

# The Old Apartment

Melissa O'Neil

Broke into the old apartment  
This is where we used to live  
Broken glass, broke and hungry  
Broken hearts and broken bones  
This is where we used to live Why did you paint the walls?  
Why did you clean the floor?  
Why did you plaster over  
The hole I punched in the door?  
This is where we used to live Why did you keep the mousetrap?  
Why didn't you keep the dish rack?  
These things used to be mine  
I guess they still are, I want them back Broke into the old apartment  
Forty-two stairs from the street  
Crooked landing, crooked landlord  
Narrow lane way filled with crooks  
This is where we used to live Why did they pave the lawn?  
Why did they change the lock?  
Why did I have to break it  
I only came here to talk  
This is where we used to live How is the neighbor downstairs?  
How is her temper this year?  
I turned up your TV  
And stomped on the floor just for fun Well, I know, we don't live here anymore  
We bought an old house on the Danforth  
She loves me and her body keeps me warm, I'm happy here  
But this is where we used to live Broke into the old apartment  
Tore the phone out of the wall  
Only memories, fading memories  
Blending into dull tableaux  
I want them back I want them back  
This is where we used to live  
I want them back  
This is where we used to live  
I want them back  
This is where we used to live  
I want them back

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