

Crowded House

"Walking on The Spot"

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The odd times we slip
And slither down the dark hall
Fingers point from old windows
An eerie shadow falls

Walking on the spot
To show that I'm alive
Moving every bone in my body
From side to side

Will we be in our minds when the dawn breaks?
Can we look the milkman in the eye?
The world is somehow different, you have all been
changed
Before my very eyes

Walk around your home
And pour yourself a drink
Fire one more torpedo, baby
Watch the kitchen sink

Lounging on the sofa, maybe
See the living room die
Dishes are unwashed and broken
All you do is cry

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