

Heaven Up Here

Echo & The Bunnymen

Where are you now
We're over here
We've got those empty pockets
And we can't afford the beer
Smoking holes and we've got only dreams
And we're so damn drunk we can't see the stairs
The apple cart upset my head's little brain
This little moon in the sky upset my head with a brain
I saw it yippee, I did, I swear
Walking through the hallway
Crawling up the stairs
And baby baby baby baby Bekila
Given up on whiskey
Taken up with tequila
I'm on my own in my blind alley
I turn myself around
So it's swallowing me
Watch the guitar
Watch the guitar
Groovy groovy people
We're all groovy groovy people
Groovy groovy people
We're all groovy groovy people
Groovy groovy people
Groovy groovy people
I wonder why
We're okay, we're okay
The boom-boom box says there's nothing to fear
It may be hell down there
'Cause it's heaven up here
I'd have given forever for a few good years
But too much of a much isn't
Too much you hear
The hammer on my chest was
The anvil on my bed it was a domino square
And at the bottom
We'll take the bottle
We'll take a sip

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