

# Counting Crows, When I Dream Of Michelangelo

Well you know i don't like you  
but you want to be my friend  
Well, there are bodies on the ceiling  
and they're fluttering their wings  
it's ok, I'm angry  
But you'll never understand  
When you dream of Michelangelo  
They hang above your hands

And I know that she is not my friend  
And I know cause there she goes walking on my skin again  
And I can't see why you wanna talk to me  
When your vision of America  
is crystalline and clean  
I want a white bread life, just something ignorant and plain,  
But from the walls of Michelangelo i'm dangling again  
And I know that she is is not my friend  
And I know cause there she goes walking on my skin again and again

Saturn on a line  
A sun afire  
on strings and wires  
to spin above my head and make it right  
but anytime you like  
You can catch a sight of angel eyes  
all emptiness and infinite

And I dream of Michelangelo  
when i'm lying in my bed  
I see god upon a ceiling  
I see angels overhead  
And he seems so close  
as he reaches out his hand  
But we are never quite as close  
as we are led to understand

And I know she is not my friend  
And I know cause there she goes  
Walking on my skin again and again