

# Nate Ruess, AhHa

Ah ha, ha-ah-ah. Ah ha, ha-ah-ah.  
Ah ha, ha-ah-ah. Ah ha, ha-ah-ah.  
Ah ha, ha-ah-ah...

Left you, falling on the floor,  
headed for the door,  
went straight to Philadelphia.  
Oh no, what have I begun?  
Called my mother, said I love her,  
had another and another one.

Questions, questions, suddenly suggestions.  
Where was anyone at the start of this thing?  
Hold that gold up over your shoulder,  
alls I needs a place to grieve.

Oh, it's for the best you didn't listen.  
It's for the best we get our distance (oh oh woah oh).  
It's for the best you didn't listen.  
It's for the best we get our distance.

Oh lord, I feel alive.  
I've gone and saved my soul.  
If all that you read is everything you believe,  
then let go, then let go, then let go.

Now I'm over my head,  
acting like I never started over again.  
I am the city I'm from,  
always wanting more than just a word on my arm.  
Oh, I know, I can't believe,  
that I'd let it get to me.  
Good to know I won't become,  
everything I'm afraid of.

Mama don't cry.  
I was once your little baby boy,  
so full of love and light.  
By the time I turned 25,  
I was lost among the pavement,  
lower than the basement,  
and I couldn't stand to smile.  
I thought of taking my own life,  
but mama don't cry.  
I found songs among the tragic,  
hung my hat on sadness.  
Mom, I think they're trying to keep the grand romantic in me,  
now that we got bottom lines.  
But mom, I think I'm ready to free this grand romantic in me.

(look out, look out)