

# Crowded House, Walking On The Spot

The odd times we slip  
and slither down the dark hall  
fingers point from old windows  
an eerie shadow falls  
I'm walking on the spot  
to show that I'm alive  
moving every bone in my body  
from side to side  
Will we be in our minds when the dawn breaks  
can we look the milkman in the eye  
the world is somehow different, you have all been changed  
before my very eyes  
Walk around your home  
pour yourself a drink  
fire one more torpedo, baby  
watch the kitchen sink  
you're lounging on the sofa, maybe  
see the living room die  
the dishes are unwashed and broken  
all you do is cry  
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the dishes are unwashed and broken  
all you do is cry