

# This House Is Empty Now

Burt Bacharach

These rooms play tricks upon you  
Remember when they were always filled with laughter  
But now they're quite deserted  
They seem to just echo voices raised in anger  
Maybe you will see my face  
Reflected there on the pane  
In the window up above our poor forlorn  
and broken home  
Yet this house is empty now  
There's nothing I can do  
To make you want to stay  
So tell me how am I supposed to live without you  
These walls were lined with pictures  
Remember the glass we charged in celebration  
But now I fill my life up  
With all that I can to deaden this sensation  
Do you recognize the face  
Fixed in that fine silver frame  
Were you really so unhappy there  
You never said  
So this house is empty now  
There's nothing I can do to make you want to stay  
So tell me how am I supposed to live without you  
Oh, if I could just become forgetful  
When night seems endless  
Does the extinguished candle care  
About the darkness  
It's funny how the memory  
Will bring you so close then make you disappear  
Meanwhile all our friends must choose  
Who they will favor, who they will lose  
Hang the garland high or close the door  
Or throw away the key  
This house is empty now  
There's no one living here  
You have to care about  
This house is empty now  
There's nothing I can do  
To make you want to stay  
So tell me how am I supposed to live without you  
This house is empty now  
This house is empty now  
There's nothing I can do  
This house is empty now  
This house is empty now