

Alison Moyet, This House

Whose sticky hands are these
And what is this empty place
I could be happily lost
But for your face
Here stands an empty house
That used to be full of life
Now it's home for no one
And his wife
It's a hovel and

(Who)
Who can take your place
I can't face another day
And
(Who)
Who will shelter me
It's cold in here
Cover me

Under these fingertips
A strange body rolls and dips
I close my eyes
And you're here again
Later as day descends
I'll shout from my window
To anyone listening
I'm losing

(Who)
Who can take your place
I can't face another day
And
(Who)
Who will shelter me
It's cold in here
Cover me

Oh, in a plague of hateful questioning
Tap dancing every syllable from ear to ear
I hear the din of lovers jousting
When I'm hiding with my head to the wall
So

(Who)
Who will shelter me
It's cold in here.