

# Miami

## Counting Crows

Guess I think I feel alright,  
You come circling through the light,  
The skyline baby, is bright tonight,  
One more perfect rendezvous,  
Sundown paints the shadows through,  
Daylight aiming on what we do. It looks like darkness to me, oh,  
Drifting down, into Miami, Miami. Can I say?  
I wish that this weather would never leave,  
It just gets hard to believe,  
That God sent this angel, to watch over me,  
'Cause my angel, she don't receive my calls,  
She says I'm too dumb to fuck,  
Too dumb to fight, too dumb to save,  
Well, maybe I don't need no angel at all.  
It looks like darkness to me, oh,  
Drifting down, into Miami,  
She could pull the sun right through me, oh,  
Coming down, into Miami, Miami. Make a circle in the sand,  
Make a halo with your hands,  
Make a place for you to land. The bus is runnin', it's time to leave,  
The summer's gone, so are we,  
So come on baby, let's go shut it down,  
In New Orleans.  
Come on baby,  
Let's go shut it down, in New Orleans,  
Oh yeah, come on baby, come on baby,  
Let's go shut it down, in New Orleans,  
Come on, come on, come on,  
Come on, come on, come on,  
Let's go shut it down, in New Orleans,  
Oh yeah, come on baby, come on baby,  
Let's go shut it down.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>