

Tony Lucca

"All Up In Your Place"

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Charming little neighborhood
most endearing view.
Peeking through your window
I'm here without you.
Tiptoe'n across your floor,
Napping in your bed
Flipping through your photos,
books that we both read.

I wash the dishes in your sink
and kill the chardoneay
I burned your smelly candles down
A rather busy day

I've been talking to your plants,
and your sketches on the wall
Mimicking the messages
that your friends leave when they call

I'm all up in your place but you're not here.
No, I'm all up in your place, but you're not here.

So I, I drew myself a bath
Stood naked in your mirror
I pictured you in front of me,
your hands raised in the air
My fingers kissed your elbow bend,
my hands fell to your breast
And the bathtub steam, prevented me,
From picturing the rest.

Took a deep breath from the towel that I used to dry my
face
Searching for the scent of you, the faintest little trace
now

I'm all up in your place but you're not here.
Oh No, I'm all up in your place, but you're not here.

So I slowly walked back to your room
turned your big bed down

I jumped up in and laid there,
listenin for the sound
of hurried steps come up the stairs,
keys unlock the door,
shoes come off your tiny feet,
come streaming across the floor
wrapped around your pillow
I awoke and it was clear,
I've spent another day inside your place,
without you here.

Oh no,
I'm all up in your place but you're not here.
No, no, no I'm all up in your place, but you're not here.

Lord, I'd swing on by your place but you're not here.
No, no-no, I'm all up in your place, but you're not here.

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