

## **Hugh Cornwell "House Of Sorrow"**

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A dirty broom, an empty room  
You'll never find a better tomb  
Passing of a lasting chill  
A night, a day and time stands still

The walls just stand, their stories cold  
They watch a history unfold  
The sink is dry, the fat don't fry  
And still the reasons pass you by

When will the troubled soul descend and make  
amends?  
When will some laughter come alive and walk inside?  
Walk inside, walk inside

Sorrow, sorrow, sorrow, sorrow  
A house of sorrow is a halfway house  
A house of sorrow is a halfway house

The door's don't shut the pipes just froze  
The roof is cracked without a cause  
You feel the sadness everywhere  
You hear a creaking on the stair

And just to liven up your day  
The spirit walks decides to stay  
She wakes inside your living room  
And suffocates you with her gloom

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amends?  
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Walk inside, walk inside

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