

Broadways, Red Line

all alone again, the phone forgot to ring
even if it did, i doubt it would be for me
bedside table photographs of you, half smoked cigarettes
remember something too good to be true
and you called me and told me you were home
watching movies with your friends
while i sit by the phone i guess i'll have another cigarette
i guess i'll write another song
if i could be anything i'd be an aeroplane and then i'd fly so far away
500 miles so that you could look at me that way
the ceiling is so lonely when it's all that you can see
lying here on my back thinking of your smile
and the next time you'll show it to me
i can't help being jealous of your room when you're in it all alone
and i can't help being jealous of your friends when you're having fun
and i'm stuck here at home
i took the el today and everything reminded me of you
and i remember how you sat on the stairs
eating popsicles that turned your lips blue
i knew it then i know it now
my favorite dream has come true
i love you so much and i'll never meet another like you.