

Burning House of Love

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drive by my house late at night you can see it from from
the freeway. no silhouette, but a light left on, burning
there for love. smoke is rising from the fire, coming out
my back door. i'm inside sound asleep, i see it on the
floor. burning there for love. well, i can still remember
a couple of years ago. when the smoke and flame from my
name, there was a burning house of love. that rusty nail
outside our door, is where i nailed our tears at rain. i
threw that horseshoe in the weeds, and see what love
could bring. now you're inside your big diamond lies, on
either side of town. i think i might take a ride, and
burn your love house down like a burning house of love