

Picture House, Bring The House Down

(browne)

Like a crowd when the pin drops
Like a ride that you can't get off
High wire on a high hope
Tight walk on a tight rope
Cold night make you breathe in
Hot lights make the show begin

Catch your breath as your heart stops
It's what you want but it's never enough
Grey days in a blue town
Every time the circus calls round
Pulling out of a tail spin
Put it up in the mess you're in

Chorus

Once you bring the house down, bring the house down
I'd walk if walking meant that I lose myself
Look if looking made me go blind
Scream but screaming only serves to cloud my mind

Strange scene that you don't know
Ringside at the freak show
Paint cracks as you're walking on in
Butter's thick and the air is thin
By now you're the star of the show
Sat alone in a gaping hole

Chorus