

From the street I see your window
And I look up in
And is that even your house?
Is that Sappho you're reading?

Is it cool when I don't care?
Can you feel me in the air?
Under the crack in the door
Can you tell I have no floor?

And I'm shivering just thinking
Where have you been all these minutes?

I am too stressed out to
Do the thing the train won't do
But why should I fight back?
I'm just not like that

And I'm sorry if
I have been a real bad friend
Your face too close to mine
To hear you talk

So I look up into your window
From the street where I am standing (so i look up into your window)
Is that even your house (from the street where I'm standing)
Is that your landing (is that even your house)
And I wanna know what (is that your landing)
You're reading

Is it cool when I don't care?
Can you feel me in the air?
Under the crack in the door
Can you tell I have no floor?

I'm not grounded, nothing
Nothing
Nothing