

# Hunt the Haunted

## Kids in Glass Houses

She can taste the sorrow  
And she can't get enough  
And she's too scared to swallow  
If she might fall in love  
And if we look to tomorrow  
And we know that these kids will follow  
Where we go and these steps are hollow

She's gonna haunt your home and break your bones  
Never gonna leave your soul alone  
Because the things you've got will leave you all  
On your own, own  
She's gonna haunt your home  
And break your bones  
Because the things you've got will leave you all  
On your own

And if he's yesterdays model  
And today we've seen enough  
Then he'll seduce the bottle  
He thinks this could be love  
We look to tomorrow and we know  
That these kids will follow where we go  
And these steps are hollow

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Because the things you've got will leave you all  
On your own, own  
She's gonna haunt your home  
And break your bones  
Because the things you've got will leave you all  
On your own

When my body is cold, decorate me in gold  
A wake's a party - have a good time  
When my body is cold, decorate me in gold  
A wake's a party - have a good time  
When my body is cold, decorate me in gold  
A wake's a party - have a good time  
When my body is cold, decorate me in gold  
A wake's a party - have a good, good

Haunt your home and break your bones  
Never gonna leave your soul alone  
Because the things you've got will leave you all  
On your own, own  
She's gonna haunt your home  
And break your bones  
Because the things you've got will leave you all  
On your own, own