

## Hayden

# "My Parent's House"

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Time, time when you stayed over  
Stayed in bed for ever  
Mail piled at the door  
Time, we lost track of the hours  
Pizza boxes tower  
The floor beside the bed  
Whistling...(same chord pattern as above)  
Time, my body's sore from something  
It surely wasn't walking  
Our friends thought we were dead.  
And I can't recreate those times we used to have  
Without you they'll be bad  
Lets meet next month at my parents house they'll be  
Away like they were then  
A way like we were then  
Whistling...(same pattern as below)  
Time, you'll have met someone new  
Someone who likes you  
Not like I liked you  
Time, you ask him if he'll mind  
Of course he'll surely mind  
So just leave him for me  
Will you meet me and we'll try to set things right  
I want things to be right  
And I bet we'll stay in bed for days and never leave  
And never want to leave  
And never have to leave.

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