

# Amanda Palmer, Dear Old House That I Grew Up

dear old house that i grew up in  
i know they're gonna leave you any day  
dear old house that i grew up in  
can't you find a way to make them stay

and while the girls i went to school with  
went downtown with all the cool kids  
i was staked out in your cellar  
making friends with dead umbrellas

and the creeks of every floorboard  
tell the story of the girl i stuck inside  
and if they move away  
i'll have no place to hide

dear old house that i grew up in  
i have never really been in love  
you took my heart when i was a child  
and your noises wrapped around my little body  
like a winterglove

you're just a random set of objects  
in a town that's full of sadness  
in the armpit of the world  
your cut downtrees and lousy soil

and if i wanted to i'd keep you  
and i'd fill you up and heat you  
with the market how it is, amanda  
well you know the price of oil

goodnight stairs and goodnight stars  
on painted bedroom walls  
attic door and banister  
i'll miss you most of all

i was s'posed to keep you safe  
this wasn't supposed to end  
does it sound ridiculous  
to call you my best friend

dear old house that i grew up in  
i know i haven't visited that much  
but every lifeless hotel and apartment i walk into  
just reminds me of the doorknobs that i want to touch

and i won't miss you when they sell you  
to some evil yuppie couple  
with a child who'll put miley cyrus  
posters in my bedroom

i am a native of the globe  
i am a rockstar on the road  
i am now centrally located  
anywhere that i am known

but it doesn't feel like anywhere  
when you can't go back home

dear old house i grew up in  
i know it's not your fault that this went down  
please don't take it personally  
love, amanda

ps tell the evil yuppie couple  
when i'm rich, i'll buy them out