

Her Floor Is My Ceiling

The Whitlams

Her floor's my ceiling
I know what goes on
He finishes her quickly
And then he gets up to go

he walks to the lounge room
And puts on a tape
Lights up an Alpine
And settles in for the night

Oh if she liked the look of me
Oh if she liked the look of me
I'd get my act together
The books that I read

Are full of bravado
I'll sit and rot in the damp
With a head full of her
We meet in the hall

A storm in my head
What do you say, where do you go
With a dream in a stone?
Oh if she liked the look of me

Oh if she liked the look of me
I'd get my act together
Yeah I'd get my act together
I'd get an act together