

## Bricks

Dave Hause

Now I'm missing you  
I miss that town I miss your name  
I don't speak it anymore  
Since you took my picture from its frame

I'm up later each night trying to write my way out of this tomb  
Seems these sedatives don't work as well in these gloomy rented  
rooms  
Where the air conditioner's set on choke and the TV loops bad n  
ews  
I'm moving on

So maybe Mexico  
San Francisco would be fine  
Somewhere to dry out  
Clean up and pass a little time  
I'll put some money down  
Maybe a place right on the bay  
I'll build a brand new foundation from the bricks you threw my  
way

That January moon  
Indian summer's warm wind came  
Spring fever brought along  
Some hope to quell the sin and shame

But it wasn't long before  
That winter chill began to haunt  
We tried to warm our bones  
In that freezing house I used to want

And those highs and lows when they come and go just slide to th  
e extreme  
And I couldn't sleep there long enough to have a decent dream  
Where the heater's set on stifle and the nightmares made me scr  
eam  
I'm moving on