

FOR THE LIFE OF ME

For the life of me
I don't know why I'm standing on this chair

The cupboard's bare
And even if there was something there
I'm plenty tall enough to reach it

For the life of me
I don't know why I'm mumbling her name

She passed away
And as she used to say
Don't talk with a mouthful of marbles

For the life of me
I can't recall how long I've been alone
Em
A day, a month, century

An hour, I don't know
For the life of me

For the life of me
I don't know how that peacock got inside

The door's shut tight
And besides
Peacocks don't exist in Siberia

Maybe he is here
To lend me his ear
And make me glad to be alive
Maybe that's the reason why
For the life of me