

# Heaven Up Here

Echo & the Bunnymen

Ohh...Where are you now  
I'm over here  
We've got those empty pockets  
And we can't afford the beer  
We're smoking holes and we've got only dreams  
And we're so damn drunk we can't see the stairs

The apple cart upset my head's little brain  
This little moon in the sky upset my head with a brain

I saw it yippee, I did, I swear  
Walking through the hallway  
Crawling up the stairs  
Abebe baby baby baby Bekila  
Given up on whisky  
Taken up with tequila

I'm on my own in my blind alley  
I turn myself around  
So it's swallowing me

Watch the guitar  
Watch the guitar

Groovy groovy people  
We're all groovy groovy people  
Groovy groovy people  
We're all groovy groovy people  
Groovy groovy people  
Groovy groovy people

I wonder why

Me and the wall  
We're okay, we're okay

F-F-Faustus you've got nothing to fear  
It may be hell down there  
'Cause it's heaven up here  
I'd have given forever for a few good years  
But too much of a muchness is to much you hear

The hammer on my chest was an abominable pain  
the anvil on my belly was an abdominal strain

We've got the bottle  
Go take the bottle  
Go take a sip