

# House Of Love, In A Room

(Come here) (or possibly something in Spanish)

(Hey)

When I get there I'll be ready

With a map and a pen - duty is a creed

There are lessons for the lonely

When I'm drunk in a room

That's when I think of you

Oh my baby - She went AWOL

Drove to a shop, never to return

And it broke me, like a flower baked in the sun

A hot Spanish sun

But I can't slow down

No I can't slow down

No I can't

What a story, not a volume

Just a tacky little ode in the corner of my mind

Maybe Preston in the winter

Drinking in the night - the cold English night

But I can't slow down

No I can't slow down

No I can't slow down

No I can't

So find out who you are

Take a train, use a car

You've got arms and you've got money

So find a finger and find out who you are

God, find out who you are

And there's a figure, he's so evil

With a black little eye and a pure white mind

And I'm so sorry when I see this

There's a lesson in the blood

The cold English blood

But I can't slow down

No I can't slow down X 6

Slow down

No I can't slow down X 6

Slow down

....etc...