

August And Everything After

Counting Crows

They're waking up Maria
because everybody else has got someplace to go
And she makes a little motion with her head, rolls over
And says she's gonna sleep for a couple minutes more
I said "I'm sorry" to Maria for the coldhearted things that I have done
I've said I'm sorry, by now, at least once, to just about everyone
She says "I've forgotten what I'm supposed to do today,
It slips my mind what I'm supposed to say"
We're getting older, and older,
And older
And always a little further out of the way
You look into her eyes
And it's more than your heart will allow
In August and everything after
You get a little less than you expected, somehow.
Well I stumbled into Washington Square
Just as the sun began to rise
And I lay down on the lawn of the cathedral
Right there in the shadow of St. Mary's in the sky
And I'm just one of these late-model children
Waiting for the King
Yeah, but there ain't no sign of Elvis in San Francisco
It's just me, and I'm playin' this rock and roll thing
And she wants to be just like me
And I want every damn thing I can see
And one day
You're daddy's little angel
The next day you're everything he wanted you to be
They dress you up in white satin
And they give you your very own pair of wings
In August and everything after
I'm after everything
Said la la la...
Well I got my reservations and I got myself a million-dollar home
Yeah and I got, I got the number of some girl in New York City
Who's always wide awake so I never have to spend the night alone
I got this nasty little habit of peeking down the shirts
Of all the little girls as they pass me by
And I wonder, when it all catches up to me
Do you think they'll take me down? Do you think I'm gonna cry?
Yeah, well I already got my disease
So take you fucking filthy hands off of me
Well I hope you weren't expecting me to be crucified
The best that they can do is just to hang me from the nearest tree
It's midnight in San Francisco and I am waiting here for Jesus on my knees
In August and everything after
I want somebody else to plead for me
I said, la la la...
Well I came down from North Dakota
Because I had confidence in the military mind
But now everyone I know is turning showgirl
Just dancin' with their shirt off in some Las Vegas hotel line
So I'm goin' to New York City because it got a little sleazy here for me
When I find myself alone, I know I'm never going home
I make the changes, the changes that I need
But I no longer know how to pray
Man, I live in dogtown and it's a Dalmatian parade

I changed my spots over and over
But they never seem to fade
Away
Now I am the last remaining Indian
Lookin' for the place where the buffalo roam
In August and everything after
Man, them buffalo ain't never comin' home
I said in August and everything after,
Man, them buffalo ain't never comin' home
So I said la la la...