

The stripes you wore
The lines you get
The holes in your sleeve
You told me to leave them alone

Does "House of Leaves"
Still lie on your bed?
You told me to read
But I still never read
Your mind

When I look at my city
Something's not right
No doubt it's so pretty
But they turned out the light
And instead of good morning
They tell you goodnight

You hung yourself
On the wall up above
The bed you made love
The girls you don't love
To touch

And they never guessed
The girl you loved best
To draw, always drew
Pictures of you
Undressed

When I look at my city
Something's not right
No doubt it's so pretty
But they turned out the light
And instead of good morning