

Boxcars

Counting Crows

Lovers cloaked in darkness caught between
Kisses dipped in sex and Maybelline

It's more fun than you thought it would be
Just get it done where nobody can see 'cause

Mom and dad and a couple of kids
Staring at the screen
Makes it easier on you
Makes it easier on me
Man, we are numb, struck dumb
Left out in the sun and
We're sick of everything
We'd give anything to be
Almost anyone we see

Cover all the posters with a warning
Color-code the people for the sorting

It's less fun than you thought it would be
But what if that's the last thing you think about?

Think about mom and dad and a couple of kids
Staring at the screen
Makes it easier on you
Makes it easier on me
Man, we are dumb, white, left-swipe
Stare at the sun types
But we know everything
We want everyone to be
Just the same as me and me and me and

Now we are all about God's love
Flowers and Vaseline and

Rubber gloves to cut the cancer from the nation
Boxcars lined up at Grand Central Station

Cut it deep if you want it to bleed
Cut away the boxcars
And memories until it's just

Mom and dad and a couple of kids
Staring at the screen
Makes it easier on you
Makes it easier on me
Aw man, we could stay in touch
But I think too much
And you won't remember me
If you knew what was in store
You'd forget a little more

Hey, hey, can you hear the sirens?
Mister, have you seen the news?
By the time you hear the bells
They may be ringing them for you

I saw some matte-black cat with a Rat-Kings tat
Red leather dress, and a Kangol hat
Running through this alley near Tompkins Square
'Til the Bats closed in and they left him there

Oh man, oh man, oh man
I guess I don't know what to do
Try to close your eyes and ears
If it's easier for you