

The Verve, I See Houses

I see houses
Rows and rows of red bricks
I see black cars
Some blood-stained exit
I get this feeling that I
I've been here before
How many lives will I waste
How many tears must I taste
Before my freedom
Ah-ah-ah
Before my freedom
Ah-ah-ah

I see mountains
Blood-red sunsets
I see a billion stars
Love death and inbetween
I get this feeling that I
I've been here before
How many lives will I waste
How many tears must I taste
Before my freedom
Ah-ah-ah
Before my freedom
Ah-ah-ah

I won't be late, I won't be late
I won't be late, I won't be late ahhh

I get this feeling that I
I've been here before
How many lives will I waste
How many tears must I taste
Before my freedom
Ah-ah-ah

I get this feeling that I
I've been in here before
How many lives will I waste
How many tears must I taste
Before my freedom
Ah-ah-ah

Before my freedom
Oh

It's just
This murder
Trouble and strife
Turning me
Into another guy
It's just murder
Trouble and strife
Turning me
Into another guy

Oh

Don't be late
Don't be late
Don't be late
When I call you up

Ooh-oooh-oooh-oooh
Ooh-oooh-oooh-oooh
Ooh-oooh-oooh-oooh
Ooh-oooh-oooh-oooh

Ooh
Oh-my, my, my, my
My, my, my, aaah