

Cajun Dance Party

"Guitar"

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I'm sitting by the window of your 32nd floor apartment
Waiting for your phone calls all to end
I'm sitting, watching wind blow, watching time go,
watching cars go by
I'm waiting for these memories to begin
CHORUS:
If I threw my guitar
Out the window so far down
Would I start to regret it?
Or would I smile and watch it slowly fall, fall, fall?
Garbage trucks and taxi cabs don't seem like they can
reach me here
The clamor of jackhammers seems so faint
Well the way you treat me like the only slightly brings
me down a lot
I don't think that I'll ever be the same
CHORUS UNTIL END:

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