

## 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 today.  
I'll fly me a white plane over  
water -over blue and green and land in the ocean somewhere.