

Fourth Floor

The Waifs

On the fourth floor of the building
With the shallow window box
She's digging in the soil with a silver spoon
Her hands inside rubber gloves

Planting seeds, pulling up weeds
The cycle of life is complete
Who would have thought it, in a city of stone
Four floors above the street

I cannot tell what kind of flowers they are
I'm too far below on the street
But the color they add to the building so drab
Brings a warm splash of welcome relief

Yeah, it's something worthwhile
For the sun to shine on
A reason to radiate heat
Well that small window box,
It was a skipping my feet
Four floors below on the street

For every good seed she plants in the soil
There's a dozen bad waiting to grow
To strangle the goodness she's trying to nurture
To kill all the seed that she's sown

Every time you water the garden
You also water the weeds
A foul administration of sin and temptation
Four floors above the street

Some people don't understand why she does it
Some people look for a reason
Maybe she just likes the feel of the soil
Or keeping in tune with the seasons

Maybe she has so much pride in herself
Got to keep it all visually pleasing
A small paradise in a world of concrete
Four floors above the street

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