

# Burt Bacharach, This House Is Empty Now

These rooms play tricks upon you  
Remember when they were always filled with laughter?  
But now they're quite deserted  
They seem to just echo voices raised in anger  
Maybe you will see my face  
Reflected there on the pane  
In the window of our poor  
Forlorn and broken home

Still this house is empty now  
There's nothing I can do  
To make you want to stay  
So tell me how  
Am I supposed to live without you?

These walls were lined with pictures  
Remember the glass we charged in celebration?  
But now I fill my life up  
With all that I can to deaden this sensation

Do you recognize the face  
Fixed in that fine silver frame  
Were you really so unhappy then?  
You never said

So this house is empty now  
There's nothing I can do  
To make you want to stay  
So tell me how  
Am I supposed to live without you?

Oh, if I could just become forgetful  
When night seems endless  
Does the extinguished candle care  
About the darkness?

It's funny how my memory  
Will bring you so close then make you disappear

Meanwhile all our friends must choose  
Who they will favour, who they will lose  
Hang the garland high or close the door  
And throw away the key

This house is empty now  
There's no one living here  
You have to care about  
This house is empty now  
There's nothing I can do  
To make you want to stay  
So tell me how  
Am I supposed to live without you?

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