

# Welcome to My World

David Yazbek

This is where I live  
under the cellar floor  
deep inside the ground  
Down near the earth's core  
Make your presence known  
That's what the button's for  
Two little bells  
then welcome to my home  
Don't mind the cannonballs  
coming through the dome  
over the concert hall  
Leave the dogs alone  
They don't like you at all

Who's feeling sorry now?

With modern lighting  
you can read my writing  
and I really won't mind  
You'll hear the lecture  
on the architecture  
but it's too little much too late  
This where I eat  
over the fireplace  
This where I sleep  
up in the bookcase  
This is what I love  
tied with a shoelace

Who's feeling sorry now?

You grab your liver  
and you sweat and shiver  
but you really can't run  
Your feet are freezing  
in the ice of reason  
and it's too little much too late

After you give your life away  
how do you tell another story?

What do you do on moving day?  
Do you pound and pound  
but the hammer never hits the nail  
wind never takes the sail  
nothing ever matters  
Show yourself the door  
You're finished anyhow  
Circumstance is  
your father and mother now  
That's what this was for  
shaking the baby bough

Who's feeling sorry now?

You get the picture  
it's a well-known mixture  
Paranoia and hate  
There's no forgiving  
but it's gracious living  
and it's too little much too late

With modern lighting  
you can read my writing  
and I really won't mind  
You'll hear the lecture  
on the architecture  
but it's too little much too late

You grab your liver  
and you sweat and shiver  
but you really can't run  
Your feet are freezing  
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Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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