

In A Room

The House of Love

(Come here) (or possibly something in spanish)
(Hey)
When I get there I'll be ready
With a map and a pen, duty is a creed
There are lessons for the lonely
When I'm drunk in a room
That's when I think of you
Oh my baby, she went awol
Drove to a shop, never to return
And it broke me, like a flower baked in the sun
A hot spanish sun

But I can't slow down
No I can't slow down
No I can't

What a story, not a volume
Just a tacky little ode in the corner of my mind
Maybe Preston in the winter
Drinking in the night, the cold English night

But I can't slow down
No I can't slow down
No I can't slow down
No I can't

So find out who you are
Take a train, use a car
You've got arms and you've got money
So find a finger and find out who you are
God, find out who you are
And there's a figure, he's so evil
With a black little eye and a pure white mind
And I'm so sorry when I see this
There's a lesson in the blood
The cold English blood

But I can't slow down
No I can't slow down [Repeat: x6]
Slow down
No I can't slow down [Repeat: x6]
Slow down