

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