

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

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