

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

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