

## **Alison Moyet**

### **"This House"**

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Whose sticky hands are these  
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

So who will shelter me?  
It's cold in here

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