

Gbh

"20 Floors Below"

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In the city of madness, I'm just another face,
but they know right where I am,
gotta leave this place.
Hiding in the subway, I don't like it down here,
rats are coming after me, they can smell my fear.

I'm in a fix, can't you tell,
living in this high rise hell.
Got the clouds for company,
terra ferma is the place to be.

In the city of chrome and steel,
they've got axes to grind.
I'm looking straight ahead of me,
but they're coming up from below.
Try an' escape to the sky but I got my vertigo blues,
running out of time and luck,
wearing dead mens shoes.

They're twenty floor below,
twenty floor below.
I can see the whites of their eyes,
and they're coming to get me.

In the city of angels underneath the desert moon,
I may seem in control right now,
but it's them who's calling the tune.
Turn to face my killers,
now turn and confront my fear.
There's a shadow on the wall, everything is clear.

In the city where the motto is "Forward",
I feel right at home.
And I never can settle down, no matter where I roam.
Fidget bouncing off the wall,
finding we got no cheese.
Check the answerphone,
and a little more petrol please.

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