

Format, Threes

Eliza's in the elevator, finding words that rhyme with sunny
I think it's funny how she just leaves funny out
And me, I'm on my way downstairs,
Gonna gaze and wander aimlessly
I'm gonna figure out what Manhattan's all about

How I wish it would rain tonight
I'd find a good excuse to stay inside
And watch those props come tumbling through the air
'Cause it's been the worst year of my life
I don't wanna live, I don't wanna die
So could you please, could you please, could you please
Grow out your hair?

William plays harmonica and guitar
On the side of the sidewalk
I'd love to stay and steal his melody
'Cause he hasn't got a care in the world
Not an answer to post
No one cares about his voice
Sometimes I wish that nobody loved me
And now I wish I could stab my throat
Well there goes your wife, your car, your home
There goes the life I've convinced myself I wanna own
And Becca you could come back to my clothes
The only note I'll hold is the ones you fold
Could you please, could you please, could you please
Grow out your hair?

Grow it dark and long like the winter
With no split ends, split ends are like friends
I don't need them
Well see I've got this friend
He's friends with a crippled man
And I know what I came for, I'll let you know
And it's not too much for you to ask me to grow
My life is just like religion I'm making it up as I go, oh, oh,

alright

Well they say all bad things come in threes
Well the last year has made the last three look so easy
You were supposed to keep the disease between you and me
So bandage up your wrists,
throw away your prescriptions
And baby come back for me, yeah

Anita wakes to get ready for a day
She'll never regret
Their love is what has kept me on my feet