

God Lives Upstairs

John Wesley Harding

There was this man
Who lived on the seashore
The house with the steel door
You passed it on the way to where you are
He stares at the sand
From his bedroom window
Shakes as the wind blows
Through the passing tail-fins of your car

Nothing matters anymore
If it does, he doesn't care
The devil lives below him
God lives upstairs

He's trying to sleep
So hard in the daylight
Impossible at night
Between those neighbours driving him insane
Footsteps from above
Below, it's all-night parties
And it's drink up, my hearties
They're stoking up for the furnace once again

Nothing matters anymore
If he does, he doesn't care
The devil lives below him
God lives upstairs

He hasn't a prayer
Between the heated floorboards
And the quiet guy on the third floor
Who never even picks up all his mail
He knows where it goes
Downstairs is stealing
He stares at the ceiling
He knows that all he has to do is fail

Nothing matters anymore
If it does, he doesn't care
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