

## **Gary Morris**

### **"The Man Upstairs"**

Visit "[The Man Upstairs](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

vLifetime of memories  
Stuffed in a moving van  
Fresh out of college  
Big city here I am  
And as I turn the key  
Somebody's watching me  
Who is that old man  
As I'm unpacking  
He shuffles down the stairs  
A walking fossil  
With crew cut silver hair  
He barely says hello  
Looks at my stereo  
There could be trouble

The man upstairs  
Is certainly a strange one  
The man upstairs  
Doesn't like my kind  
And I'm sure that I disturb  
The man upstairs

One night it happened  
A knock upon my door  
Eyes in my keyhole  
Oh no the geezers sore  
Points at my stereo  
He smiles and says hello  
Love them Beatles

He brought some records  
We really had a ball  
Big bands and crooners  
78's and all  
And for a couple years  
We used each others ears  
Loved them Beatles

The man upstairs  
Is certainly a strange one  
The man upstairs

Is not what he appears to be  
He's an awful lot like me  
The man upstairs

I found the package  
Next to my doorstep  
A box of records  
A note attached to it  
It said I won't be needing these  
Don't worry I'll be fine  
Up where celebrities  
Play all the music live

And the man upstairs  
Loves to hear his music loud  
The man upstairs  
Is not what we imagined him to be  
He's an awful lot like you and me

The man upstairs

Visit [Gary Morris](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.