

# Mrs. Potters Lullaby

## Counting Crows

Well, I woke up in mid-afternoon 'cause that's when it all hurts the most  
I dream I never know anyone at the party and I'm always the host  
If dreams are like movies, then memories are films about ghosts  
You can never escape, you can only move south down the coast  
Well, I am an idiot walking a  
tightrope of fortune and fame  
I am an acrobat swinging trapezes through circles of flame  
If you've never stared off into the distance, then your life is a shame  
And though I'll never forget your face  
Sometimes I can't remember my name  
Hey Mrs. Potter, don't cry  
Hey Mrs. Potter, I know why but  
Hey Mrs. Potter, won't you talk to me? Well, there's a piece of Maria in every song that I sing  
And the price of a memory is the memory of the sorrow it brings  
And there is always one last light to turn out and one last bell to ring  
And the last one out of the circus has to lock up everything  
Or the elephants will get out and forget to remember what you said  
And the ghosts of the tilt-a-whirl will linger inside of your head  
And the ferris wheel junkies will spin there forever instead  
When I see you, a blanket of stars covers me in my bed  
Hey Mrs. Potter, don't go  
I said, hey Mrs. Potter, I don't know but  
Hey Mrs. Potter, won't you talk to me? All the blue light reflections that color my mind when I  
sleep  
And the lovesick rejections that accompany the company I keep  
All the razor perceptions that cut just a little too deep  
Hey, I can bleed as well as anyone  
But I need someone to help me sleep  
And so I throw my hand into the air and it swims in the  
beams  
It's just a brief interruption of the swirling dust sparkle jet stream  
Well, I know I don't know you and you're probably not what you seem  
But I'd sure like to find out  
So why don't you climb down off that movie screen  
Hey Mrs. Potter, don't turn  
Hey Mrs. Potter, I burn for you  
Hey Mrs. Potter, won't you talk to me? When the last king of Hollywood shatters his glass on  
the floor  
And orders another, well, I wonder what he did that for  
That's when I know that I have to get out 'cause I have been there before  
So I gave up my seat at the bar and I head for the door  
We drove out to the desert just to lie  
down beneath this bowl of stars  
We stand up in the palace like it's the last of the great pioneer town bars  
We shout out these songs against the clang of electric guitars  
You can see a million miles tonight  
But you can't get very far  
Oh, you can see a million miles tonight

But you can't get very far  
Hey Mrs. Potter, I won't touch you  
Hey Mrs. Potter, it's not much but  
Hey Mrs. Potter, won't you talk to me?  
Hey Mrs. Potter, won't you talk to me?  
Hey Mrs. Potter, won't you talk to me?  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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