

In the Flat Upstairs

Several Mouth Parts

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By Scott Lynd

What's going on in the flat upstairs?
The stamping feet, the scraping chairs?
Non-stop racket since I first moved in
Three weeks straight of that constant din

I'd ask the super to intervene
But he's not been seen since Halloween
I've gone upstairs to knock and knock
But the lights are out and the door is (always) locked

[Bridge]

I wish someone would pick up that phone
It's been ringing all night like there's nobody home
I wish somebody could tell me please
Why they're moving that piano while they're pounding the keys?

What's going on in the flat upstairs?
My neck's back's covered in standing hairs!
The ceiling's plaster's falling just like rain
Without some sleep I'll just go insane...

Lyrics Submitted by Stephen Kane

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