April, back in New York, the thirty first floor It seems somehow every thing's changed The kitchen too small, plates on the wall The sound of machinery

May, where have you been? Who were you running with? Wasn't he someone you used to call home? Where is the ring? Where is the boy who went traveling alone?

She's much better without me

She walks through the gates of the country, her hands at her si de

And I smile as I watch her walk by

Somehow I see there are ships in her eyes, yeah, she is better off now

June, the curtain is shut, the patterns are cut The maid who will wake you at dawn Pulls out a chair, pulls down your hair It's just like you wanted

July, what's going on? What are you running from? Why are you sleeping alone on the floor? Some people change, others hang on till they can't anymore

She's much better without me

She walks through the gates of the country, her hands at her si de

And I smile as I watch her walk by

And somehow I see there are ships in her eyes, yeah, she is bet ter off now

[?] she's much better without me

She walks through the gates of the country, her hands in the air

And I smile as I watch her walk by

Somehow I see there are ships in her eyes, yeah, she is better off now