

Empty House

The Color Fred

I pace the floors this empty house
Compare its content to myself
The phone keeps ringing
I know they could never help
Sometimes its worse to have the time
Then never have it for yourself
I wish I knew you half as much as I can tell

And why does the road I walk not comfort me?
And why does the road I walk not comfort me?

We cut the conversation short
Before it starts all that again
Maybe we ought to get it over with
We're scared that we could end it
We count on nothing we don't fear
Its sad to think that theres no guarantee at all
No guarantee at all

And why does the road I walk not comfort me?
And why does the road I walk not comfort me?
And why does the road I walk not comfort me?
And why does the road I walk not comfort me?? (not comfort me)

We pace the floors this empty house
Compare its content to ourself
But I know its just the way it needs to be
We cut that conversation short
Before it starts all that again, again, again

We pace the floors this empty house
Compare its content to ourself
The phone keeps ringing
I know, I know, I know, I know