40 Years

Counting Crows

I was born in the jungle
With the sickening smell of cinnamon in the air
I was born in a white hole and I can't believe the colors here today
Stalk on a circle
Well I've never been blessed with elephant's memory
Riding a red line nowhere
If it takes 40 years for the gun to be paid for
If it takes 40 years I'll put the money away
If it takes 40 years to get the things that I need sir
If it takes 40 years I'll walk the thunder and the rain
I was born in a good home
Where the rising cost of raising children
Was not a factor and you can't believe the things it does to me
I'm filled with the white noise
Well I never did much of anything anyway
Jump on a big train no where

I wanna buy me a good heart, and a conscience,
and maybe raise some children
I wanna get me a good wife,
and a garden, garden, garden, garden.
Wanna start me a new life with a six foot color television-
Wanna start me a new life somewhere.
I was born on a warm night
On the right coast, of southeastern America.
Dead on arrival, but you can't believe the things you hear toda y.
I'll fly me a white plane over
water -over blue and green and land in the ocean somewhere.

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