

## Round Here - 1/2

**Interprété par Counting Crows.**

Step out the front door like a ghost  
into the 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 comes from Nashville with her 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 sh's walking on a wire in the circus  
She parks her car outside of my house  
Takes her clothes off.  
Says she's 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 all look the same  
Round here we talk just like lions  
But we sacrifice like lambs  
Round here she's slipping through my hands

Sleeping children got to run like the wind  
out of the lightning dream  
Mama's 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 the car in the parking lot says:  
"Man, you should try to take a shot  
Can't you see my walls are crumbling?"

## Round Here - 2/2

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.

Round here she's always on my mind  
Round here I got lots of time  
Round here we're never sent to bed early  
Nobody makes us wait  
Round here we stay up very very late.