

Moya Brennan

"This House"

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Whose sticky hands are there
And what is this empty place
I could be happily lost but for your face
Here stands an empty house
That used to be full of life
Now it's home for no one and his wife
It's a hovel and...
Who can take your place?
I can't face another day
And who will shelter me?
It's cold in here
Cover me
Under these fingertips a strange body rolls and dips
I close my eyes and you're here again
Later as day descends
I'll shout from my window
To anyone listening, "I'm losing"
Who can take your place?
I can't face another day
And who will shelter me?
It's cold in here
Cover me
Oh in a plague of hateful questioning
Tap dancing every syllable from ear to ear
I hear the din of lovers jousting
When I'm hiding with my head to the wall
Who will shelter me?
It's cold in here

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