

## Down In The Basement

Sloan

Way down, way far underground  
We got started at the bottom of the basement  
We didn't stretch to come to a sound  
We'd just play until we found the proper placement  
And it was all right  
It was just the way we used to do it  
But now the times have changed and all the questions too  
Like why bother to pursue it

For far too many, many years  
I'd ask myself the same thing everyday  
What do I want and where should I do  
Is playing music just leading me astray  
I didn't think so  
And all my sisters convinced me that I should keep it up  
Because it was embedded in my blood type, oh

All that we needed was four tracks and maybe some paint fumes  
And the desire for creation was away  
It always sounded good, and we knew it would  
We never dreamed that one day it would pay  
And now we're slowly waking up  
I had the strangest dream  
I was drowning in a flooded studio coiled in cables and inputs  
And I was coming apart at the seams

Forty tracks  
Forty mikes  
Turn up the heaters and fire up the floodlights  
Because we're going to be here for a long time  
But this place feels right because this is our space  
And we can do what we want when we need it and it's on our own  
dime

And now I'm raising up a ballet boy and a hockey girl  
And I've a wife that I really love  
Truly, dearly, completely, and hopefully so  
Somebody's watching over from above  
Just who, I can't say  
I try to rationalize it in my own way  
These are the reasons that you do what you do and I can be satisfied  
With a life of less work and more play  
Poor me