James, Waterfall

My mirrors 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 utero

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 ok
Three drops can make a spray.
Four drops get carried away

D V E

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