

# No Better Place

## Coming Up Milhouse

Is that supposed to be your poker face  
Or was someone run over by a train  
And you were minding your own business  
But you're begging for forgiveness just the same  
And it's running back and forth inside your mind  
Just how that town defined you  
Dressed you up, painted your face  
And now you're leaving New York  
For no better place  
You're awake and trying not to be  
Wrapped around your pillow like a prawn  
And the nighttime's wrapped around you  
Will be until it drops you on the dawn  
>From the C train to the shiny tower  
Kicked around til happy hour found you  
Where you can drink that smirk right off your face

And now you're leaving New York  
For no better place  
And here is your reflection  
In a building uptown  
A ghost inside some Madison Avenue display  
Like water under bridges  
You're slowly passing by  
As you sail between the rooftops and the sky  
And the bourbon sits inside me  
Right now I'm a puppet in its sway  
And it may be the whiskey talking  
But the whiskey says I miss you every day  
So I taxi to an all-night party  
Park me in the corner in an old chair  
Sip my drink and stare out into space  
And now you're leaving New York  
For no better place