

# James Taylor, Up On The Roof

(Goffin/King)

When this old world starts a getting me down,  
and people are just too much for me to face.  
I'll climb way up to the top of the stairs and all my cares just drift right into space.  
On the roof, it's peaceful as can be and there the world below don't bother me, no, no.

So when I come home feeling tired and beat, I'll go up where the air is fresh and sweet.  
I'll get far away from the hustling crowd and all the rat-race noise down in the street.  
On the roof, that's the only place I know, look at the city, baby.  
Where you just have to wish to make it so, let's go up on the roof.

And at night the stars, they put on a show for free.  
And, darling, you can share it all with me, that's what I said, keep on telling you  
That right smack dab in the middle of town , I found a paradise that's trouble-proof.  
And if this old world starts a getting you down, there's room enough for two  
up on the roof, up on the roof, up on the roof.  
Everything is all right, every thing is all right.  
You got the stars above and the city lights below, let's go up on the roof.