Where the Rain Comes In

Beardfish

There's no sound from where
the rain gets in
I'd mend it but I don't know
where to begin
drip-drop on the floor from the windowsill
all is stillA small dirty nest on the third floor
of an apartment building on
lone street, opressionville
There's alway music in the air
but time stands stillIn this old building nothing is safe
I always go for a smoke once or twice
on the balcony each day
but today the antique
reinforcement bar carved
so I fell... six metres to the ground...
I lost my breath
all is stillThe sky is big and blue, almost surreal
But deep space is always black on my TV
It's supposed to be out there
Behind all that blue shimmer somewhere...
(Twinkle, twinkle - you twinkle light)In my hospital bed
I'm riding out the inner turmoil
of a drug cocktail the white-coats gave me
I realize I'm in severe need
of a new sheriff up northGotta get those priorities straight, man...
can't be fooling around any longer, man!
You're not 20 years old any more...
... should I quit smoking perhaps?And maybe I could get my hands on one of
those things that keep people occupied.
whaddaya call'em... - you mean jobs?
- yeah, jobs, that's it, a daytime job!
I'm done with this bullshit!I'm playing, but nobody's paying...
Falling of balconies just because
I need a break from the music...
Well, here's the big break for you... I quitWhen graced by death
I stood the test
Found that in this place where I rest
everything is too stillThe life that I've chosen
I go to it like a duck to water

But beyound the horizon there's a big, big world
and I think I want to see it after all...

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