

Omaha

Words & Music:
Counting Crows

Am Em G D Am Em D

Am Em
Start tearing the old man down.

G D
Run past the heather and down to the old road.

Am Em F
Start turning the grain into the ground roll a new leaf over.

Am Em G
In the middle of the night there's an old man.
D

Treading around in the gathered rain.

Am Em G F C
Hey, mister, if you want to walk on water would you drop a line my way?

CHORUS:

G Am F C G
Omaha, somewhere in Middle America, get right to the heart of matters.

F C
It's the heart that matters more.

BRIDGE:

G Am D F
I think you'd better turn your ticket in

C F Am D
And get your money back at the door.

Start threading the needle.

Brush past the shuttle that slides through the cold room.

Start turning the wool across the wire, roll the new life over.

In the middle of the night there's an old man threading his toes.

Through a bucket of rain.

Hey, mister, if you want to walk on water, you're only going to walk all over me.

CHORUS:

Start running the banner down.

Drop past the color come up through the summer rain.

Start turning the girl into the ground, roll a new life over.

In the middle of the night there's a young man rolling around in the earth and rain.

Hey mister if you're going to walk on water,

You know you're only going to walk all over me.

CHORUS: