

# Alison Moyet, This House

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)  
Who can take your place  
I can't face another day  
And  
(Who)  
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 losing

(Who)  
Who can take your place  
I can't face another day  
And  
(Who)  
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  
So

(Who)  
Who will shelter me  
It's cold in here.