The Walkmen, The House You Made

All, all of us know the story
shed all your blood in a bones
fill, fillin' up all the vacant seats
keeping all the strong

Oh, bring me love
don't give me the sweet stuff
bring me a love
I'll suck on the biter love

It's a shame we never met you
Just a name on a door
It's a shame how the heart will stop
Don't we know a score

Ph, bring me love
don't give me the sweet stuff
bring me a love
I'll suck on the biter love

In the house you made
in the house you made
in the house you made
in the house you made
Don't I know?
Don't I know?
don't I know?