

Hot Chocolate

"Hey! Housebrick"

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It was said that summer stopped when it hadn't even started
Rain clouds above my head revealed more once they had parted
Small things had kind of started correlating
Like I'd fall up more curbs the less I tied my laces

It's familiar, familiar, the shop front signs and their interiors,
interiors, the tide brought a bottle so mysterious, mysterious,
the note enclosed asked Was I sitting on my hands?
Mark makers make marks on the world

Hey! Housebrick are you sitting in a building
Are you rested in a hand?
Are you heading for a windscreen?
Hey! Housebrick are you sitting in a building
Are you rested in a hand?
Are you heading for a windscreen now?

It seemed the autumn days were struggling in a vice
Our lazy afternoons all pressed up against the night
Some small things had kind of started making sense
I'd get more letters through the door the less I paid the rent

And when the rent is due, the rent is due, the pounds and the pennies find
More interesting things to do, the wind brought a treasure map
Whose directions I followed through
But when I dug the ground I found the bottom of a hole
Mark makers make marks on the world

Hey! Housebrick are you sitting in a building
Are you rested in a hand?
Are you heading for a windscreen?
Hey! Housebrick are you sitting in a building
Are you rested in a hand?
Are you heading for a windscreen now?

You were meant to keep us safe
And sit tall upon the landscape
But you fly on the wings of fate

Hey! Housebrick are you sitting in a building
Are you rested in a hand?
Are you heading for a windscreen?
Hey! Housebrick are you sitting in a building
Are you rested in a hand?
Are you heading for a windscreen now?

(Hey hey housebrick!)

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