

This Picture "Fire In The House"

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Come into my mind, Step up to the glass, And see for yourself. There's no reason to ask, The pleasure beckons, The thrill survives. There's a fire in the house of cards, he cries. It doesn't matter what the government line is, It doesn't matter what the New York time is, It doesn't matter what the hypocrites say, Hizbollah is here to stay. It doesn't matter what the hell my sign is, It doesn't matter what your compromise is, It doesn't matter what your politics say, 'Cos I don't listen to you anyway. So open wide, What is really going on? You've seen for yourself, How my claims are rewarded, My words are misquoted, And always distorted. The Pleasure beckons, Feelings Rise. There's a fire in the house of cards, he cries. It doesn't matter what the government line is, It doesn't matter what the New York time is, It doesn't matter what the hypocrites say, Hizbollah is here to stay. It doesn't matter what the prominent crime is, It doesn't matter what the circle line is, It doesn't matter what the heretics say, 'Cos we don't listen to them anyway. So open wide...Could you tell me what is going on? The truth will come out, And all will be saved. It's you in the spotlight, Not me who's been praised The pleasure beckons, My angers alive. There's a fire in the house of cards, he cries. It doesn't matter what the government line is, It doesn't matter what the New York time is, It doesn't matter what the hypocrites say, Hizbollah is here to stay. It doesn't matter what the hell my sign is, It doesn't matter what your compromise is, It doesn't matter what your politics say, 'Cos we don't listen to you anyway. So open wide...What is really going on? Fire in the house, The house of cards.

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