

In the House of Numbers

Brett Anderson

Windows broken from inside, they break the silence in me
Her tyres scraping in the drive behind the palace of the trees
Come taste the orange blossom, come now, shake the orange blossom

Paper cuts and ancient bones, pagan imagery
Behind her palaces of stone things are not the way they seem
Come taste the orange blossom, come now, shake the orange blossom

A diamond is to buy her, a heart is to adore her
a club to paralyse her, a spade is to destroy her
there's no way inside, no way inside, no way inside

Heraldry of broken names, a tattered ancestry
Assassins sitting in their frames who brought the family to its knees
It defines her life

A diamond is to love her, a heart is to adore her
A club is just to club her, a spade is to destroy her
There's no way inside, no way inside, no way inside
But you'll find me
You'll find me
You'll find me
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