

Saturday Looks Good To Me, When You Got To

When you got to new york you were sleeping on floors
But you were sure it was better
And you would get hungry
You didn't have money but you drank every night
Between the subways and sunshine
There just wasn't the time to write any letters
But it was out of your hands
You hoped your friends would understand
You never felt so high in your life

But now you're out of breath from your cheap cigarettes
And the wrong side of 7am
You can't sit still but you eventually will
Cause every night comes to an end
So draw up a list of new things to resist
And the people you kissed last year
Then on the back draw a map to the ones that are still there
Not one part of your skyscraper heart
Can figure out which is for real
You can't come clean when you're stuck in between
These ways that you constantly feel

So what do you tell yourself?
What do you tell the strangers that sleep in your room?
What do you tell your friends?
What do you tell the lovers that left you too soon?
Where did they run off to?

Give me a reason that i can believe in
And i will believe in you
Tell me a reason why i should believe
Cause i want to, i want to
Tell me a story or tell me a secret
It don't have to be nothing new
Just hold on to me while we walk through the leaves
If you want to, if you want to

Cause i want to know
What do you tell yourself?
What do you tell the darkness that stays in your room?
What do you see at night
When all of last year's lights are no longer of interest to you?
What do you hold on to?