

Sunday New York Times

Matt Nathanson

Leaves and the rain falling outside.
Taxi waited in the street.
Gave you my keys, told you I'd try...
But we both knew better didn't we?
I made my way to jfk in world record time,
Hoping I would miss the flight.

You and I were fighting sleep.
Beautiful wasted promises we promised to keep,
At least 'til we said goodbye.
Sometimes you're still mine
Between the lines of the Sunday New York times.

You were the saint, I was the liar,
At least that's how I remember it.
Left all our dreams, all our desires
On the steps of your apartment.
The Brooklyn bridge, your olive skin
Framed in black and white.
I miss how simple love could be.

When you and I were fighting sleep.
Beautiful wasted promises we promised to keep,
At least 'til we said goodbye.
Sometimes you're still mine
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Running wild down St. Marks,
Raw and breathless in your arms.
Jumping trains to the park,
When the world was ours.

When you and I were fighting sleep.
Under the blankets promises we promised to keep,
At least 'til we said goodbye.
Sometimes you're still mine
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