

# 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 mind  
It was always three flights up  
Cathedral bells kept time  
In 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 grin  
It was always three flights up  
Cathedral bells kept time  
Bicycles squeezed down alley ways into view  
And towels warmed on oven doors  
To not freeze  
Was the only thing to do  
And 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  
Cathedral bells kept time  
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And towels warmed on oven doors  
To not freeze  
Was the only thing to do  
And I wonder if we kept to the fair warning  
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