

Burt Bacharach & Elvis Costello

"This House Is Empty Now"

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These rooms play tricks upon you
Remember when they were always filled with laughter
But now they're quite deserted
They seem to just echo voices raised in anger

Maybe you will see my face
Reflected there on the pane in the window
Our poor forlorn and broken home

Still this house is empty now
There's nothing I can do to make you want to stay
So tell me, how am I supposed to live without you?

These walls were lined with pictures
Remember the glass we charged in celebration
But now I fill my life up with all that I can
To deaden this sensation

Do you recognize the face
Fixed in that fine silver frame?
Were you really so unhappy then? You never said

So this house is empty now
There's nothing I can do to make you want to stay
So tell me, how am I supposed to live without you?

Oh, if I could just become forgetful
When night seems endless
Does the extinguished candle
Care about the darkness?

It's funny how my memory
Will bring you so close
Then make you disappear

Meanwhile, all our friends must choose
Who they will favor, who they will lose
Hang the garland high or close the door
And throw away the key

This house is empty now
There's no one living here you have to care about

This house is empty now
There's nothing I can do to make you want to stay
So tell me, how am I supposed to live without you?

This house is empty now
There's no one living here you have to care about
This house is empty now
There's nothing I can do to make you want to stay
So tell me, how am I supposed to live without you?

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