

# Coming Up

[Ann Scott](#)

Our father who art in a penthouse sits in his 37th floor suite  
And swivels to gaze down at the city he made me in  
He allows me to stand and solicit graffiti until  
He needs the land I stand on  
I in my darkened threshold am pawing through my pockets  
The receipts, the bus schedules, the matchbook phone numbers  
The urgent napkin poems all of which laundering has rendered  
Pulpy and strange, loose change and a key  
Ask me, go ahead, ask me, go ahead, ask me  
Go ahead, ask me if I care  
I got the answer here, I wrote it down somewhere  
I just gotta find it  
Somebody and their spray paint got too close  
Somebody came on too heavy  
Now look at me made ugly by the drooling letters  
I was better off alone, ain't that the way it is  
They don't know the first thing but you don't know that  
Until they take the first swing  
My fingers are red and swollen from the cold  
I'm getting bold in my old age  
So go ahead, try the door, it doesn't matter anymore  
I know the weak hearted are strong willed  
And we are being kept alive  
Until we're killed, he's up there  
The, the ice is clinking in his glass  
It's little pieces of paper  
I don't ask  
I just empty my pockets and wait  
It's not fate, it's just circumstance  
I don't fool myself with romance  
I just live phone number to phone number  
Dusting them against my thighs  
In the warmth of my pockets  
Which whisper history incessantly asking me, ?Where were you??  
I lower my eyes wishing I could cry more  
And care less, yes it's true  
I was trying to love someone again  
I was caught caring, bearing weight  
But I love this city, this state this country is too large

And whoever's in charge  
They better take the elevator down  
And put more than change in our cup  
Or else we are coming up

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