

My Apartment

Ben Kweller

Sometimes I wish I had a farm
Where the only pollution is your cigarettes
Where your mind is clear.
But I like it here in my small space.
New York's the place where the sidewalks know my face
As I walk to

My apartment, the home where I hide
Away from all the darkness outside.
I'm there all the time.

Bikes ride to the park and city pools.
It's summer now; empty the school.
Fly home to my cat on the F train.
I'm protected from pain
When I'm in

My apartment, the home where I hide
Away from all the darkness outside.
I'm there all the time.

I'm there in my apartment, the home where I hide
Away from all the darkness outside.
I'm there all the time