

# 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 are  
He stares at the sand  
Through his bedroom window  
Which shakes as the wind blows  
Through the passing tail fins  
Of your car  
Nothing matters anymore  
If it does, he doesn't care  
The devil lives below him  
God lives upstairs, God lives upstairs  
He's trying to sleep  
It's so hard in the daylight  
Impossible at night  
Between those neighbors  
Driving him insane  
Footsteps from above  
Downstairs it's all night parties  
And it's drink up, my hearties  
They're stoking up  
The furnace once again  
Nothing matters anymore  
If it does, he doesn't care  
The devil lives below him  
God lives upstairs, God lives upstairs  
He hasn't a prayer  
Between the heated floorboards  
And the quiet guy on the third floor  
Who never even picks up all his mail  
He knows where it goes  
Downstairs is stealing  
He stares at the ceiling  
He knows that all he has to do is fail  
Nothing matters anymore  
If it does, he doesn't care  
The devil lives below him  
God lives upstairs  
God lives up there  
The devil lives below him  
God lives upstairs