

Facing New York

"Cutting My Hair"

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Sliding down the windshield of my car,
To catch a wiper and be tossed aside, to soak into
The street.

Followed by another countless pour of rain,
I swear I could watch it fall all over me, from my
Head down to my feet.

I'm throwing up,
And falling down.
I'm never what I seem, it's like I'm walking through a
Dream.

But I've been washing my face.
I've been trying so hard.
But nothing's going to work.

And I've been cutting my hair.
And it's got me nowhere.
But that's how I'll get by.
And I get by.

In the raindrop is a microscopic man.
He dances carelessly atop the snow in the middle of
The road.
When the sunlight pierces all the clouds.
He'll have a lot to deal with, melting down, barefoot
On the ground.

Dance, 'cause I like to play guitar, yeah so I can
Sing, sing, sing 'til I'm out of breath.
Got no job, just so I can write hit songs, yeah so I
Can take a bow when there's no applause.

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