

Old 97's, House That Used To Be

Do you wanna wind up in a graveyard?
Like a number on a scorecard.
They're gonna wrap you up in corn silk
They're gonna cry like you were spilled milk.
You'd better take another Quaalude
And get yourself corkscrewed.
I understand that you got cold feet
But why'd you have to take 'em down a side street?
I must be dumber than a spit curl
cause I got hung up on a showgirl
Now I look like I'm a scarecrow
I might as well go on a talk show

CHORUS

And this ain't home anymore
Its just four walls and a floor
Home is where you get the goods for free
This is just the house that used to be
Yeah the house that used to be
You're gonna wind up in a graveyard
Like another girl who co-starred
They're gonna wrap you up in corn silks
They're gonna cry like you were spilled milk
And in the far off wail of freight trains
And in the lonely howl of Great Danes
I hear the girl I lost forever
I hear the girl I lost forever

CHORUS