

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