

Nachtgeschrei

"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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