

Long Story Short

"Two Houses"

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Don't call me for supper if you don't mean to feed me
Don't tell me you love me with that fun in your hand
Cause I fall down dumbfounded
In the face of your beauty
Yeah, one look from you and I am a fool
In the palm of your hand

Chorus:

There's a house we call love built next door to hate
And both of them got lawns and a white picket gate
Their taxes don't differ and their water's the same
But in one you get comfort and the other house shame

Hey, do you mind if I speak
You know I'd like to be frank
Your cooking is wretched and this coffee is rank
But I look cross this table
Into the clutch of your eyes
And I'm kind of thrilled that we have been cursed
To live side by side

Chorus:

There's a house we call love built next door to hate
And both of them got lawns and a white picket gate
Their taxes don't differ and their water's the same
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