

Elvis Costello, Stranger In The House (BBC Version)

This never was one of the great romances
But I thought you'd always have those young girl's eyes
But now they look in tired and bitter glances
At the ghost of a man who walks 'round in my disguise

I get the feeling that I don't belong here
But there's no welcome in the window anyway
And I look down for a number on my keychain
'Cause it feels more like a hotel everyday

There's a stranger in the house; nobody's seen his face
But everybody says he's taken my place
There's a stranger in the house no one will ever see
But everybody says he looks like me

And now you say you've got no expectations
But I know you also miss those carefree days
And for all the angry words that passed between us
You still don't understand me when I say

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