

# The Psychedelic Furs, House

this day is not my life  
the passing time is not my life  
the thorn that's in my side  
is all these scenes that we regret  
the wasted words we can't forget  
through the windows of my room  
i hear the traffic breathing slowly  
someplace miles away  
make promises pay  
shame, will shake this house  
shame, will shake this house  
your dreams are not my life  
these broken words are not my life  
your lies are none of my invention  
your promises were not plan  
now the party girls have gone  
i hear the rattle of their heels  
before their footsteps fade  
make promises pay  
shame, will shake this house  
shame, will shake this house  
the passing time is not my life  
i've been counted down and shouted out  
i had everything i wanted  
nothing i can't rise above  
to let it show was not my plan  
headlines and frontpages  
sell weddings and divorces  
make promises pay  
make promises pay  
shame, will shake this house  
shame, will shake this house