

Hugh Cornwell, House Of Sorrow

A dirty broom an empty room you'll never find a better tomb
The passing of a lasting chill a night a day and time stands still
The walls just stand their stories cold they watch a history unfold
The sink is dry the fat don't fry and still the reasons pass you by
When will the troubled soul descend and make amends?
When will some laughter come alive?
And walk inside walk inside walk inside
A house of sorrow is a halfway house
A house of sorrow is a halfway house

The doors don't shut the pipes just froze the roof is cracked without a cause
You feel the sadness everywhere you hear a creaking on the stair
And just to liven up your day the spirit walks decides to stay
She wakes inside your living room and suffocates you with her gloom
When will the troubled soul descend and make amends?
When will some laughter come alive
And walk inside
A house of sorrow is a halfway house
A house of sorrow is a halfway house