

Children In Bloom

Counting Crows

Children in bloom cooking in the sun,
Waiting for a room of our own,
Leave my sister alone,
'Cause she don't deserve this,
She is a flower and I am a flower,
And we are all alone. I gotta get out on my own,
I gotta get up from this waiting, waiting at home,
I gotta get out of this sunlight it's melting my bones,
I gotta get up from this slumber and just get myself home.
All these wasted dreams,
Just waiting for the sun,
To open up my heart to anyone,
Bring me some rain,
Because I'm dying, I'm dying,
And I can't get this damn thing closed again. I gotta get out on my own,
I gotta get up from this waiting, waiting at home,
I gotta get out of this sunlight it's melting my bones,
I gotta get up from this slumber and just get myself home. Where's the fun house this year?
The fairground's deserted,
And the skies don't seem as near,
Nicole's my oldest friend,
But the altar is empty,
And she'll never be a little girl again.
I gotta get out on my own,
I gotta get up from this waiting, waiting at home,
I gotta get out of this sunlight it's melting my bones,
I gotta get up from this slumber and just get myself home, home.
I can't find my way home,
I can't find my way home,
I can't find, I can't find,
I can't find, I can't find,
I can't find, I can't find my way home.

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