

# Richie Aufrichtig, 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