

Gross Paul, Two Houses

Don't call me for supper if you don't mean to feed me
Don't tell me you love me with that gun in your hand
Cause I fall down dumbfounded
In the face of your beauty
Yeah, one look from you and I am a fool
In the palm of your hand

Chorus:

There's a house we call love built next door to hate
And both of them got lawns and a white picket gate
Their taxes don't differ and their water's the same
But in one you get comfort and the other house shame
Hey, do you mind if I speak
You know I'd like to be frank
Your cooking is wretched and this coffee is rank
But I look cross this table
Into the clutch of your eyes
And I'm kind of thrilled that we have been cursed
To live side by side

(chorus repeat)

Why do we bother

Why do we try

I think we should call it, call it a night
You go to your house and I'll go to mine
and we'll wake up tomorrow
and pick up the fight
(chorus repeat)