

When I Dream of Michelangelo
Counting Crows

Intro 4x: **G# Eb C#**

G# Eb C#
Well, you know i don t like you but you wanna be my friend
(C#) Eb C# G#
There are bodies on the ceiling and they re fluttering their wings
(G#) Eb C#
It s ok, i m angry but you ll never understand
(C#) Eb C# G#
When you dream of Michelangelo they hang above your hands

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

G# Eb C#
And i can t see why you wanna talk to me
(C#) Eb C# G#
When your vision of America is crystalline and clean
(G#) Eb C#
I want a white bread life, just something ignorant and plain
(C#) Eb C# G#
But from the walls of Michelangelo i m dangling again

Bbm Eb
And i know that she is not my friend
Bbm C# Eb G#
And i know cause there she goes walking on my skin again and again

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

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

Bbm

Eb

And i know that she is not my friend

Bbm

C#

Eb

And i know cause there she goes walking, walking, walking

Bbm

Eb

And i know that she is not my friend

Bbm

C#

Eb

G#

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

C#

G#

On my mind...oh Lord no...

C#

Eb

G#

Yes she s walking on my skin again and again