

Massachusetts Avenue

Amanda Palmer

Every time I walk along this street, I think of you
And given it's the city's major thoroughfare, I'm screwed
Taking an alternative's a little hard to do
It's the street I live on

Massachusetts Avenue

There's the crosswalk where a milk truck almost ran me down
The day I finally saw you when you got back into town
I don't know if you saw me, 'cause I turned so quick around
Hiding into traffic, clearly dying to be found

Do you remember crying in the park and shutting up?
Do you remember running and me trying to catch up?
Do you remember loving me more than I could be loved?
I chased you for so long, and when I caught you, I gave up
There's no other way to get to work
After all these years, it just gets worse
Memories so dull and well-rehearsed

Storrow Drive is pretty in the springtime
Storrow Drive is pretty in the fall
You don't have to go home in a straight line
You don't have to go back home at all

There's the cemetery where I broke your heart in two
And there's the pair of stones that we had laughed was me and you
I stared at them a long time, and I asked if it was true
If I still really loved you
And they answered

Yes, I do

(I do)

People come and go, but these four lanes will never move
Little peach and exes' Jeeps eventually die, too
Even if the russians came and named it something new
It would always look like Massachusetts Avenue

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Storrow Drive is pretty in the fall
You don't have to go home in a straight line
You don't have to go back home at all

Storrow Drive is pretty in the springtime
Storrow Drive is pretty in the fall
You don't have to go home in a straight line
You don't need to be alone at all