

## Empty House

The Color Fred

I pace the floors this empty house  
Compare its content to myself  
The phone keeps ringing  
I know they could never help  
Sometimes its worse to have the time  
Then never have it for yourself  
I wish I knew you half as much as I can tell

And why does the road I walk not comfort me?  
And why does the road I walk not comfort me?

We cut the conversation short  
Before it starts all that again  
Maybe we ought to get it over with  
We're scared that we could end it  
We count on nothing we don't fear  
Its sad to think that theres no guarantee at all  
No guarantee at all

And why does the road I walk not comfort me?  
And why does the road I walk not comfort me?  
And why does the road I walk not comfort me?  
And why does the road I walk not comfort me?? (not comfort me)

We pace the floors this empty house  
Compare its content to ourself  
But I know its just the way it needs to be  
We cut that conversation short  
Before it starts all that again, again, again

We pace the floors this empty house  
Compare its content to ourself  
The phone keeps ringing  
I know, I know, I know, I know