

# Echo & The Bunnymen, Heaven Up Here

Where are you now  
We're over here  
We've got those empty pockets  
And we can't afford the beer  
Smoking holes and we've got only dreams  
And we're so damn drunk we can't see the stairs

The apple cart upset my head's little brain  
This little moon in the sky upset my head with a brain

I saw it yippee, I did, I swear  
Walking through the hallway  
Crawling up the stairs  
And baby baby baby baby Bekila  
Given up on whisky  
Taken up with tequila  
I'm on my own in my blind alley  
I turn myself around  
So it's swallowing me

Watch the guitar  
Watch the guitar

Groovy groovy people  
We're all groovy groovy people  
Groovy groovy people  
We're all groovy groovy people  
Groovy groovy people  
Groovy groovy people

I wonder why

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Me and the wall  
We're okay, we're okay

The boom-boom box says there's nothing to fear  
It may be hell down there  
'Cause it's heaven up here  
I'd have given forever for a few good years  
But too much of a much isn't  
too much you hear

The hammer on my chest was \_\_\_\_\_  
the anvil on my bed it was a domino \_\_\_\_\_

And at the bottom  
We'll take the bottle  
We'll take a sip