

This house is so clean;
Glass tables spread with new magazines.
Can I stay for a week?
You can kick me out when I break something.
From the guest room I see
Your garden stretch out,
it's like oceans of green.
The maid calls me for tea
And the tiles depict mediterranean scenes.
And it's all been added up,
Laid so a life can lean on it,
So please don't bring that up.
No one wants to hear that shit.

Every night in my dreams
I lift glass figurines from a shelf in the hall.
Each delicate piece,
When I pick it up it just can't help but fall.
I can't hold anything,
All machines, clothes and cars they just crumble and
break
When they touch my hand,
Cause I feel like I'm holding the hand that made them
that way. But this house is beautiful
You could live long lives in it.
Please don't be so dutiful.
No one wants to hear that shit.