

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