

Windows

Screaming Trees

Yeah...

Oh, If you count every word I say
Over again you might find a way
Seven verses to magnify
Drop the feather for you will never fly

Tapestries of black and gold are crying
Looking through the windows
I am watching you as you go by

Down a wave of fire
Your pale skin can't turn any whiter
Grant a wish, sing a bitter tune
Never stops to forget you've seen

Tapestries of black and gold are crying
Looking through the windows
I am watching you as you go by

Walk along a lonely mile
Saw a bird falling at my feet
Crawling like a wounded child
Moving farther out of reach
I want to be alone now
Come on, come on, come on, hey

If you count every word I say
Over again you could find a way
Seven verses that magnify
Drop the feather for you will never fly

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Looking through the windows
I am watching you as you go by