Alana Davis, Murder

There's a bleeder in my kitchen
And he's pouring on my floor
There's a killer in my hallway
And he's scratching at my door
I think I might have heard some screaming
I might have heard somebody cry
Now I wonder am I dreaming
Or is my mind telling me a lie

Well I can't run any further (oh no)
And I can't hide anymore
And I think there's been a murder (oh yeah)
Up on the ground floor (up on the ground floor)

There's a boa in my bathroom
And he's crawling in my sink
He wants my cats I think
Paranoia in my house now
And I'm balanced on the brink

And I can't run any further (no, no)
And I can't hide anymore
Cause I think there's been a murder
Up on the ground floor (yeah)

I'm living in a basement flat
In a quiet part of town
I bet you wonder where my head is at
When I'm imaging all these sounds
I'd check it out but I'm glued to my chair
I can't make it to the door
I could be bugging but I'd glady swear
I just heard a body hit the floor

Oh and I can't run any further
And I can't hide, I can't hide anymore
And i think there's been a murder
Up above me on the ground
On the ground floor