## St. Robinson in His Cadillac Dream

**Counting Crows** 

Staring out of his window as the world rushes by Arthur Robinson closes the glass and replies, "I dream of Ballerinas and I don't know why but I see Cadillac's sailing

I was born on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay But Maryland and Virginia have faded away And I keep thinking tomorrow is coming today So I am endlessly waiting

And the comet is coming between
Me and the girl who could make it all clean
Out there in the shadow of the modern machine
Walks St. Robinson in his Cadillac dream.

Carrie's down in her basement all toe shoes and twinned With the girl in the mirror who spins when she spins From where you think you'll end up to the state that you're in Your reflection approaches and then recedes again

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I have dreamed of a black car that shimmers and drives Down the length of the evening to the carnival side In a house where regret is a carousel ride We are spinning and spinning and spinning and now...

There's a hole in the ceiling down through which I fell
There's a girl in a basement coming out of her shell
And there are people who will say that they knew me so well'
I may not go to heaven
I hope you go to hell

And the comet is coming between
Me and the girl who could make it all clean
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