

Robert Pollard

"Silence Makes Him Sick"

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There's a place he knows
Where horrible stories grow old
It's in a house that mummy sold
Inside a door he knows
Where secrets are left to grow
Up from the basement and through the floor

And it's true that he doesn't believe
That a better set of days will come

Silence makes him sick
Silence makes him sick
And he wonders why it's all like this

He never leaves the playground
Doesn't wanna be seen around
Not before this ghost he knows is found

And it's true that he doesn't believe
That a better set of days will come

Silence makes him sick
Silence makes him sick
And he wonders why it's all like this

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