

# This House

Graham Coxon

In this house nothing keeps you warm  
In this house writings on the wall  
Felt like this before

In this house vinegar and pain  
In this house loneliness again  
Nights without an end

Weeping trees, scolded knees, you'll never see a place to  
hide  
A bed of bones and bruising stones, so alone inside the  
fear

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