

# Hanson, In A Way

On the third floor of the hotel there's a pregnant Flamenco dancer  
In the bathtub with a razor and she's planning her great escape

In a way she's giving up on herself, whoooa  
Either way she's giving up some of herself, whoooa

In the backyard there's a small boy playing soldiers with an army ranger  
In the front room there's a mother to the small boy,  
She's a total stranger  
In a way she's giving up on herself, whoooa  
Either way she's giving up some of herself, whoooa

Love is only what you give up  
Life isn't what you get  
Love won't always fill your cup  
But life's when you start to live  
Life's when you learn to give

When I leave here I'm going to go to the small boy  
And that flamenco dancer  
Leave the guitar and the spotlight I'm gonna go home to my biggest fans

In a way I'm giving up some of myself, whoooa  
In a way isn't that what it's about, whoooa

In a way I'm giving up some of myself, whoooa  
Whoooa, oh whoooa, oh whoooa  
Isn't that what it's about

Oh, whoooa, oh, whoooa, whoooa, no no noo  
Oh, whoooa, oh, whoooa,

Isn't that what it's about  
Oh, whoooa, oh, whoooa  
Isn't that what it's about