

# John Hiatt, Zero House

You took my pride and I want it back

No more loving on the torture rack

No more running when you call my name

The things we've done, baby make me feel ashamed

Minus me, minus you,

Smoke out, ghost lovers, burn down the zero house

Seven rooms for seven long years

Till only dead people livin' here

Maybe I should mutter this under my breath

But honey I think love scared us to death

Opposites subtract

Smoke out, ghost lovers, burn down the zero house

We're so stupid that it makes me want to scream

Baby I think dogs have better dreams

Would you look at what we try to live up to

Baby I don't want this memory of you

Bad boy, bad girl

Smoke out, ghost lovers, burn down the zero house

We both came here perfectly tempted

And now we're leaving it perfectly empty

Nobody lived here, no woman, no man

Just a couple of flies circling a garbage can

Think about it, buzz a while

Smoke out, ghost lovers, burn down the zero house

Burn it down

Burn down the zero house

Burn, Burn