

# Cole Lloyd, 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