

Diane, the Skyscraper

Jack's Mannequin

I'm living in a waiting room on the tenth floor
Of a New York City skyscraper
Got the paperwork filled out my friend
Can you tell me how this story ends?
My best girl caught a taxi cab to an uptown bar to meet my band
But I don't have the energy so she plugs my machines back in
And the late night T.V. talks to me about God but God why can't I sleep?
As she plugs my machines back in
But my machines back in now don't cha'

Diane
(Diane)
I'd be lying if I said this was my plan
(Diane)
We are all in this together
(Diane)
See I'm trying but I just don't understand
(Diane)
Well I can't predict the weather past the storm
(The weather past the storm)

And there's mornings where I wake up quick
And my head it dreams and my stomach's sick alone
To slowly pull the sun from bed
Below the fifty-ninth street bridge
And I feel like I'm a battle tank
But there's peace for every pound of strength
I'm waiting for the enemy
While she plugs my machines back in
(Back in)

Diane
(Diane)
I'd be lying if I said this was my plan
(Diane)
We are all in this together
(Diane)
See I'm trying but I just don't understand
(Diane)
Well I can't predict the weather past the storm
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