

Counting Crows, Floating Over You

Getting dressed and bunker bound
shuffling through the heather
neighbors drop their flowers down and worry about the weather
Every night I'm floating over you my love
Every night I dream I'm under you
All of the smiling men with sweaty hands delivering widow's pensions
Wont you please except our sympathy in two or three dimensions
Every night I'M floating over you my love
Every night I'm drifting under you
Don't want to think about my last cigarette
don't want to focus on the curve of your thigh
don't want to slip along your white silhouette
I don't think this is a very sensible way to die.
Lonely lonely lonely
Lonely lonely lonely
Lonely lonely lonely
Lonely lonely lonely
Every night I'm floating over you my love
Every night I dream I'm under you
Well I'm alter bound and under dressed
Just slightly out of order
hanging on the fringe of daylights
soft and pitchy border.
Every night I'm floating over you my love
Every night I'm slipping under you
Every night I'm floating over you my love
Every night I dream I'm under you
lonely lonely ohh I'M so lonely.