

# Voltaire, Underground

Six feet of earth above my head  
keeps me safe from what she says  
six walls of wood to keep them out  
their smart remarks, the screams the shouts  
they scream, they shout  
theres only one way to drown them out

I hear your voice I hit the ground  
you looked for me but I'm not around  
In that small cafe there I wrote it down  
I looked for you, you were not around  
you're the buring lie that kills my child  
he's gone underground  
I've gone underground

I've gone underground  
I've gone underground

Some come to pay their last respects  
or beckon me to come around  
they leave dried flowers in the air  
or place their feelings on the doorstep  
at best they try to understand  
and offer plans, most futile plans  
here in this darkness I can see  
your skin is the closest thing to grace  
it dancelike goes upon my fingers  
and feelings fly, they're still alive

There's only one way to drown them out  
I hear your voice I hit the ground  
you looked for me but I'm not around  
In that small cafe there I wrote it down  
I looked for you, you were not around  
you're the buring lie that kills my child  
she's gone underground  
I've gone underground

I've gone underground  
I've gone underground  
I've gone underground  
I've gone underground

Underground

Six feet of earth above my head  
don't keep me safe from what she says  
six walls of wood don't keep them out  
these frightful screams come from inside  
they lay with me here through the night