

Murder

[Alana Davis](#)

There's a bleeder in my kitchen and he's pouring on my floor
There's a killer in my hallway and he's scratching at my door
I think I might have heard some screaming
I might have heard somebody cry Now I wonder am I dreaming or is my mind telling me a lie
Well I can't run any further, oh no, and I can't hide anymore
And I think there's been a murder, oh yeah, up on the ground floor
Up on the ground floor There's a boa in my bathroom and he's coiling in my sink
He wants my cats I think
Paranoia in my house and I'm
And I'm balanced on the brink And I can't run any further, no, no and I can't hide anymore
'Cause I think there's been a murder up on the ground floor, oh yeah I'm living in a basement flat in a quiet part
of town
I bet you wonder where my head is at when I'm imagining all these sounds
I'd check it out but I'm glued to my chair, I can't make it to the door
I could be bugging but I'd gladly swear, I just heard a body hit the floor And I can't run any further, I can't hide,
I can't hide anymore
And I think there's been a murder up above me on the ground
On the ground floor, ground, yeah, ground
Ground yeah, ground, yeah, ooh

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