

Fine Young Cannibals

Wolf Parade

In this house
There's no order
There's no loss of love out here
If it's over

And though I call out to you
something is haunting these four walls
Baby, you know it's true

I will crawl
Right back to you
Under swollen summer sky,
I'll be there soon

I feel tall, tall,
On new, fast days
There's no room to breathe but I don't think twice
We'll be there soon
Soon

Well I'll answer my trick of the hour, let me breathe
I'll answer my trick of the hour, let me leave
I'll answer my
And we hold it

My heart is clean
Like a cratered moon
And the sea
Of darkling mood

And I'll be true
True to you
We may consume ourselves but then I don't think twice
We'll be there soon
Soon

I'll answer my
Trick of the hour
Let me breathe

I'll answer my
Trick of the hour
Let me leave

I'll answer mine
Then we hold it

Oh, oh
There's nothing here
Oh, oh
There's nothing here
Here