

Clarks "Apartment Song"

Visit "[Apartment Song](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Walking down the street, honey, New Orleans
I'm gonna slip my note into the pocket of your jeans
And how was I to know turning green on red
A 'Waitress In The Sky' still playing in my head

Days like these, you know are no one's fault
A bottle of wine, a loaf of bread, a pound of salt
Well, gimme little time to shake up
I'll meet you when I finally wake up around two
Lookin' for the truth

Walking up the stairs to the second floor
I'm gonna slip my note into the keyhole of your door
And how was I to know turning right from wrong?
I walk right into this lonely apartment song

Things like these, you know are no one's fault
A bottle of wine, a loaf of bread, a pound of salt
Well, gimme little time to shake up
I'll meet you when I finally wake up around two
Lookin' for the truth, lookin' for the

Walking down the street, honey, New Orleans
I'm gonna slip my hand into the pocket of your dreams
And how was I to know turning light from dark?
Lease it for a year I got a place in Highland Park

Days like these, you know I feel your pain
A bottle of rhymes, a little music box of rain
Well, gimme little time to shake up
I'll meet you when I finally wake up around two
Without you, around two, without you or with you

Walking up the stairs to the second door
We're gonna leave our ghosts on the polished
hardwood floor
And how was I to know turning right from wrong
I walk right out of this vacant apartment song

Things like these, you know I feel your pain
A bottle of rhymes, a little music box of rain
Well, gimme little time to shake up

I'll meet you when I finally wake up around two
Around two, around two, around two, around two

Visit [Clarks](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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