

# A House of Many Rooms

Mike & The Mechanics

There may be some things about me  
Things you don't want to hear  
For the rumours that precede me  
May be very true I fear

They tell you I will deceive you  
I don't know how to care  
Though my intentions might be good  
There's another darker look beware

When you walk through the door  
Hang on to your senses  
At best you must assume  
It's a house of many rooms

Some rooms are filled with pleasure  
Laughter and love and light  
All the things you never see  
I keep under lock and key at night

When you walk through the door  
Hang on to your senses  
At best you must assume  
It's a house of many rooms

If you love me in the light  
Love me in the shadow  
I'm afraid you must assume  
It's a house of many rooms  
A house of many rooms

It's a house that's so unstable  
There are those who recommend  
If they'd the strength and they were able  
It ought to be condemned  
I don't agree but I will warn you  
At best you must assume  
I live in a house of many rooms

Here I'm in the library  
Trying to understand  
What empowers this behaviour  
Degenerates the man  
The same apartment later  
With the bottle half consumed  
I see a house of many rooms

In the parlour I'm your father  
Who could ask for more  
The bedroom compromise me  
With your best friend from next door  
In the kitchen being honest  
The lounge a lying tongue  
Locked in the bathroom  
Pretending to be young

The chapel finds me kneeling

Praying for my soul  
The painting in the attic  
Can't prevent me growing old  
Help me live forever  
Silent as a tomb  
I live in a house of many rooms

Join me at the dining table  
Join me at the feast  
Join me in the stable  
I'm laying with the beast  
You're walking in the garden  
Oblivious who'd know?  
I'm in the cellar ready to explode