

And I swear there's a ghost
On this island
And his hands all covered in blood
And my wife inquired of understanding
But of course, my dear, you can't
She said how can I relate to somebody who doesn't speak
I feel like I'm just treading water

Is it the same for you?
Is it the same for you?

Well he comes and he goes
So capricious
And his work appears so rushed
Well I love the house that we live in
And I love you all too much

Is it the same for you?
Is it the same for you?
Is it the same for you?
Is it the same for you?

Well criminals and liars
Keep it in your cells spill it in mine
And I love the house that we live in
And I love you all too much

The blood is on your tongue, as well as your hands
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Archaic and content you just wash them off
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