

# 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

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