

Guitar

Cake

I'm sitting by the window of your thirty-second floor apartment
Waiting for your phone calls all to end
I'm sitting watching wind blow
Watching time go
Watching cars go by
I'm waiting for these memories to begin If I threw my guitar
Out the window so far down
Would I start to regret it
Or would I smile and watch it slowly fall, fall, fall? yea Garbage truck and taxi cab
Don't seem like they can reach me here
The clamor of jackhammers seems so faint
Well, the way you treat me like the only
Slightly brings me down a lot
I don't think that I'll ever be the same, yea If I threw my guitar
Out the window so far down
Would I start to regret it
Or would I smile and watch it slowly fall, fall, fall?

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