

# Ben Kweller, My Apartment

Sometimes I wish I had a farm  
where the only pollution is your cigarttes,  
where you mind is clear.  
But I like it here in my small space.  
New York's the place where the sidewalks know my face  
as I walk to

my apartment, the home where I hide  
away from all the darkness outside.  
I'm there all the time.

Bikes ride to the park and city pools.  
It's summer now; empty the schools.  
Fly home to my cat on the F train.  
I'm protected from pain  
when I'm in

my apartment, the home where I hide  
away from all the darkness outside.  
I'm there all the time.

I'm there in my apartment, the home where I hide  
away from all the darkness outside.  
I'm there all the time.