

Mrs. Potter's Lullaby

Counting Crows

Well I woke up in mid afternoon cause that's when it all hurts the most
I dream I never know anyone at the party and I'm always the host
If dreams are like movies then memories are films about ghosts
You can never escape, you can only move south down the coast
Well I am an idiot walking a tightrope of fortune and fame
I am an acrobat swinging trapezes through circles of flame
If you've never stared off into the distance then your life is a shame
And though I'll never forget your face sometimes I can't remember my name

Hey, Mrs. Potter, don't cry
Hey, Mrs. Potter, I know why
But, hey, Mrs. Potter, won't you talk to me
Well there's a piece of Maria in every song that I sing
And the price of a memory is the memory of the sorrow it brings
And there is always one last light to turn out and one last bell to ring
And the last one out of the circus has to lock up everything
Or the elephants will get out and forget to remember what you said
Oh and the ghosts of the tilt-o-whirl will linger inside of your head
Oh and the Ferris wheel junkies will spin there forever instead
When I see you, a blanket of stars covers me in my bed
Hey, Mrs. Potter, don't go, I said
Hey, Mrs. Potter, I don't know, but
Hey, Mrs. Potter, won't you talk to me
Well all the blue light reflections that color my mind when I sleep
And the lovesick rejections that accompany the company I keep
All the razor perceptions that cut just a little too deep
Hey, I can bleed as well as anyone but I need someone to help me sleep
So I throw my hand into the air and it swims in the beams
It's just a brief interruption of the swirling dust sparkle jet stream
Well I know I don't know you and you're probably not what you seem
Aw, but I'd sure like to find out
So why don't you climb down off that movie screen
Hey, Mrs. Potter, don't turn
Hey, Mrs. Potter, I burn for you
Hey, Mrs. Potter, won't you talk to me
When the last king of Hollywood shatters his glass on the floor
And orders another
Well, I wonder what he did that for
That's when I know that I have to get out cause I have been there before
So I gave up my seat at the bar and I head for the door. Yeah.
We drove out to the desert just to lie down beneath this bowl of stars
We stand up in the Palace, like it's the last of the great pioneer town bars
Aw, we shout out these songs against the clang of electric guitars
Well, you can see a million miles tonight
But you can't get very far
Aw, you can see a million miles tonight
But you can't get very far
Hey, Mrs. Potter, I won't touch and
Hey, Mrs. Potter, it's not much but
Hey, Mrs. Potter, won't you talk to me [3X]