

Lloyd Cole & The Commotions

"Four Flights Up"

Visit "[Four Flights Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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, 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 to love you, knowing nothing
We're living four flights up but I swear
Right now it feels like underground

You are your 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 to love you, knowing nothing

We're living four flights up but I swear
Right now it feels like underground

Visit [Lloyd Cole & The Commmotions](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.