

# The Gaslight Anthem, Here's Looking At You, Kid

You can tell Gail, if she calls,  
that I'm famous now for all of these rock and roll songs.  
And even if that's a lie, she should've given me a try.  
When were kids on the field of the first day of school.  
I would've been her fool.  
And I would've sang out your name in those old high school halls.  
You tell that to Gail, if she calls.  
And you can tell Jane, if she writes,  
that I'm drunk off all these stars and all these crazy Hollywood nights.  
And that's total deceit, but she should've married me.  
And tell her I spent every night of my youth on the floor,  
bleeding out from all these wounds.  
I would've gotten her a ride out of that town she despised.  
You tell that to Janie, if she writes.  
But boys will be boys and girls have those eyes  
that can cut you to ribbons sometimes.  
And all you can do is just wait by the moon  
and bleed if it's what she says you ought a do.  
You remind Anna, if she asks why,  
that a thief stole my heart while she was making up her mind.  
I heard she lives in Brooklyn with the cool,  
goes crazy over that New York scene on 7th Avenue.  
But I used to wait at the diner, a million nights without her,  
praying she won't cancel again tonight.  
And the waiter served my coffee with a consolation sigh.  
You remind Anna, if she asks why.  
Tell her it's alright.  
And though it's hard to tell you this.  
Oh it's hard to tell you this.  
Here's looking at you, Kid.