

Lloyd Cole "Four Flights Up"

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I was woken up at four A.M.
By your screams and anguished cries
Your mother was singing in the bathroom
She will never be my child
Oh baby, talks in her sleep so loud

We're living four flights up
But I swear right now it feels like underground

Well, you have absolutely no common sense
Yes, I know that's your charm
You spend the whole day on the phone
You say, well, it helps you stay calm
You cling to my arm, yes, I know that's your charm

And when I ask you what you want
You say, "Do you mind, hey, crocodile"
Well, then could you give me some peace
You say, "Well, maybe for a while"

Sometimes you know you could almost be a child
Oh, must you tell me all your secrets
When it's hard enough to love you knowing nothing

We're living four flights up
But I swear right now it feels like underground

You are your own worst enemy
So don't expect my sympathy
Oh, go back to your mother's house
And cry your little heart out

You can drive them back to town
In a beat-up Grace Kelly car
Looking like a friend of Truman Capote
Looking exactly like you are
Yes, yes, I know that's your charm

So don't ask me if I want you
Only ask me if I must
I've been blown around so long
Don't know which senses to trust

Oh no, but I know that I must

Oh, must you tell me all your secrets
When it's hard enough to love you knowing nothing
We're living four flights up
But I swear right now it feels like underground

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