Upstairs In My House

Men at Work

No one knows what I can see and and what I see it pleases me on my roof
South Pacific hot sea pool, Coney Island amusement school for mispent youth
Its all in my own front yard, seagulls grazing in the park and foreshore
South-East wind pins back my ears, Luna Park lights up the years of painless daysI like it, upstairs in my houseDealers selling junk and trash, people spend their hard earned cash on Sundays
Its quiet when they fade away, Westgate Bridge breakes up the day, into red skyI like it, upstairs in my house, upstairs in my houseNo one knows what I can see and what I see it pleases me on my roofI like it, upstairs in my house, upstairs in my house

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