

The House is Haunted

Marc Almond

The house is haunted
By the echo of your last goodbye
The house is haunted
By the memories that refuse to die
I can't get away from the vision that brings
Intimate glimpses of intimate things
A voice in my heart like a torch singer sings
I wonder who's kissing you now
The house is haunted
By the echo of your favourite song
The place is cluttered up
With memories that have lived too long
Much too long
The ceilings are white but the shadows are black
The ghost in my heart says
You'll never come back
The house is haunted
By the echo of your last goodbye
I'll never forget you
The house is haunted
By the echo of your last goodbye