Three Flights Up

Don Mclean

On the first floor
On the first floorOn the first floor there's a young girl reeling
Her body's numb and without feeling
As illusions dance on the midnight ceiling
Now she's falling, now she's kneelingIt's almost like she's bowed in prayer
A savior she's about to bear
She screams for help, but no one's there
On the first floorOn the first floor people walk the halls
But none can hear her desperate calls
There is no sound beyond the walls
So to the telephone she crawlsShe telephones her only friend
The one on whom she can depend
But the phone rings on without an end
Then rings no more on the first floorThere's a party on the second floor
And through the picture window you can see them all
They're laughing and they're dancing
Admiring the Renoir that's hanging on the wallBut in the master bedroom where the coats are piled high
A silent, saddened lady thinks of what it's like to die
And as she dwells on all the years she still has left to face
She wonders how she'll ever find someone to take his placeThen suddenly she's jarred by the ringing of the phone
Oh, why do you ring now, just when I want to be alone?
So she walks into the bathroom and drinks some water from a cup
But the telephone stops ringing just before she picks it upMy family was very poor
So I worked hard to be secure
I married one I had to wed
And not the one I loved insteadWhen I was young my blood ran wild
But we stayed married for the child
Now three flights up, I'm all alone
My wife is dead, my child is grownMy daughter leads a wayward life
She's been a failure as a wife
And though she lives just one floor down
She never calls or comes aroundStep off the platform and onto the train
Look out your window and into the rain
Watch all the buildings that pass as you ride
And count all the stories that go on insideAnd then ask yourself if it must be this way
Should walls and doors and plaster ceilings
Separate us from each others' feelings?

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