

From tick, tick, boom

When I was nine, Michael and I  
Entered a talent show down at the Y  
Nine a.m. went to rehearse by some stairs  
Mike couldn't sing but I said, "No one cares"

We sang Yellow Bird and Let's Go Fly A Kite  
Over and over and over till we got it right  
When we emerged from the YMCA  
Three o'clock sun had made the grass

Hey, I thought: hey, what a way to spend the day  
Hey, what a way to spend the day  
I make a vow, right here and now  
I'm gonna spend my time this way

When I was sixteen, Michael  
And I got parts in West Side at White Plains High  
Three o'clock went to rehearse in the gym  
Mike played Doc, who didn't sing fine with him

We sang gotta rocket in your pocket and the  
Jets's are gonna have their day tonight  
Over and over and over till we got it right

When we emerged, wiped out by that play  
Nine o'clock, stars and moon lit the way  
I thought, hey, what a way to spend a day

Hey, what a way to spend a day  
I made a vow, I wonder now  
Am I cut out to spend my time this way?

With only so much time to spend  
Don't wanna waste the time I'm given  
Have it all, play the game some recommend  
I'm afraid, it just may be time to give in

I'm twenty nine, Michael and I  
Live on the west side of Soho and Y

Nine a.m., I write a lyric or two  
Mike sings a song now on Mad Avenue  
I sing come to your senses  
Defenses are not the way to go  
Over and over and over till I got it right

When I emerge from B Minor or A  
Five o'clock, diner calls, I'm on my way  
I think: hey, what a way to spend a day

Hey, what a way to spend a day  
I make a vow right here and now  
I'm gonna spend my time this way  
I'm gonna spend my time this way