

Upstairs In My House

Men at Work

No one knows what I can see 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 days I like it, upstairs in my
house Dealers selling junk and trash, people spend their hard earned cash on Sundays
Its quiet when they fade away, Westgate Bridge breaks up the day, into red sky I like it, upstairs in my house,
upstairs in my house No one knows what I can see and what I see it pleases me on my roof I like it, upstairs in
my house, upstairs in my house

Songwriters

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