

# 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