

With Love, From A-Z

Counting Crows

I was trying to swim through an ocean of rain
I was hoping to see California again
All these memories run through me like blood in my veins
In the quiet that covers the night like a blanket, I dream

I see mountains that stretch from Manhattan to Mars
And I followed my comet down out of these stars
Once more, crossing America west in my car
I am friendless, endlessly resentful, bereft, and I've been
Trying to be what you need

I may carve out this sentence on the white of my bones
And I could squeeze me a river right out of this stone
I may leave you a lot, but I won't leave you alone
'Cause these words are the essence of me
I send 'em with love, from A to Z

Colorado collapses and Kansas secedes
From the dreaming of millions who want to believe
In the junk that they wished for, but never received
All the gifts of a Christmas returning to sender unseen
I guess they aren't what you need

I may carve out this sentence on the white of my bones
I could squeeze me a river right out of this stone
And I may leave you a lot, but I won't leave you alone
What you see is just pieces of me
But I send 'em with love, from A to Z

So we left for the coast, and I wrote down this line
So I'll stay in your thoughts when I'm out of my mind
Curtis, blow me your trumpet
Chris, show me a sign
Full of hope for the fatherless children, now fathering children unseen

If you come for the memories, I'll leave you this song
Sing it all your tomorrows, forever and ever, and on
If the meaning escapes you, the melody will roll on
In the ember glow of one British cigarette
And the downpour that cannot extinguish it
I'd run headlong into the darkness
If that's what you need
Because you were everything I needed

I may carve out this sentence on the white of my bones
I could squeeze me a river right out of this stone
And I may leave you a lot
But I won't leave you alone
If I could be who I wanted to be
I'd send it with love, from A to Z

And I may carve out this sentence on the white of my bones
I could squeeze me a river right out of this stone
And I will leave you again, but I won't leave you alone
If this dream is a memory retrieved
Then I send it with love, from A to Z