

# John Hiatt

## "Zero House"

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You took my pride and I want it back  
No more loving on the torture rack  
No more running when you call my name  
The things we've done, baby make me feel ashamed

Minus me, minus you,  
Smoke out, ghost lovers, burn down the zero house

Seven rooms for seven long years  
Till only dead people livin' here  
Maybe I should mutter this under my breath  
But honey I think love scared us to death

Opposites subtract  
Smoke out, ghost lovers, burn down the zero house

We're so stupid that it makes me want to scream  
Baby I think dogs have better dreams  
Would you look at what we try to live up to  
Baby I don't want this memory of you

Bad boy, bad girl  
Smoke out, ghost lovers, burn down the zero house

We both came here perfectly tempted  
And now we're leaving it perfectly empty  
Nobody lived here, no woman, no man  
Just a couple of flies circling a garbage can  
Think about it, buzz a while

Smoke out, ghost lovers, burn down the zero house  
Burn it down  
Burn down the zero house  
Burn, Burn

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