

Counting Crows - When I Dream of Michelangelo

Tom: A

(com acordes na forma de Capotraste na 2ª casa Intro: 4x: G D C

Well, you know i don't like you but you wanna be my friend

There are bodies on the ceiling and they're fluttering their wings

It's ok, i'm angry but you'll never understand
When you dream of Michelangelo they hang above your hands

And i know that she is not my friend
And i know cause there she goes walking on my skin again

And i can't see why you wanna talk to me
When your vision of America is crystalline and clean
I want a white bread life, just something ignorant and plain
But from the walls of Michelangelo i'm dangling again

And i know that she is not my friend
And i know cause there she goes walking on my skin again and

again

Saturn on a line...a sun afire strings and wires to
spin above my head and make it right
But any time you like you can catch a sight of angel eyes
all emptiness and infinite

And i dream of Michelangelo when i'm lying in my bed
I see God upon the ceiling, i see angels overhead
And it seems so close as he reaches out his hand
But we are never quite as close as we are led to understand

And i know that she is not my friend
And i know cause there she goes walking, walking, walking
And i know that she is not my friend

And i know cause there she goes walking on my skin again and again

On my mind...oh Lord no...
Yes she's walking on my skin again and again

Acordes

