

# God Lives Upstairs

John Wesley Harding

There was this man  
Who lived on the seashore  
The house with the steel door  
You passed it on the way to where you are  
He stares at the sand  
From his bedroom window  
Shakes as the wind blows  
Through the passing tail-fins of your car

Nothing matters anymore  
If it does, he doesn't care  
The devil lives below him  
God lives upstairs

He's trying to sleep  
So hard in the daylight  
Impossible at night  
Between those neighbours driving him insane  
Footsteps from above  
Below, it's all-night parties  
And it's drink up, my hearties  
They're stoking up for the furnace once again

Nothing matters anymore  
If he does, he doesn't care  
The devil lives below him  
God lives upstairs

He hasn't a prayer  
Between the heated floorboards  
And the quiet guy on the third floor  
Who never even picks up all his mail  
He knows where it goes  
Downstairs is stealing  
He stares at the ceiling  
He knows that all he has to do is fail

Nothing matters anymore  
If it does, he doesn't care  
The devil lives below him  
God lives upstairs  
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