

# 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