

Up on the Roof

James Taylor

When this old world starts a getting me down
And people are just too much for me to face
I'll climb way up to the top of the stairs
And all my cares just drift right into space

On the roof, it's peaceful as can be
And there the world below don't bother me, no, no

So when I come home feeling tired and beat
I'll go up where the air is fresh and sweet
I'll get far away from the hustling crowd
And all the rat-race noise down in the street

On the roof, that's the only place I know
Look at the city, baby
Where you just have to wish to make it so
Let's go up on the roof

And at night the stars they put on a show for free
And, darling, you can share it all with me
That's what I said
Keep on telling you

That right smack dab in the middle of town
I found a paradise that's troubleproof
And if this old world starts a getting you down
There's room enough for two
Up on the roof...