

Up On The Roof

Peter Cincotti

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 can't bother me

When I come home feeling tired and beat
I'll go up where the air is fresh and sweet
I'll get away from the hustling crowd
That would and all that rat-race noise down in the street

On the roof, the only place I know
Where you just have to wish to make it so

At night the stars put on a show for free
Darling, you can share it all with me

Right smack dab in the middle of town
I found a paradise that's troubleproof
And if this world starts getting you down
There's room enough for two up on the roof
Up on the roof