

# 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