

# The Damned, Under The Floor Again

under the floor again

once i was up and in the air but now i'm down

goodbye to all my friends

forget i ever was,the mole goes underground

under the floor again

eight years of hide and seek no peek of me is seen

i skip the law again

the to and fro the come and go and miss the scene

but who was the girl we saw last night

wearing a frock and gown she's kinda paralysed

a door in the floor a head materialised

i'm sure that i saw a face i recogni-i-i-ised

don't say a word

just stay here at my leisure

no sound is heard

can't take my simple pleasures

like walking in the park

and taking in the air

just lock me in the dark

it's no fun

under the floor again

my baccy,bets,and beer are here and all i need

i'm feeling sore again

three feet of life is all i have and rats to feed

won't say a word

just stay here at my leisure

no sound is heard

can't take my simple pleasures

like breathing in the air

it's cleaner than the stuff i've had

in recent months

it's no fun

under the floor again

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