

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