

Nails in My Feet

Crowded House

My life is a house
You crawl through the window
Slip across the floor and into the reception room
You enter the place of endless persuasion
Like a knock on the door
When there's ten or more things to do
Who is that calling?
You my companion
Run to the water on a burning beach
And it brings me relief

Pass through the walls
To find my intentions
Circle 'round in a strange, hypnotic state
I look into space
There is no connection
A million points of light
And a conversation I can't face

Cast me off one day
To lose my inhibition
Sit like a lap dog on a matron's knee
Wear the nails on your feet

I woke up the house
Stumbled in sideways
The lights went on and everybody screamed "Surprise!"
The savage review
It left me gasping
But it warms my heart to see that you can do it too

Total surrender
Your touch is so tender
Your skin is like water on a burning beach
And it brings me relief

Like a night in your mind
It brings me relief
In the back door
Under the stars
And the scenery is my floor
In the back room
Under the stars
And the scenery is my floor