

When I Dream of Michelangelo
Counting Crows

Intro 4x: **F# C# B**

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

G#m C#
And i know that she is not my friend
G#m B C#
And i know cause there she goes walking on my skin again

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

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

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

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

G#m **C#**

And i know that she is not my friend

G#m **B** **C#**

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

G#m **C#**

And i know that she is not my friend

G#m **B** **C#** **F#**

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

B **F#**

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

B **C#** **F#**

Yes she s walking on my skin again and again