

This House Is Empty Now

Burt Bacharach

These rooms play tricks upon you
Remember when they were always filled with laughter
But now they're quite deserted
They seem to just echo voices raised in anger
Maybe you will see my face
Reflected there on the pane
In the window up above our poor forlorn
and broken home
Yet this house is empty now
There's nothing I can do
To make you want to stay
So tell me how am I supposed to live without you
These walls were lined with pictures
Remember the glass we charged in celebration
But now I fill my life up
With all that I can to deaden this sensation
Do you recognize the face
Fixed in that fine silver frame
Were you really so unhappy there
You never said
So this house is empty now
There's nothing I can do to make you want to stay
So tell me how am I supposed to live without you
Oh, if I could just become forgetful
When night seems endless
Does the extinguished candle care
About the darkness
It's funny how the memory
Will bring you so close then make you disappear
Meanwhile all our friends must choose
Who they will favor, who they will lose
Hang the garland high or close the door
Or throw away the key
This house is empty now
There's no one living here
You have to care about
This house is empty now
There's nothing I can do
To make you want to stay
So tell me how am I supposed to live without you
This house is empty now
This house is empty now
There's nothing I can do
This house is empty now
This house is empty now