

A Song from Under the Floorboards

Magazine

I am angry, I am ill and I'm as ugly as sin
My Irritability keeps me alive and kicking
I know the meaning of life, it doesn't help me a bit
I know beauty and I know a good thing when I see it
This is a song from under the floorboards
This is a song from where the wall is cracked
My force of habit, I am an insect
I have to confess, I'm proud as hell of that fact
I know the highest and the best
I accord them all due respect
But the brightest jewel inside of me
Glow with pleasure at my own stupidity
This is a song from under the floorboards
This is a song from where the wall is cracked
My force of habit, I am an insect
I have to confess, I'm proud as hell of that fact
Used to make phantoms, I could later chase
Images of all that could be desired
Then I got tired of counting all of these blessings
And then I just got tired
This is a song from under the floorboards
This is a song from where the wall is cracked
My force of habit, I am an insect
I have to confess, I'm proud as hell of that fact
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This is a song from where the wall is cracked
My force of habit, I am an insect
I have to confess, I'm proud as hell of that fact
Habit!

Lyrics provided by

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