

# 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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My force of habit, I am an insect  
I have to confess I'm proud as hell of that fact

Songwriters

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