

Griffith Nanci

"Drops From The Faucet"

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The drops from the faucet like a nervous heart
Beat on my porcelain sink a rhythm avant-garde
I page through the phone book, reach for my fountain
pen
Is he coming in for the holidays to haunt me again
I call up the Grand Central, "information please"
Is that nickel line on time, "oh fine"
It's a hair-do with a wave
We both forgot and forgave last time

A peddler of pots and pans down on Union Square
Said City Hall wants us off the street
There's no Christmas in the air
Some high-brows were waiting
Carnation bright lapels
Their big cars line the curbs outside those grand hotels
I passed a marquee, Third Avenue
"Ramona" with Loretta Young and I swung myself
around
I headed uptown to the train

So this is New Year's eve another year has passed
We wait so patiently, still the car goes so fast
I stand on this platform, wait for that basket of light
And the sound of the whistle screaming out
Like some hot trumpet in the night
And as I'm waiting I wonder why and where
And what went wrong
But this song don't tell no lies
It was just a quick good-bye
Yeah

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