

The House

Nits

I spent some time alone
In an old country home
Where the wallpaper looked like a landscape
In a foreign land

I took some walks alone
Around this old country home
And the landscape looked like the wallpaper

Time's slipping away
Time's slipping away
Time's slipping away

In the rooms of this home
I saw the pictures of the family still young
And I knew they were all dead and gone

Time's slipping away
Time's slipping away
Time's slipping away
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