

# Fog In The House Of Lightbulbs

Radical Face

The cross in the middle of the room  
But the ghost who sleeps in the kitchen sink  
And the one who shines my shoes all put the money in a bag  
And left the house before the blizzards came

The summer's got his teeth in me again  
But my bones are sweating and my clothes are gone  
And I can't get enough to drink  
So now the place to be is where the moonlight never blinks  
And I'd love to explain but truth be told I'm not sure what to think  
So now I'm going to bed

I woke up with my head stuffed full of fog  
Beyond it out into the livingroom  
Until I couldn't see the floors or walls  
And as the sun cut through I finally found a place to lay  
The skeleton in my closet left his home  
Now he sits up on the rooftop and shouts my secrets with a megaphone  
And as the shit hit the fan I packed my bags and caught the train  
And I'd like to point the finger but there's no one left to blame  
Now there's nothing left to protect me from the rain  
And it's really coming down..

It's the thought that burns you out  
It's the hook that drags you under  
And it's the grin that rats you out  
It's a snowstorm in the summer  
It's the sky that spoils the cloud  
It's the burn marks on your mother  
And it's the thought that burns you out  
It's the hook that drags you under and so on..

Boring and twisting.. a moth stuck in the ground  
Has made a house of your lightbulbs  
Mottled and crooked  
A hiccup in the sound  
Is like a smudge on the tv  
Like a crick in your neck  
Like mistakes that you never regret

It's the look upon your face  
It's the rat that lost the race  
It's the shivers in your spine  
It's the heart you'll never find  
It's the names in wet cement  
It's the things you can't forget  
It's the fear of growing old  
It's the life you'll never know  
It's the scratches in your teeth  
It's the time you left for weeks  
It's the age when you didn't care, darling

Cutthroat and ambling  
The help that's never around  
Just like a wish on your birthday  
Tired and empty  
Attacks on what you found

Is like a spot on invention  
Like a bug in your food  
Like a thing that's too good to be true.. and so.