

Four Flights Up

Lloyd Cole

I was woken up at four a.m. by your screams and anguished cries
Your mother was singing in the bathroom, she will never be my child

Oh baby talks in her sleep so loud

We're living four flights up but I swear right now it feels like underground

Well you have absolutely no common sense, yes I know that's your charm

You spend the whole day on the phone, you say well it helps you stay calm

You cling to my arm, yes I know that's your charm

And when I ask you what you want you say a diamante crocodile

Well then could you give me some peace, you say well maybe for a while

Sometimes you know you could almost be a child

Oh must you tell me all your secrets

When it's hard enough to love you knowing nothing

We're living four flights up but I swear right now it feels like underground

You are your own worst enemy, so don't expect my sympathy

Oh go back to your mother's house and cry your little heart out

You can drive them back to town in a beat-up grace kelly car

Looking like a friend of Truman Capote, looking exactly like you are

Yes, yes I know that's your charm

So don't ask me if I want you, only ask me if I must

I been blown around so long, don't know which senses to trust

Oh no, but I know that I must

Oh must you tell me all your secrets

When it's hard enough to love you knowing nothing

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