

## **Paul Bisaccia**

### **"Two Houses"**

Visit "[Two Houses](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Don't call me for supper if you don't mean to feed me  
Don't tell me you love me with that fun in your hand  
Cause I fall down dumbfounded  
In the face of your beauty  
Yeah, one look from you and I am a fool  
In the palm of your hand

Chorus:

There's a house we call love built next door to hate  
And both of them got lawns and a white picket gate  
Their taxes don't differ and their water's the same  
But in one you get comfort and the other house shame

Hey, do you mind if I speak  
You know I'd like to be frank  
Your cooking is wretched and this coffee is rank  
But I look cross this table  
Into the clutch of your eyes  
And I'm kind of thrilled that we have been cursed  
To live side by side

Chorus:

There's a house we call love built next door to hate  
And both of them got lawns and a white picket gate  
Their taxes don't differ and their water's the same  
But in one you get comfort and the other house shame

Visit [Paul Bisaccia](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.