

Hector The Collector

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See the past hanging on your wall
Piled high, time to fall
Who's it for?
Not for me no more

Ticket stubs and souvenirs
Collect the dust between your ears
It's in your head
So why the cardboard box beneath your bed?

Dreaming on that one day soon
You'll have time to watch this room
Let it go and memories will do

The only tape you haven't got
Is "Hector's House" or maybe not!
Out in the pond there's a real frog and fish

Your "life" is piled around you all the corners packed
The garage overflowing attic heart attack
But it's all memorabilia it's not real at all
Living in the moment
Without the need of plaques upon your wall

So sell it off
Let it go
Stop it now
Hector, No!

What the hell, you'll never know what's there
And why should you care?
So lay it bare
Hector do you dare?

You'll never know what was there
And why should you care?

Cos you were there...
You were there...
You were there...
You were there..!