

The Floor Is Made Of Lava

"Ain't Half Bad"

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My neighbor sings a serenade and cries about some
boyfriend.

I think I've met him in the hall before,

and I can't figure out her emotions.

Some kindergarten field trip make their way around
evolution.

As the next-door baby makes my day and starts
screaming about devotion.

I can see how it looks and from here it ain't half bad.

I see everything exactly how I want it to look.

It started out with nothing, but ends with something
good.

What makes 45 new messages and an ocean of
unread mail?

I should really call my mama up, and write down all the
things to say.

My calendar says April, but all the months are all the
same.

I'd love a lot of people a lot of more, if it wasn't always
this way.

I can see how it looks and from here it ain't half bad.

I see everything exactly how I want it to look.

It started out with nothing, but ends with something
good.

All my friends are traveling through or heading for
some kind of cause.

It's not that I don't wanna go,

but I get confused by the numbers and doors.

I can see how it looks and from here it ain't half bad.

I can see what you mean and from here it ain't half
bad.

I can see through it all and from here it ain't half bad.

And from here it ain't half bad.

I see everything exactly how I want it to look.

It started out with nothing, but ends with something
good.

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