Welcome to My World

Yazbek

This is where I live
under the cellar floor
deep inside the ground
Down near the earth's core
Make your presence known
That's what the button's for
Two little bells
then welcome to my home
Don't mind the cannonballs
coming through the dome
over the concert hall
Leave the dogs alone
They don't like you at all

WHO'S FEELING SORRY NOW?

With modern lighting
you can read my writing
and I really won't mind
You'll hear the lecture
on the architecture
but it's too little much too late
This where I eat
over the fireplace
This where I sleep
up in the bookcase
This is what I love
tied with a shoelace

WHO'S FEELING SORRY NOW?

You grab your liver
and you sweat and shiver
but you really can't run
Your feet are freezing
in the ice of reason
and it's TOO LITTLE much too late

After you give your life away
how do you tell another story?

What do you do on moving day?
Do you pound and pound
but the hammer never hits the nail
wind never takes the sail
nothing ever matters
Show yourself the door
You're finished anyhow
Circumstance is
your father and mother now
That's what this was for
shaking the baby bough

WHO'S FEELING SORRY NOW?

You get the picture
it's a well-known mixture
Paranoia and hate
There's no forgiving
but it's gracious living
and it's too little much TOO LATE

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Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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