

Ben Folds

"House"

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There's a sign up in the yard,
And the the furniture has gone,
Filled with fetid memories,
Unworthy of a song.

Flashes of sad and angry faces come and go,
Could anyone live between those walls and never
know?

And I could go there,
But I'm not going,
Pulse is slowing,
No, I'm not nervous anymore.

I've had the nightmares
I've seen some counselors,
But I'm not going,
Back up in that house again.

It's just like waking up,
In that second and a half,
The bliss of not remembering,
Before it all comes flooding back.

So what do I do as all these voices come and go?
Could anyone live inside my head and never know?

And I could go there,
I'm not going,
Pulse is slowing,
No, I'm not nervous anymore.

I've seen the nightmares,
And some counselors,
I'm not going,
Back up in that house again.

In that house again.

I'm not sorry,
For what I'm feeling,

Blow the walls out,
Bring the ceiling to the ground.

I've had the nightmares,
Seen the counselors,
I'm not going,
Back up in that house again.

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