

Here's Looking at You, Kid

The Gaslight Anthem

You can tell Gayle, if she calls, that I'm famous now for all of these rock and roll songs*
And even if that's a lie, she should've given me a try.
When were kids on the field of the first day of school.
I would've been her fool.
And I would've sang out her name in those old high school halls.
You tell that to Gayle, if she calls. And you can tell Jane, if she writes, that I'm drunk off all
these stars and all these crazy hollywood nights.
That's total deceit, but she should've married me.
And tell her I spent every night of my youth on the floor, bleeding out from all these wounds.
I would've gotten her a ride out of that town she despised.
You tell that to Janey, if she writes.
But boys will be boys and girls have those eyes that will cut you to ribbons sometimes.
And all you can do is just wait by the moon and bleed if it's what she says you oughta do.
You remind Nana, if she asks why, that a thief stole my heart while she was making up her
mind.
I heard she lives in Brooklyn with the cool, goes crazy over that New York scene on 7th
Avenue.
But I used to wait at the diner, a million nights without her, praying she won't cancel again
tonight.
And the waiter served my coffee with a consolation sigh.
You remind Ana, if she asks why. You know it's hard to tell you this.
Oh it's hard to tell you this.
Here's looking at you, Kid.

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