

A Balladeer "Caretaker"

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You're right
These stairs make you feel like you're in New York
On a night like tonight even more
I'm on my way to your place
Now you're away for a week
I got your keys with a weak white lie
Easy
Your room is cold
I read your note and close the window you left open
Your city sure looks pretty from up here

These plants are the start of my little plan
As well as the candles, the Leo poster and Ernie's
yellow friend
I pile and hang your clothes by color
(Mostly blue)
It's nice to smell you in a few of your t-shirts...
I fall asleep on your pillow
One last look through the window
Your city sure looks pretty from up here

You're right
These stairs make you feel like you're in New York
On a night like tonight even more

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