

## His House Her Home

Squeeze

I think to myself when we kiss  
Your husband is watching  
From his portrait his eyes are looking down  
On the slipper and stocking  
Back against the bookcase  
Down upon the floor  
Empty the decanter  
Slur again for more  
His house, her home, our future in a lover's world  
Her son, her heart, her love for me, tomorrow's world

I laugh at myself when your son  
Is watching cartoons  
In the morning he's looking up at me  
When we're in the bathroom  
Sees me kissing mother  
Doesn't blink an eye  
Asks a lot of questions  
Answers hard to find.

I talk to myself when I'm drunk  
And she is still sober  
Words are so few and far between  
My arms reach to hold her  
Hungry for the love  
I rescued from the grave  
The past is just a portrait  
The future's ours to frame