

The Color Fred "Empty House"

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I pace the floors this empty house
Compare its content to myself
The phone keeps ringing
I know they could never help
Sometimes its worse to have the time
Then never have it for yourself
I wish I knew you half as much as I can tell

And why does the road I want not comfort me?
My minds always racing down some other street

We cut that conversation short
Before it starts all that again
Maybe we ought to get it over with
We're scared that we could end it
We count on nothing we don't fear
Its sad to think that theres no guarantees at all
No guarantees at all

And why does the road I walk not comfort me?
My minds always racing down some other street
And why does the road I walk not comfort me?
My hearts always racing, it nearly stoped
When the lights turned red it started to break
There was a crash ahead

We pace the floors this empty house
Compare its content to ourselves And every step I left
you down
We cut that conversation short
Before it starts all that again, again, again

I pace the floors this empty house
Compare its content to myself
The phone keeps ringing
I know, I know, I know, I know

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