

# 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

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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

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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  
I  
V  
E

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