

Sittin' up late at night
I tiptoe through the darkness
Cold as hell, black as spades
Aware of my immediate surrounding
It's in my place well I escape
Up into my hideout

Hiding from everyone, my friends all say
"Dave you're mental anyway", hey
Drift into a deeper state
I stalk the cobwebbed stairways
Dirt grits beneath my feet, the stair creaks
I precariously sneak, yeah

Hypnosis guides my hand
I slip slide through the walkways
Sit in granny's rockin' chair
Memories are whirlin' by, yeah
Reminisce in the attic
Lucretia waits impatiently

Cobwebs make me squint
The cobra so eloquently glints
Moonbeams surge through the sky
The crystal ball's energized
Surely that like the cat waiting
Lucretia rocks away, yeah