

# Facing New York, Cutting My Hair

Sliding down the windshield of my car,  
To catch a wiper and be tossed aside, to soak into the street.  
Followed by another countless pour of rain,  
I swear I could watch it fall all over me, from my head down to my feet.

I'm throwing up,  
And falling down.  
I'm never what I seem, it's like I'm walking through a dream.

But I've been washing my face.  
I've been trying so hard.  
But nothing's going to work.

And I've been cutting my hair.  
And it's got me nowhere.  
But that's how I'll get by.  
And I get by.

In the raindrop is a microscopic man.  
He dances carelessly atop the snow in the middle of the road.  
When the sunlight pierces all the clouds.  
He'll have a lot to deal with, melting down, barefoot on the ground.

Dance, 'cause I like to play guitar, yeah so I can sing, sing, sing 'til I'm out of breath.  
Got no job, just so I can write hit songs, yeah so I can take a bow when there's no applause