

Scars On 45 "Burn The House Down"

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In a down-and-out town
Living can kill your dreams
In this down-and-out house
Ambition bursts through the seams
I'm sure the neighbours know well
We always stood on broke eggshells

Little broken old bar
A number can clean you out
So you hurry on home
And so your credit card shouts
We're never taken in hearts
We spend each day on the bones of our arts
You're the story of my life

Send me a match with your letter
A canister follows me 'round
Send me a match with your letter
So I can burn the house down

In the cigarette smoke
There lays an empty purse
In the cigarette smoke
I meant to have you hurt
Yet there's nothing I've seen
That could compare with you and me
She's the story of my life

Send me a match with your letter
A canister follows me 'round
Send me a match with your letter
So I can burn the house down

I guess that I'll see you soon
But everything here falls through
I hope that I see you soon
A warning day
You're the story of my life

Send me a match with your letter
A canister follows me 'round
Send me a match with your letter
So I can burn the house down

So I can burn the house down [x7]

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