

Apartment Song

The Clarks

Walking down the street honey New Orleans
I'm gonna slip my note into the pocket of your jeans
How was I to know turning green on red A
Waitress in the sky still playing in my head

Days like these y'know are no one's fault
A bottle of wine, a loaf of bread, a pound of salt
Gimme little time to shake up
I'll meet you when I finally wake up around two
Lookin' for the truth

Walking up the stairs to the second floor
I'm gonna slip my note into the keyhole of your door
How was I to know honey right from wrong
Walk right into this vacant apartment song

Days like these y'know are no one's fault
A bottle of wine, a loaf of bread, a pound of salt
Gimme little time to shake up
I'll meet you when I finally wake up around two
Lookin' for the truth...lookin' for the....

Walking down the street honey New Orleans
I'm gonna slip my hand into the pocket of your dreams
How was I to know turning light on dark
Lease it for a year I got a place in Highland Park

Days like these y'know I feel you're pain
A bottle of rhymes a little music box of rain
Gimme little time to shake up
I'll meet you when I finally wake up around two
Without you...around two...without you or with you

Walking up the stairs to the second door
We're gonna leave our ghosts on the polished hardwood floor
How was I to know honey right from wrong
Walk right out of this lonely apartment song

Things like these y'know I feel you're pain
A bottle of rhymes a little music box of rain
Gimme little time to shake up
I'll meet you when I finally wake up around two
Around two...around two...around two...around two