

# My Apartment

Ben Kweller

Sometimes I wish I had a farm  
Where the only pollution is your cigarettes  
Where your mind is clear.  
But I like it here in my small space.  
New York's the place where the sidewalks know my face  
As I walk to

My apartment, the home where I hide  
Away from all the darkness outside.  
I'm there all the time.

Bikes ride to the park and city pools.  
It's summer now; empty the school.  
Fly home to my cat on the F train.  
I'm protected from pain  
When I'm in

My apartment, the home where I hide  
Away from all the darkness outside.  
I'm there all the time.

I'm there in my apartment, the home where I hide  
Away from all the darkness outside.  
I'm there all the time