

For Elise

Well, I can't write like Beethoven, and you'll never call again

Love is stuck inside my head just like a song

And all down 42nd Street, concrete music in the leaves

And I wonder if I'd rather be alone

But I'm still searching for your face on every sidewalk

I still remember all our days just like a dream

Wish that I could tell a story full of sunlight

But I can only write about the things I've seen

And in the cold November air, New York City doesn't care

Still I've got to write this down, I don't know why

Those hopeless chords on my guitar, the city lights outshine the stars

Know you're gone, it doesn't matter if I try

Well I know that Beethoven, he wrote a song for someone

I know Elise was just a nickname, just like you

And no one knows what she was thinking when he played it

Oh but I know he never heard her say I do

Yeah, just a broken heart, another pretty tune

And it's tough to know
That I don't matter
To see that you
Don't give a damn
To sing the blues
When night is falling
To live with who
With who I am

And so I'm walking home tonight, underneath the Midtown lights

A thousand faces and their stories passing by
But will I always be alone, writing songs that no one knows
'Cause I can't write like Beethoven, God knows I try

And I know Elise is somewhere out there on the sidewalk
There with some lucky man who's so much more than me

Wish that I could tell a story full of sunlight
But I can only write about the things I've seen
Yeah, just a broken heart, a song called For Elise