Frank Black, My Life Is In Storage

I had a castle I had no hassles Now tears are tassles

You're sure to know it Just when you blow it Then you can stow it

My life is in storage My life is in storage

Come take a voyage To personal storage And we will forage

Leashes for my hounds My tools for my grounds Speakers for my sounds

My life is in storage My life is in storage

Here are the pictures Of permanent fixtures Now they're just pictures

Lying in this stack Baking in this shack Things I can't get back

My life is in storage My life is in storage

What life has become Stored here for a sum Halted, I feel dumb

I got my lock and key I paid a man his fee Now I wait and see

My life is in storage My life is in storage

I believe in your perfect face I believe in your place in the sun Can we leave now this dusty space? Can we have a little fun?

I was standing at the podium And though I was a little drunk To the darkened auditorium I delivered my funk

You were standing at the edge of the light Trying not to be too impressed I was trying for the sake of the night Not to be too depressed

I called you on the telephone From a hotel in Beverly Hills And though I was scared to the bone You were giving me thrills I believe in your perfect face I believe in your place in the sun Can we leave now this dusty space? Can we have a little fun?