

Crowded House, Silent House

These walls have eyes
Rows of photographs
With faces like mine
Who do we become
Without knowing where we started from

It's true
I'm missing you
And I stand alone
Inside your room

Everything that you made by hand
Everything that you know by heart

I will try to connect
All the pieces you've left
I will carry it on
And let you forget
I'll remember the years
When your mind was still clear
All the flickering lights
They filled up this silent house

One room
Two beds
In the closet hangs your favourite dress
Good books that you read
Are in pieces now
The pages are shredded

Everything that you made by hand
Everything that you know by heart

I will try to connect
All the pieces you've left
I will carry it on
And let you forget
I'll remember the years
When your mind was still clear
All the flickering lights
That filled up this silent house

Everything that you made by hand
Everything that you know by heart
All the names that you can't recall

I will try to connect
All the pieces you've left
I will carry it on
And let you forget

I'll remember the years
When your mind was still clear
All the flickering lights
That filled up this silent house