

Mary Chapin Carpenter, House Of Cards

(Mary Chapin Carpenter)

I grew up in a house like this, we knew the groan of every stair
All the walls seemed to listen in, all the years seemed to take up air
When you dreamed it was of the wind blowing cold and hard
In those dreams you thought you lived in a house of cards

I grew up in a town like this, we knew the names of every street
On the surface it looked so safe, but it was perilous underneath
That's the place you shoved your doubts and hid your ugly scars
God forbid if word got out about your house of cards

And now I feel the wind about to blow, and baby I'm so scared
You're repeating the past instead of letting it go
And I don't wanna go back there

Now we're standing here face to face, afraid to move or else
I wanna prop up this fragile place, I can't do it all by myself
'Cause when we dream, it's of the wind, blowing cold and hard
When we wake up we still live in a house of cards

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When we wake up we still live in a house of cards