

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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