

# *Home is Where the Music Plays*

Words and Music by Steven Brandick © 2007

## QUIET PLEASE! DOING LAUNDRY

Saturday morning jamming just for fun.  
Lost in a magical world of funky rhythm.  
Scott and me we're in a groove.  
Laying it down.  
Inside the music. Inside the sound.  
Then a voice came from nowhere  
somehow found me.  
Quiet Please! We're doing laundry.

I was sitting with my muse  
writing something new.  
Charlie was in the front room  
with the video game flu.  
Jesse was sleeping soundly  
away in dreamy land.  
Mama was out to breakfast  
with Christine, her friend.  
when that voice came up so strong  
it almost drowned me.  
Quiet Please! We're doing laundry.

So help me father I am a good son.  
Trying to be a good father  
to my daughter and my son,  
but there is no place I can go,  
nowhere I can run  
to escape that voice  
that torments me just for fun.  
Here it comes. . . .  
.....  
It's all around me.  
Quiet Please! We're doing laundry.

Maybe I should not have put  
the studio in the laundry room.  
There must be a better place for music. Well, that's for sure.  
But you do what you've gotta do  
with what you have,  
Now I am losing it man.  
I'm going quite mad.  
Ooh there's that voice. . . . .  
. . . . .  
It surrounds me.  
Quiet Please! We're doing laundry.