

# Stranger in the House

Rick Springfield

We don't talk much  
We don't make love like we used to  
And I stay guarded  
I've got walls and triggers  
I never thought I had  
And so do you  
But this is love  
And that's the way we seem content to play it

I touch your clothes when you're gone  
I let your scent wash over me  
You cry at night and you wish just like a child  
That we were how we used to be

There's a Stranger In The House  
In the house  
There's a Stranger In The House  
In the house  
There's a Stranger In The House  
In the house  
And she looks like somebody from a lifetime ago

I stonewall you, you stonewall me  
But we both know that  
Hiding deep inside us  
Lives the love that we try hard to lose  
And never will  
But this is war  
And that's the way we seem content to fight it

I get so angry and confused 'cause  
I want out but I want you  
You can't decide between moving out or moving in  
You don't know what to do

With a Stranger In The House  
In the house  
There's a Stranger In The House  
In the house  
There's a Stranger In The House  
In the house  
And she looks like you  
And he looks like me

Is this the same girl that, I fought so hard to win  
And now I fight to lose her  
Now I feel that it's just like skin to skin  
And nerve to nerve  
Strung out like wire  
Is that the way we are content to live

We face off in anger  
In rooms once filled with love  
Looking for a chink in the armour  
Where we can stab the blade  
What are we thinking of

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