

# Round Here

## Counting Crows

**Songwriters:** Malley, Matt; Gillingham, Charlie; Immergluck, Dave; Bowman, Steve; Duritz, Adam;  
Bryson, David;

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, angels get a better view  
Of the crumbling difference between wrong and right

Well, 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 came from Nashville with a suitcase in her hand  
She said she'd like to meet a boy who looks like Elvis  
And she walks along the edge of where the ocean meets the land

Just like she's walking on a wire in the circus

She parks her car outside of my house and  
Takes her clothes off, says she's close to understanding Jesus  
And 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

[Incomprehensible] sleeping children better 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, "Shh, 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?"

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, hey man, got lots of time

Round here we're never sent to bed early and nobody makes us wait

Round here we stay up very, very, very, very late

I, I can't see nothing, nothing round here

You catch me if I'm falling, you catch me if I'm falling

Will you catch me? 'Cause I'm falling down on you

I said I'm under the gun round here

Oh man, I said I'm under the gun round here

Well I can't see nothing, nothing round here

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>