

# 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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