

Mike And The Mechanics, A House Of Many Rooms

There may be some things about me
Things you don't want to hear
For the rumours that precede me
May be very true I fear
They tell you I will deceive you
I don't know how to care
Though my intentions might be good
There's another darker look beware
When you walk through the door
Hang on to your senses
At best you must assume
It's a house of many rooms
Some rooms are filled with pleasure
Laughter and love and light
All the things you never see
I keep under lock and key at night
When you walk through the door
Hang on to your senses
At best you must assume
It's a house of many rooms
If you love me in the light
Love me in the shadow
I'm afraid you must assume
It's a house of many rooms
A house of many rooms
It's a house that's so unstable
There are those who recommend
If they'd the strength and they were able
It ought to be condemned
I don't agree but I will warn you
At best you must assume
I live in a house of many rooms
Here I'm in the library
Trying to understand
What empowers this behaviour
Degenerates the man
The same apartment later
With the bottle half consumed
I see a house of many rooms
In the parlour I'm your father
Who could ask for more
The bedroom compromise me
With your best friend from next door
In the kitchen being honest
The lounge a lying tongue
Locked in the bathroom
Pretending to be young
The chapel finds me kneeling
Praying for my soul
The painting in the attic
Can't prevent me growing old
Help me live forever
Silent as a tomb
I live in a house of many rooms
Join me at the dining table
Join me at the feast
Join me in the stable
I'm laying with the beast
You're walking in the garden
Oblivious who'd know?
I'm in the cellar ready to explode