Four Days

Counting Crows

All I want is something good It gets harder every time She is leaving here tonight take a breath take your time spread your wings and rise Make a mark upon the wall Paint your face and pass the time Close your eyes as she ascends Hold your breath and ease your mind Forty thousand times Time ... fades into the night They descend and then they climb Feathers falling through the night Have you seen Ohio rise? It has been four days and nights All I want is something fine It gets harder every time She is sleeping far away Take a breath take your time Spread your wings and rise Rise into the black Ohio skies