God Lives Upstairs

John Wesley Harding

There was this man
And he lived on the seashore
The house with the steel door
You passed it on the way
To where you areHe stares at the sand
Through his bedroom window
Which shakes as the wind blows
Through the passing tail fins
Of your carNothing matters anymore
If it does, he doesn't care
The devil lives below him
God lives upstairs, God lives upstairsHe's trying to sleep
It's so hard in the daylight
Impossible at night
Between those neighbors
Driving him insaneFootsteps from above
Downstairs it's all night parties
And it's drink up, my hearties
They're stoking up
The furnace once againNothing matters anymore
If it does, he doesn't care
The devil lives below him
God lives upstairs, God lives upstairsHe hasn't a prayer
Between the heated floorboards
And the quiet guy on the third floor
Who never even picks up all his mailHe knows where it goes
Downstairs is stealing
He stares at the ceiling
He knows that all he has to do is failNothing matters anymore
If it does, he doesn't care
The devil lives below him
God lives upstairsGod lives up there
The devil lives below him
God lives upstairs

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