

## Where the Rain Comes In

Beardfish

There's no sound from where  
the rain gets in  
I'd mend it but I don't know  
where to begin  
drip-drop on the floor from the windowsill  
all is still

A small dirty nest on the third floor  
of an apartment building on  
lone street, oppressionville  
There's always music in the air  
but time stands still

In this old building nothing is safe  
I always go for a smoke once or twice  
on the balcony each day  
but today the antique  
reinforcement bar carved  
so I fell... six metres to the ground...  
I lost my breath  
all is still

The sky is big and blue, almost surreal  
But deep space is always black on my TV  
It's supposed to be out there  
Behind all that blue shimmer somewhere...  
(Twinkle, twinkle - you twinkle light)

In my hospital bed  
I'm riding out the inner turmoil  
of a drug cocktail the white-coats gave me  
I realize I'm in severe need  
of a new sheriff up north

Gotta get those priorities straight, man...  
can't be fooling around any longer, man!  
You're not 20 years old any more...  
... should I quit smoking perhaps?

And maybe I could get my hands on one of  
those things that keep people occupied.  
whaddaya call'em... - you mean jobs?  
- yeah, jobs, that's it, a daytime job!  
I'm done with this bullshit!

I'm playing, but nobody's paying...  
Falling of balconies just because  
I need a break from the music...  
Well, here's the big break for you... I quit

When graced by death  
I stood the test  
Found that in this place where I rest  
everything is too still

The life that I've chosen  
I go to it like a duck to water

But beyond the horizon there's a big, big world  
and I think I want to see it after all...