

Richie Aufrechtig, Maple Avenue

Every day at a quarter to five was a man looking for a knife
I'm not one for seventies
Singing songs and revelries
I'm falling down stairs and falling away from the people I know and people who stayed
I'm not the one for telling anything I feel inside my heart
It's hard to break away
When these feelings want to stay
And you know that I wish that you'd break my heart a little softer anyway

Every day at a quarter to five I was nothing but a broken knife
Spinning down the cherry top
Swinging down till I forgot
That I was changed
By broken man
It's hard to break away
When I really want to stay
You know that I, I wish that it mattered
If you know what I mean
You know, I wish that it mattered
If you know what I mean
I wish that it mattered to you
The way that you matter to me