

## **Whitlams**

# **"Her Floor is My Ceiling"**

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Her floor's my ceiling  
I know what goes on  
He finishes her quickly  
And then he gets up to go

She walks to the lounge room  
And puts on a tape  
Lights up an Alpine  
And settles in for the night

Oh if she liked the look of me  
Oh if she liked the look of me  
I'd get my act together

The books that I read  
Are full of bravado  
I'll sit and rot in the damp  
With a head full of her

We meet in the hall  
A storm in my head  
What do you say, where do you go  
With a dream in a stone?  
Oh if she liked the look of me  
Oh if she liked the look of me  
I'd get my act together  
Yeah I'd get my act together

I'd get an act together  
Words and music by Tim Freedman  
Produced by Rob Taylor and Tim Freedman  
Mixed, engineered and programmed by Rob Taylor  
Vocal, acoustic and Wurlitzer electric pianos - Tim  
Freedman  
Guitars - Ben Fink  
Hammond organ - Clayton Doley  
Bass - Alex Hewetson  
Drums, Roland V-drums - Terepai Richmond  
Strings arranged and conducted by John Encarnacao

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