

# On Almost Any Sunday Morning

## Counting Crows

Take a message  
To your head  
Just stay beside her  
In the bed  
You were so stupid  
To believe in things  
You couldn't see  
Then make them  
All you want

If you haven't  
Got the reasons  
Just make up  
Any reasons  
Then pick them  
'Til they're torn

Take it all away  
You took your coat today  
But they all  
Go back in the morning

Make a time  
To find your way  
I got  
A little further today  
Wash your eyes  
Clear of anything  
Make them empty circles

Dress yourself  
In black or grey  
I'm hungry  
Like a wild waif  
Or only child  
This lithium  
Is heroin to me

It makes it all withdraw  
All the anger and loss  
But it all keeps  
Coming back  
In the morning

You keep yourself  
Too clean  
You dig yourself  
A dream  
That we won't be  
Coming home alone

Not this time (4x)