

## Color Fred, The "Empty House"

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I pace the floors this empty house  
Compare its content to myself  
The phone keeps ringing  
I know they could never help  
Sometimes its worse to have the time  
Then never have it for yourself  
I wish I knew you half as much as I can tell

And why does the road I want not comfort me?  
My minds always racing down some other street

We cut that conversation short  
Before it starts all that again  
Maybe we ought to get it over with  
We're scared that we could end it  
We count on nothing we don't fear  
Its sad to think that theres no guarantees at all  
No guarantees at all

And why does the road I walk not comfort me?  
My minds always racing down some other street  
And why does the road I walk not comfort me?  
My hearts always racing, it nearly stoped  
When the lights turned red it started to break  
There was a crash ahead

We pace the floors this empty house  
Compare its content to ourselves And every step I left  
you down  
We cut that conversation short  
Before it starts all that again, again, again

I pace the floors this empty house  
Compare its content to myself  
The phone keeps ringing  
I know, I know, I know, I know

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