Catch 22
"Bloomfield Avenue"

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She falls fast asleep,
In her Glassboro apartment,
Dreaming of what she wants to be.
So she just organizes photographs
She's taken in this year that's past,
Loves nothing more, adores her memories.
Does she miss any kiss, that I placed upon her lips.
Does she have a photograph of me at all?
That day she walked away. I turned my head and didn't pay attention
"she" said California is my final fall.
Last time I saw her was the first time that I saw her cry.
She had a boyfriend and a tattoo of a butterfly.
Biology, photography ambition, was enough for her to leave me.
I swore I'd find on the other side. Bloomfield Ave.
I'm sick of pickin' through the dumpster. A meal.
I hold a gun but I can't feel it to my head,
Hum a song, say goodnight, it's all wrong. It's alright.
I close my eyes and take a bite, bite, bite.
Close my eyes and take a bite, bite, bite.
Close my eyes and take a bite.
Another thing I should've said, light another cigarette,
Another thing I left behind ashes to ashes we all fall down.
I'm homeless on the west, she's on the east.
I only wish that I could see her one more time.
To remind her that I love her and I shot him down.
Now she's in that crazy town again.
Hitchhike my way across the states.
I'm banging on the door.
She's passed out on the floor.
Sawed off shotgun by her side, no one heard her cry.
My tears roll down the wood of our old neighborhood.
I saw her through the window but
I didn't have the strength to knock it down. Down. Down.
Didn't have the strength to knock it down. Down. Down.
Didn't have the strength to knock it down.
Another thing I should've said, light another cigarette,
Another thing I left behind ashes to ashes we all fall down