

Lloyd Cole, Four Flights Up

i was woken up at four a.m. by your screams and anguished cries
your mother was singing in the bathroom, she will never be my child
oh baby talks in her sleep so loud
we're living four flights up but i swear right now it feels like underground
well you have absolutely no common sense, yes i know that's your charm
you spend the whole day on the phone, you say well it helps you stay calm
you cling to my arm, yes i know that's your charm
and when i ask you what you want you say do you mind hey crocodile
well then could you give me some peace, you say well maybe for a while
sometimes you know you could almost be a child
oh must you tell me all your secrets
when it's hard enough to love you knowing nothing
we're living four flights up but i swear right now it feels like underground
you are your own worst enemy, so don't expect my sympathy
oh go back to your mother's house and cry your little heart out
you can drive them back to town in a beat-up grace kelly car
looking like a friend of truman capote, looking exactly like you are
yes, yes i know that's your charm
so don't ask me if i want you, only ask me if i must
i been blown around so long, don't know which senses to trust
oh no, but i know that i must
oh must you tell me all your secrets
when it's hard enough to love you knowing nothing
we're living four flights up but i swear right now it feels like underground