

# Sparks, Upstairs

(Ron & Russell Mael)

Man there's so much stuff up here  
A quarter pound of lean ideas  
Half a pound of dirty jokes  
One pound of non-essential quotes

It's where the dreamin' starts (Upstairs)  
It's where the jokin' starts (Upstairs)  
You got some small ideas (Upstairs)  
You got some big ideas (Upstairs)  
It's where you calculate  
It's where you speculate

Chorus:

Upstairs, Upstairs, why don't you get out of there  
Upstairs, Upstairs, why don't you get out of there  
Upstairs, Upstairs, why don't you get out of my head

You are low on foreign words  
Better meet a foreign girl  
Take a foreign girl upstairs  
And learn a lot of foreign words

A little enchante (Upstairs)  
A little hey, ole (Upstairs)  
Ich heisse Billy Boy (Upstairs)  
A little soya sauce (Upstairs)  
You got some big ideas  
You got some big ideas

Chorus

When you want the art to start  
You cue the left side and the art will  
Start to flow and flow and flow  
And leave a stain on all your carpets

Chorus

When you want the intellect  
You cue the right side and you can  
Collect the Nobel Prize in person  
Or have someone mail it to you

Chorus

Crammed with common phobias  
Still, it's a utopia  
This is where you kill a guy  
And you know he's still alive

Chorus