

## In A Room

### The House of Love

(Come here) (or possibly something in spanish)  
(Hey)  
When I get there I'll be ready  
With a map and a pen, duty is a creed  
There are lessons for the lonely  
When I'm drunk in a room  
That's when I think of you  
Oh my baby, she went awol  
Drove to a shop, never to return  
And it broke me, like a flower baked in the sun  
A hot spanish sun

But I can't slow down  
No I can't slow down  
No I can't

What a story, not a volume  
Just a tacky little ode in the corner of my mind  
Maybe Preston in the winter  
Drinking in the night, the cold English night

But I can't slow down  
No I can't slow down  
No I can't slow down  
No I can't

So find out who you are  
Take a train, use a car  
You've got arms and you've got money  
So find a finger and find out who you are  
God, find out who you are  
And there's a figure, he's so evil  
With a black little eye and a pure white mind  
And I'm so sorry when I see this  
There's a lesson in the blood  
The cold English blood

But I can't slow down  
No I can't slow down [Repeat: x6]  
Slow down  
No I can't slow down [Repeat: x6]  
Slow down