

Hot House

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im the man who wakes up in the middle of everynight my legs are
steaming with rain beneath the cool cool trees the minute i to
uch you... it aint fair i wanna be close to warm this awful hom
e throught the middle of me the whole world loves a sad song an
d they don't have to sing we hide in the hot house loaded with
thrills second only to none here in this hot house we sit and s
ing and rant and rave in our lovely hot house closed my eyes wa
lking to the store found our mattress beside those old deadly t
rakes we slept for a week cinders on the sheets you went away &
called and said you had to stay another day the whole world lo
ves a sad song & they don't have to sing we hide in the hot hou
se...