

Soundtrack

Matt Nathanson

I heard the city sing the night that we met
It hung in the air like the moon
We kissed in the Bowery and ditched all your friends
To watch the sunrise from your room

Music saved my life
It lit me like flare guns in the night
Turned all my nightmares into dreams
It was everything
Now it's just the soundtrack to

Weekends and days in your bed
While we sleep in and I watch you dress
To the sound of a symphony playing for two
Music used to be everything to me
But now it's just the soundtrack to you

Drunk at Pagoda waited half the night
To sing Tiny Dancer at dawn
There wasn't one person who got the words right
But the whole room sang along

Weekends days in your bed
While we sleep in and I watch you dress
To the sound of a symphony playing for two
Music used to be everything to me
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You and I walking through
Chinatown talkin' about
Places that we'll never see
A train to Rockaway
Pizza on paper plates
Watching the waves on the beach

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