

# Pussycat Faster, House Of Pain

It's a little past supper time  
I'm still out on the porch step sittin' on my behind,  
Waiting for you.  
Wondrin' if everything's alright,  
Moma said, "Come in boy, don't waste your time,"  
I said, "I've got time. Well he'll be here soon."  
Five years old and talkin' to myself.  
Where were you? Where'd ya go? Daddy can't you tell?

Chorus.

I'm not tryin' to fake it, and I ain't the one to blame.  
No, there's no one home in my house of pain.  
I didn't write these pages and my script's been re-arranged.  
No, there's no one home in my house of pain.

Wasn't I worth the time?  
A boy needs a daddy like a dance to mime and all the time,  
I looked up to you.  
I paced my room a million times.  
And all I ever got was one big line, the same old lie.  
How could you?  
Well I was eighteen and still talkin' to myself.  
Where were you? Where'd ya go? Daddy can't ya tell?

\*\*end\*\*

Well if i've learned anything from this, shh, it's how to grow up  
on my own.