

# House of the Sleeping Beauties

Nits

When the rain falls on the asphalt pavements  
It floats in gutters of the street  
Down the drainpipes underneath this house  
We are as quiet as a mouse

After the broken arm things went slow  
Since that day I took a little, took a little, took a little time  
I went down into a bottomless hole  
Took a shovel and dug a little, dug a little, dug a little mine

We are the creatures of the underworld  
Beneath the surface of houses and streets, clay and concrete  
Shoulder to shoulder we hide in this hole  
Light a candle, we need a little, need a little, need a little flame

House of the sleeping beauties  
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Through the kerbstones and concrete  
Take a breath, we need a little, need a little, need a little air  
Between cables and copper wire  
The submarine goes up a little, up a little, up a little higher

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When the thunder shakes the gutta-percha  
The rain falls through the heaven hole  
In the drainpipes underneath this house  
We are as quiet as a mouse

After the broken arm things went slow  
Since that day I took a little, took a little, I took a little time  
Shoulder to shoulder we hide in this hole  
Light a candle, we need a little, need a little, need a little flame

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I got out through an open door  
If there's time I need a little, need a little, need a little more