

His House Her Home

Squeeze

I think to myself when we kiss
Your husband is watching
From his portrait his eyes are looking down
On the slipper and stocking
Back against the bookcase
Down upon the floor
Empty the decanter
Slur again for more
His house, her home, our future in a lover's world
Her son, her heart, her love for me, tomorrow's world

I laugh at myself when your son
Is watching cartoons
In the morning he's looking up at me
When we're in the bathroom
Sees me kissing mother
Doesn't blink an eye
Asks a lot of questions
Answers hard to find.

I talk to myself when I'm drunk
And she is still sober
Words are so few and far between
My arms reach to hold her
Hungry for the love
I rescued from the grave
The past is just a portrait
The future's ours to frame