

Walking on the Spot

Crowded House

The odd times we slip
and slither down the dark hall
fingers point from old windows
an eerie shadow falls
I'm walking on the spot
to show that I'm alive
moving every bone in my body
from side to side

Will we be in our minds when the dawn breaks
can we look the milkman in the eye
the world is somehow different, you have all been changed
before my very eyes

Walk around your home
pour yourself a drink
fire one more torpedo, baby
watch the kitchen sink
you're lounging on the sofa, maybe
see the living room die
the dishes are unwashed and broken
all you do is cry

See the living room die
the dishes are unwashed and broken
all you do is cry