

Nails in My Feet

Crowded House

My life is a house
You crawl through the window
Slip across the floor and into the reception room
You enter the place of endless persuasion
Like a knock on the door
When there's ten or more things to do
Who is that calling?
You my companion
Run to the water on a burning beach
And it brings me relief
Pass through the walls
To find my intentions
Circle round in a strange hypnotic state
I look into space
There is no connection
A million points of light
And a conversation I can't face
Cast me off one day
To lose my inhibitions
Sit like a lap dog on a matron's knee
Wear the nails on your feet
I woke up the house
Stumbled in sideways
The lights went on and everybody screamed surprise
The savage review
It left me gasping
But it warms my heart to see that you can do it too
Total surrender
Your touch is so tender
Your skin is like water on a burning beach
And it brings me relief

Songwriters

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