## My Life Is in Storage

**Frank Black** 

I had a castle, I had no hassles Now tears are tassels 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 Of 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 I hauled it, 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 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?