

Voltaire, They Know Me

The guy upstairs is such a freak,
for five years now I've had a leak.
What does he do up there?
All day long he "sleeps all day";
then he goes out and comes home
in the most intoxicated way.
As far as I can tell, he juggles bowling balls
but he's not good at it.
He moves his furniture then at six am
he pulls out the vacuum cleaner
to suck his room.
The guy downstairs is also crazy,
he spent some time in an institute.
It did him not much good.
He's off his medication
and he starts screaming,
"Virgin Mary, you fucking alien!"
According to him Jesus Christ smokes crack
and other sundry things.
But it's the man upstairs who pulls the strings.
Won't let me sleep.
Please, kill that man upstairs.
If you ever loved me, you'll do this one thing,
won't you sweetheart?
Please, murder that man upstairs.
If you want to be my friend
you'll have to prove you mean it.
I used to think that rent control was a good idea
until I moved in here. Now I'm the only sucker
paying more than a hundred bucks a room.
And I'm surrounded by lunatics who don't
even need a moon.
But it's the man upstairs who pulls the strings
won't let me sleep.
Then there's the lady across the hall
who always knows what's going on
and Machu Pichu down the stairs
who is selling crack from to door.
14B are refugees and 14A transvestite whores.
But you know who is coming home
he's falling up his drunken stairs.....
...If you want to be my friend
you'll help me get a good night sleep.