Crowded House, Nails In My Feet

My life is a house you crawl through the window slip across the floor and into the reception room you enter the place of endless persuasion like a knock on the door when there's ten or more things to do Who is that calling? you my companion run to the water on a burning beach and it brings me relief Pass through the walls to find my intentions circle 'round in a strange, hypnotic state I look into space there is no connection a million points of light and a conversation I can't face Cast me off one day to lose my inhibition sit like a lap dog on a matron's knee wear the nails on your feet I woke up the house stumbled in sideways the lights went on and everybody screamed &guot; Surprise! &guot; the savage review it left me gasping but it warms my heart to see that you can do it too Total surrender your touch is so tender your skin is like water on a burning beach and it brings me relief Like a night in your mind it brings me relief in the back door under the stars and the scenery is my floor in the back room under the stars

and the scenery is my floor