

## **Tick, Tick...BOOM!** **"No More"**

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No more  
Walking up six flights of stairs  
Or throwing down the key  
Because there is no buzzer

No more  
Walking thirteen blocks  
With thirty pounds of laundry  
In the fuckin' dead of winter

No more faulty wiring  
No more painted floors  
No more spitting out my ultra bright  
On top of dirty dishes  
In the one and only sink

Hello, to my walk in closets  
Tidy as Park Avenue  
Hello, my butcher block table  
I could get used, I could get used  
I could get used to you

No more  
Climbing over sleeping people  
Before you get out the door  
Of your own building

No more  
Noxious fumes from gas heaters  
That are illegal  
Or will blow up while you are sleeping

No more  
Leaky ceilings  
No more  
Holes in the floor

No more  
Taking a shower in the kitchen  
While your roommate's eating breakfast  
And you are getting water on his corn flakes

Hello, to shiny  
New parquet wood floors  
As waxed as a wealthy girl's legs  
Hello, dear Mister Dishwasher  
I could get used, I could get used  
I could get used, I could get used to you  
I could get used to you

No more, exotic  
No more, neurotic  
No more anything  
But pleasantly robotic

We are moving on up  
We are moving on up  
To the East Side  
To the East Side  
To a deluxe apartment  
In the sky

What's that?  
Oh, come on  
Hold on, breathe

Easy  
What are you doing?  
It's him  
Ah, hold the phone

Hello, to dear Mister Doorman  
Who looks like Captain Kangaroo  
Hello dear fellow, and how do you do?  
I could get used, I could get used  
Even seduced, even seduced  
I could get used to you

Oh, yeah

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