

Echo And The Bunnymen, Heaven Up Here

Ohh...Where are you now
I'm over here
We've got those empty pockets
And we can't afford the beer
We're smoking holes and we've got only dreams
And we're so damn drunk we can't see the stairs

The apple cart upset my head's little brain
This little moon in the sky upset my head with a brain

I saw it yippee, I did, I swear
Walking through the hallway
Crawling up the stairs
Abebe baby baby baby Bekila
Given up on whisky
Taken up with tequila

I'm on my own in my blind alley
I turn myself around
So it's swallowing me

Watch the guitar
Watch the guitar

Groovy groovy people
We're all groovy groovy people
Groovy groovy people
We're all groovy groovy people
Groovy groovy people
Groovy groovy people

I wonder why

Me and the wall
We're okay, we're okay

F-F-Faustus you've got nothing to fear
It may be hell down there
'Cause it's heaven up here
I'd have given forever for a few good years
But too much of a muchness is to much you hear

The hammer on my chest was an abominable pain
the anvil on my belly was an abdominal strain

We've got the bottle
Go take the bottle
Go take a sip