

Three Flights Up

Yellowcard

On the first floor

On the first floor On the first floor there's a young girl reeling

Her body's numb and without feeling

As illusions dance on the midnight ceiling

Now she's falling, now she's kneeling It's almost like she's bowed in prayer

A savior she's about to bear

She screams for help, but no one's there

On the first floor On the first floor people walk the halls

But none can hear her desperate calls

There is no sound beyond the walls

So to the telephone she crawls She telephones her only friend

The one on whom she can depend

But the phone rings on without an end

Then rings no more on the first floor There's a party on the second floor

And through the picture window you can see them all

They're laughing and they're dancing

Admiring the Renoir that's hanging on the wall But in the master bedroom where the coats are piled high

A silent, saddened lady thinks of what it's like to die

And as she dwells on all the years she still has left to face

She wonders how she'll ever find someone to take his place Then suddenly she's jarred by the ringing of the
phone

Oh, why do you ring now, just when I want to be alone?

So she walks into the bathroom and drinks some water from a cup

But the telephone stops ringing just before she picks it up My family was very poor

So I worked hard to be secure

I married one I had to wed

And not the one I loved instead When I was young my blood ran wild

But we stayed married for the child

Now three flights up, I'm all alone

My wife is dead, my child is grown My daughter leads a wayward life

She's been a failure as a wife

And though she lives just one floor down

She never calls or comes around Step off the platform and onto the train

Look out your window and into the rain

Watch all the buildings that pass as you ride

And count all the stories that go on inside And then ask yourself if it must be this way

Should walls and doors and plaster ceilings

Separate us from each others' feelings?

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