

Razorlight, The House

There's a full moon over this ancient town
A clock faced the colour of the sky
And every street that we walk down
Belongs to the house, where my father died
Where prisoners march in luck step with each other
Reavers test the limit of their reign
Dragging their dead weight from the other
While I claim my place, centre stage
I've been thrown by the thrashing of his going
Chained to his unseen stride
I've walked in luck step without knowing
My indifference, my only disguise
Now it comes through me like an injection
Anonymous pain throbbing reel inside
And every pulse in my body
Belongs to the house, where my father died
Won't catch his spirit in a candle
On alive finished guttering glow
And death comes through these streets like a scandal
Bent up and beaten, oh bitter body blow
And in bars and shaded back rooms
Those who can't cope just get high
But every place this drink takes me to
Belongs to the house, where my father died
And there's a full moon over this ancient town
Head lights numb the banner of the sky
Rain rages the steadings and the open ground
I'm a child fighting shadows with tears in my eyes
And the valley cannons and thunder
Trees blow beneath the bruising of the sky
Like centuries shield the lake from my wonder
And I'm as helpless as a child hiding from life
And the face from my mind is fading
I could old wounds for the very first time
Tonight there's going to be a reckoning
I'm entering the house, where my father die