

House

Ben Folds

There's a sign up in the yard and the, the furniture has gone
Filled with fetid memories unworthy of a song
Flashes of sad and angry faces come and go
Could anyone live between those walls and never know?

And I could go there but I'm not going
Pulse is slowing, no, I'm not nervous anymore
I've had the nightmares, I've seen some counselors
But I'm not going back up in that house again

It's just like waking up in that second and a half
The bliss of not remembering before it all comes flooding back
So what do I do as all these voices come and go?
Could anyone live inside my head and never know?

And I could go there, I'm not going
Pulse is slowing, no, I'm not nervous anymore
I've seen the nightmares and some counselors
I'm not going back up in that house again, in that house again

I'm not sorry for what I'm feeling
Blow the walls out, bring the ceiling to the ground
I've had the nightmares, seen the counselors
I'm not going back up in that house again