

## This House

Alison Moyet

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 can take your place?  
I can't face another day  
And 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 loosing"

Who can take your place?  
I can't face another day  
And 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

Who will shelter me?  
It's cold in here