

Cole Lloyd

"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 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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