

This House

Alison Moyet

Whose sticky hands are these?
And what is this empty place
I could be happily lost but for your face
Here stands an empty house
That used to be full of life
Now it's home for no one and his wife
It's a hovel and
Who can take your place?
I can't face another day
And who will shelter me?
It's cold in here
Cover me

Under these fingertips a strange body rolls and dips
I close my eyes and you're here again
Later as day descends
I'll shout from my window
To anyone listening. "I'm loosing"

Who can take your place?
I can't face another day
And who will shelter me?
It's cold in here
Cover me

Oh in a plague of hateful questioning
Tap dancing every syllable from ear to ear
I hear the din of lovers jousting
When I'm hiding with my head to the wall

Who will shelter me?
It's cold in here