

Wolf Parade, Fine Young Cannibals

In this house
There's no order
There's no loss of love out here
If it's over

I know I called
Out to you
Something is haunting these four walls
You know it's true

I will crawl
Right back to you
Under the smoldering summer sky
I'll be there soon

I've been told
Of the new fast days
There's some room to breathe but I don't think twice
We'll be there soon

Well all that's in my mind
Has trickled out
Won't let me breathe

All that's in my mind
Has trickled out
Won't let me leave

All that's in my mind
Then we hold it

My heart is clean
Like a crater of the moon
And the sea
Of cackling gloom

I'll be true
True to you
We may consume ourselves but I don't think twice
I'll be there soon, so...

Well all that's in my mind
Has trickled out
Won't let me breathe

All that's in my mind
Has trickled out
Won't let me leave

All that's in my mind
Then we hold it

Uh oh, oh, there's nothing here
Uh oh, oh, there's nothing here; here