

## ROUND HERE

Written By: Adam Duritz (Counting Crows)

Step out the front door like a ghost into fog  
Where no one notices the contrast of white on white.

And in between the moon and you  
The angels get a better view of the crumbling difference  
Between wrong and right.

I walk in the air between the rain,  
Through myself and back again.  
Where? I don't know.  
Maria says she's dying.  
Through the door, I hear her crying  
Why? I don't know

Round here we always stand up straight  
Round here something radiates

Maria came from Nashville with a suitcase in her hand  
She said she'd like to meet a boy who looks like Elvis  
She walks along the edge of where the ocean meets the land  
Just like she's walking on a wire in the circus  
She parks her car outside of my house, takes her clothes off,  
Say's she close to understanding Jesus  
She knows she's more than just a little misunderstood  
She has trouble acting normal when she's nervous

Round here we're carving out our names  
Round here we talk just like lions  
But we sacrifice like lambs  
Round here she's slipping through my hands

Sleeping children better run like the wind  
Out of the lightning dream  
Mamas little baby better get herself in  
Out of the lightning

She says it's only in my head  
She says shhh I know it's only in my head  
But the girl on car in the parking lot says  
Man you should try to take a shot  
Can't you see my walls are crumbling?  
Then she looks up at the building and says she's thinking of jumping  
She says she's tired of life she must be tired of something

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Round here she's always on my mind  
Round here hey man got lots of time  
Round here were never sent to bed early  
And nobody makes us wait  
Round here we stay up very, very, very, very late  
I can't see nothing, nothing round here  
Catch me if I'm falling.