

My Life Is In Storage

Frank Black

I had a castle
I had no hassles
Now tears are tassels
You're sure to know it
Just when you blow it
Then you can stow itMy life is in storage
My life is in storageCome take a voyage
To personal storage
And we will forage
Leashes for my hounds
My tools for my grounds
Speakers for my soundsMy life is in storage
My life is in storageHere are the pictures
Of permanant fixtures
Now they're just pictures
Lying in this stack
Bakin' in this shack
Of things I can't get backMy life is in storage
My life is in storageWhat life has become
Stored here for a sum
I hauled it, I feel dumb
Got my lock and key
Paid him in his fee
Now I wait and seeMy life is in storage
My life is in storageI believe in your perfect face
I believe in your place in the sun
Can we leave now this dusty space
Can we have a little fun?I was standin' at the podium
Though I was a little drunk
To the darkened auditorium
I delivered my funkYou were standing at the edge of the light
Tryin' not to be too impressed
I was tryin for the sake of the night
Not to be too depressedI called you on the telephone
From a hotel in Beverly Hills
And though I was scared to the bone
You were givin' me thrillsI believe in your perfect face
I believe in you place in the sun
Can we leave now this dusty space

Can we have a little fun?

Songwriters

THOMPSON, CHARLES Published by

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