

# Three Flights Up

Don McLean

On the first floor  
On the first floor

On the first floor there's a young girl reeling  
Her body's numb and without feeling  
As illusions dance on the midnight ceiling  
Now she's falling, now she's kneeling

It's almost like she's bowed in prayer  
A savior she's about to bear  
She screams for help, but no one's there  
On the first floor

On the first floor people walk the halls  
But none can hear her desperate calls  
There is no sound beyond the walls  
So to the telephone she crawls

She telephones her only friend  
The one on whom she can depend  
But the phone rings on without an end  
Then rings no more on the first floor

There's a party on the second floor  
And through the picture window you can see them all  
They're laughing and they're dancing  
Admiring the Renoir that's hanging on the wall

But in the master bedroom where the coats are piled high  
A silent, saddened lady thinks of what it's like to die  
And as she dwells on all the years she still has left to face  
She wonders how she'll ever find someone to take his place

Then suddenly she's jarred by the ringing of the phone  
Oh, why do you ring now, just when I want to be alone?  
So she walks into the bathroom and drinks some water from a cup  
But the telephone stops ringing just before she picks it up

My family was very poor  
So I worked hard to be secure  
I married one I had to wed  
And not the one I loved instead

When I was young my blood ran wild  
But we stayed married for the child  
Now three flights up, I'm all alone  
My wife is dead, my child is grown

My daughter leads a wayward life  
She's been a failure as a wife  
And though she lives just one floor down  
She never calls or comes around

Step off the platform and onto the train  
Look out your window and into the rain  
Watch all the buildings that pass as you ride  
And count all the stories that go on inside

And then ask yourself if it must be this way  
Should walls and doors and plaster ceilings  
Separate us from each others' feelings?