

## Delta Rae

### "Country House"

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In a country house with the windows lit by burning wicks  
And the walls held up by wood and bricks and ghosts  
that wander through  
An old man died, but the help won't come till Monday  
next  
And he's gone to meet the architects of the only world  
he knew

And he's lonesome

And the family mourned, at the wake he lay in front of  
them  
Just as silent as he'd ever been to any young child's  
eyes  
And by buried skin, they shed their laughter and their  
tears  
The pain of all those early years where innocence had  
died

But now they're lonesome

Memorials that we may build  
They won't the holes forever fill  
There is a deep and aching chill  
That settles in our bones

'Cause we're lonesome

Did you ever love somebody?  
Did you ever lose someone?

'Cause we're lonesome

In a country house with the windows all lit up

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