

House

The Psychedelic Furs

This day is not my life
The passing time is not my life
The thorn that's in my side
Is all these scenes that we regret

The wasted words we can't forget
Through the windows of my room
I hear the traffic breathing slowly
Someplace miles away make promises pay

Shame, will shake this house
Shame, will shake this house

Your dreams are not my life
These broken words are not my life
Your lies are none of my invention
Your promises were not my plan

Now the party girls have gone
I hear the rattle of their heels
Before their footsteps fade
Make promises pay

Shame, will shake this house
Shame, will shake this house

The passing time is not my life
I've been counted down and shouted out
I had everything I wanted
Nothing I can't rise above to let it show was not my plan

Headlines and front pages
Sell weddings and divorces
Make promises pay
Make promises pay

Shame, will shake this house
Shame, will shake this house
Shame