Three Flights Up

Nanci Griffith

We returned to that five room flat
Now it was empty and this the last time
There were blinking pictures
Of how we'd sit and chat
Some of them are scattered
Others shattered in my mindIt was always three flights up
Cathedral bells kept timeIn the winter, a chatterin' cold
While the building shook like ragweed in the wind
Stories from the heat pipes
We were told
Now they only leave me
With a half enchanted grinIt was always three flights up
Cathedral bells kept timeBicycles squeezed down alley ways into view
And towels warmed on oven doors
To not freeze
Was the only thing to doAnd I wonder if we kept to the fair warning
'Cause I can see it in the flowers
Dyin' on the window sil
I know we must be out by tomorrow mornin'
But am I goin' against my will?It was always three flights up
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