea
And I thought about a calico bonnet from
Cheyenne to Tennessee
The news I could bring I met up with the king
On his head an amphetamine crown
He talked about unbuckling that old Bible belt
And lighted out for some desert town
Out with the truckers and the kickers and the cowboy angels
And a good saloon in every single town
Oh, but I remembered something you once told me
and I'll be damned if it did not come true
Twenty thousand roads I went down, down, down
and they all lead me straight back home to you
Twenty thousand roads I went down, down, down
And they all lead me straight back home to you