

Counting Crows, Mercury

she is trapped inside a month of grey
and they take a little every day
she is a victim of her own responses
shackled to a heart that wants to settle
and then runs away
it's a sin to be fading endlessly
yeah, but she's alright with me

she is leaving on a walkaway
she is leaving in disarray
in the absence
of a place to be
she stands there looking back at me
hesitates, and then turns away
she'll change so suddenly
she's just like mercury
yeah, but she's alright with me

keep some sorrow in your
hearts and minds
for the things that die before thier time
for the restlessly abandoned homes
the tired and weary rambler's bones and stay beside me where i lie
she's entwined in me
crazy as can be
yeah, but she's alright with me