My Life Is In Storage

Frank Black

I had a castle, I had no hassles
Now tears are tassels
You're sure to know it, just when you blow it
Then you can stow itMy life is in storage
My life is in storageCome take a voyage to personal storage
And we will forage
Leashes for my hounds, my tools for my grounds
Speakers for my soundsMy life is in storage
My life is in storageHere are the pictures of permanent fixtures
Now they're just pictures
Lying in this stack, baking in this shack
Of things I can't get backMy life is in storage
My life is in storageWhat life has become, stored here for a sum
I hauled it, I feel dumb
I got my lock and key, I paid a man his fee
Now I wait and seeMy life is in storage
My life is in storageI believe in your perfect face
I believe in your place in the sun
Can we leave now, this dusty space?
Can we have a little fun?I was standing at the podium
Though I was a little drunk
To the darkened auditorium
I delivered my funkYou were standing at the edge of the light
Trying not to be too impressed
I was trying for the sake of the night
Not to be too depressedI called you on the telephone
From a hotel in Beverly Hills
And though I was scared to the bone
You were giving me thrillsI believe in your perfect face
I believe in your place in the sun
Can we leave now, this dusty space?
Can we have a little fun?

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