

Your house, my house
Any little reason to come around
Your future is in my capable hands
But you have to understand that I don't mean it
All I want to do is run around to your place and
Fix a drink and pretend that we are ok
We can hide in the cover of the storm
You're the lightning and I'll soon be gone

Follow me to the bottle and we'll figure it out
I will leave my troubles by the river
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Follow me to the bottle and we'll figure it out
I will leave my troubles by the river

Your house, my house
Running out of reasons to come around
And the part of me that wanted to believe is

Making friends with all of my enemies
All I wanna do is run around to your place and
Fix a drink and forget that this will all change
Pretend that we are ok

Follow me to the bottle and we'll figure it out
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An offering to appease the ones we love
An opening to fall into your arms
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