

Four Flights Up

Lloyd Cole & The Comotions

I was woken up at four A.M.
By your screams and anguished cries
Your mother was singing in the bathroom
She will never be my child
Oh baby, talks in her sleep so loud We're living four flights up
But I swear right now it feels like underground Well, you have absolutely no common sense
Yes, I know that's your charm
You spend the whole day on the phone
You say, well, it helps you stay calm
You cling to my arm, yes, I know that's your charm
And when I ask you what you want
You say, "Do you mind, hey, crocodile"
Well, then could you give me some peace
You say, "Well, maybe for a while" Sometimes you know you could almost be a child
Oh, must you tell me all your secrets
When it's hard enough to love you knowing nothing We're living four flights up
But I swear right now it feels like underground You are your own worst enemy
So don't expect my sympathy
Oh, go back to your mother's house
And cry your little heart out You can drive them back to town
In a beat-up Grace Kelly car
Looking like a friend of Truman Capote
Looking exactly like you are
Yes, yes, I know that's your charm
So don't ask me if I want you
Only ask me if I must
I've been blown around so long
Don't know which senses to trust
Oh no, but I know that I must Oh, must you tell me all your secrets
When it's hard enough to love you knowing nothing
We're living four flights up
But I swear right now it feels like underground
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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