

# Marillion, House

(Hogarth/Kelly/Mosley/Rothery/Trewavas)

This house aches  
I whistle it's tune  
After so much noise  
Freedom is silence  
Half the house is missing  
Taken half of me with it  
I had imagined this  
Hurting in a different way  
Hurting in a different way

I still have the hi-fi  
Quiet at all volumes  
As my dull thoughts  
Echo viscous and slow like the tolling of some great bell under water

When she cries she cuts me  
And when she smiles I wanna die  
Afraid of knowing myself  
Our eyes stare out while we hide inside

Looking at it, not seeing it  
Looking at it, not seeing it

The open windows  
Let in the spring air today  
And the birds sing their thankfully happy, brainless song  
But the silence here finds a way to stay  
Some kind of explosion  
God, if you hear me  
Throw me a line or strike me down  
Do you refuse even to accuse  
C'mon, do your worst  
But lift this curse

Built this house on solid ground  
But now it's crumbling tumbling down  
Will nobody here even cry out for help?  
As it slowly collapses into itself

Looking at it, not seeing it  
Looking at it, not seeing it

Hanging on to this pain  
It's no good  
It's no good

But we try again

We try again