

## The Wrong House

Frank the Baptist

Traveling with what withstands  
Silently from heart to hands  
And I know and I know I was breaking down  
And I know and I know I can never break down again

How I stood when I was stronger  
Can't hold these walls up any longer  
And I know I don't know anything any more  
And I know I don't know anything any more

Help! Winter's taken years from me  
Help! Don't drive another nail in  
Help! This coffin's made of my intertitions  
How did I wander in to the wrong house?

One divided by a stranger  
There's nothing left but a remainder  
And I know and I know there was nothing there  
And I know and I know there was never anything  
There before

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Face to face with the remainder  
Life rolls by and calls me a stranger  
And I know and I know there was nothing there  
And I know and I know the goals are empty again

Whithin my dreams it seems forever black and white  
Any childhood prayer I had I sent up with my kite  
And I know they don't fly anymore  
And I know the kite is touching down again

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