

# 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...