

Counting Crows, Way Home

If you don't stop lying on the floor.
You don't know what your dying for.
The last thing that you need is imbeciles and indecision.
The discussion nearly ends
She says, "I'm leaving' my friend.
And I don't wanna see you when I'm walking on my way home
It is always on my way home"
Maria quietly talks to me
She says, "Adam, what do you see."
The people lying in between hours of indiscretion
And I believe I --- the ground
She says, "Hey, what have you found?"
And everything I see is only walking on my way home
chorus:
Look at all the silly people out there
Can't you see?
Oh, all the silly people lying, crying, dying
Believe me and this is what I see
And if you don't, amuse me
We walk in circles and we walk back between indecision
Between the currents we will swim
And then it's over my friend
And everything I see is only walking on my way home
Look at all the silly people out there
Can't you see?
Oh, all the silly people lying, crying, d-d-d-dying
Maria she belongs to me, in between the garden and the sea
I walk in circles and the woman walks right here beside me
And if we talk about this town,
I must say, "I've been feeling down."
And I've been sliding all the falls,
I've seen currents on my way home.
(Chorus)