

## Forlorn

### "Threes"

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Eliza's in the elevator, finding words that rhyme with  
sunny  
I think it's funny how she just leaves funny out  
And me, I'm on my way downstairs,  
Gonna gaze and wander aimlessly  
I'm gonna figure out what Manhattan's all about

How I wish it would rain tonight  
I'd find a good excuse to stay inside  
And watch those props come tumbling through the air  
'Cause it's been the worst year of my life  
I don't wanna live, I don't wanna die  
So could you please, could you please, could you  
please  
Grow out your hair?

William plays harmonica and guitar  
On the side of the sidewalk  
I'd love to stay and steal his melody  
'Cause he hasn't got a care in the world  
Not an answer to post  
No one cares about his voice  
Sometimes I wish that nobody loved me  
And now I wish I could stab my throat  
Well there goes your wife, your car, your home  
There goes the life I've convinced myself I wanna own  
And Becca you could come back to my clothes  
The only note I'll hold is the ones you fold  
Could you please, could you please, could you please  
Grow out your hair?

Grow it dark and long like the winter  
With no split ends, split ends are like friends  
I don't need them  
Well see I've got this friend  
He's friends with a crippled man  
And I know what I came for, I'll let you know  
And it's not too much for you to ask me to grow  
My life is just like religion I'm making it up as I go, oh,  
oh,

Alright

Well they say all bad things come in threes  
Well the last year has made the last three look so easy  
You were supposed to keep the disease between you  
and me  
So bandage up your wrists,  
Throw away your prescriptions  
And baby come back for me, yeah

Anita wakes to get ready for a day  
She'll never regret  
Their love is what has kept me on my feet

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