

# James "Waterfall"

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My mirror's laughing at me  
Says, Boy, are you getting old?  
There's so much junk in your life  
What you've got you don't even know

Don't take a phone company  
To tell you life's pay as you go  
I wonder how much of life  
Is set up in *ÃfÃºtero*

Under the waterfall  
Under the waterfall  
Under the waterfall  
It's cool and cold and clear

Watching too much TV  
I'm an actor in a puppet show  
There's so much stuff in my life  
No room for me to grow

One day I'm going to break from my life  
Due south down to Mexico  
I'm going to burn down my house  
It's the only way to let it go

Under the waterfall  
Under the waterfall  
Under the waterfall  
It's cool and cold and clear

Run your hands 'cross the flanks of a horse  
Feel the pulse of blood, the heat and the force

It's an antidote to a life spent on the beat

The beat of concrete, the beat of machines  
Of mobile phones and plasma screens  
How much junk in my life do I really need?

Under the waterfall  
Under the waterfall  
Under the waterfall

It's cool and cold and clear

I'm so cynical  
Where I need to play  
I'm so cynical, find another way  
I'm so cynical, I can't change

One drop is lonely  
Two drops okay  
Three drops can make a spray  
Four drops get carried away

D I V E

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