

Guitar - 1/1

Interprété par Cake.

i'm sitting by the window of your thirty-second floor apartment
waiting for your phone calls all to end
i'm sitting watching wind blow
watching time go
watching cars go by
i'm waiting for these memories to begin

if i threw my guitar
out the window, so far down
would i start to regret it
or would i smile and watch it slowly fall?

garbage trucks and taxi cabs
don't seem like they can reach me here
the clamor of jack-hammers seems so faint
the way you treat me like the only
slightly brings me down a lot
i don't think i'll ever be the same

if i threw my guitar
out the window, so far down
would i start to regret it
or would i smile and watch it slowly fall?