

# Sons And Daughters, House In My Head

Sometimes the conversation  
Is a road to the south  
Beyond the leaking roof  
To the dry mouth

Sometimes intrepidation  
Is the roadkill in me  
Oh walk on in and solve the mystery

Single configuration  
I'm out on bended knee  
Oh call for help  
I'm separating free

House in my head has left me for dead  
House in my head, and I'm going home

Sometimes the conversation  
Leads roads out to the south  
Past leaking roofs  
And dry, dry mouths

So this isolation  
A hole too hard on me  
It was somebody I knew  
They threw away the key

Sometimes conversation  
Is a road to the south  
Beyond the leaking roof  
Of a drying mouth

Footsteps inside this nation  
Follow tracks, comparted train  
When I felt this funeral march along my brain

Take me out of the street lights  
Out of the safe light  
Oh oh oh oh...