

# 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)