

Cover Up The Sun

Counting Crows

1, 2, 3, 4

Colorado passes by like writing on a wall
Headed eastward down to New Orleans
Dipping into Texas as the stars are fading out
There's still a lot of country in between

When I left California I was 29 years old
And the world just spun me around
Now I watched Louisiana scroll across the window pane
And I'm facing the direction I am bound

Cover up the sun
Let the river run
Make that waters come
Wash me away

Me, Clifton and the king of cats
We sat down in the road
Pedro said, boys, we're three of kind
He said I sat with river rats and I hung my hat with diplomats
Had four brothers once upon a time

He said they tore the country far away from the Rio Grande
And the road just wore them down
So they bought a house beside a lake, outside of New Orleans
And they stared in the direction of the escalating sound

Cover up the sun
Let the river run
Take this good man's son
And wash him away

Well Sister indecipherable is talking to a wall
Back in New York city, she's a queen (in New York she's a queen)
Well, resurrect or genuflect, she saves the one she can't protect
Keeps the chapel pris', if not sis' time

She drinks Absinthe mixed with Kerosene to keep herself upright
But the word still brings her down
If you can't keep your shit together
When God is on your side
What chance do you have when he's not around?

Cover up the sun
Make that water run
Let the river come
To wash me away

People of the Mardi Gras, in their Tuesday best
Waiting for the South to rise again
Children of Geronimo grieving for the West
Feather dressed and marching their refrain

Oh in the dark of Armstrong Park the marching bands ascend
But they never make a sound
Just a quiet prayer for Congo Square

A silent conversation there
With the night to rest our eyes in
We just look to the horizon for a change

Cover up the sun
Let the river run
I pray the water come and wash me away
Color in the sky
Make that diesel fly
Oh, just lay me down to die and just take me away
Yeah