

Alana Davis

"Murder"

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There's a bleeder in my kitchen
And he's pouring on my floor
There's a killer in my hallway
And he's scratching at my door
I think I might have heard some screaming
I might have heard somebody cry
Now I wonder am I dreaming
Or is my mind telling me a lie
Well I can't run any further
And I can't hide anymore
And I think there's been a murder
Up on the ground floor
There's a boa in my bathroom
And he's coiling in my sink
He wants my cats I think
Paranoia in my house now and I'm balanced on the
brink
Well I can't run any further

And I can't hide anymore
And I think there's been a murder
Up on the ground floor
I'm living in a basement flat in a quiet part of town
I bet you wonder where my head is at when I'm
imagining all these sounds
I'd check it out but I'm glued to my chair
I can't make it to the door
I could be bugging but i'd gladly swear
I just heard a body hit the floor
And I can't run any further
I can't hide, I can't hide anymore
And I think there's been a murder up above me on the
ground
On the ground floor

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