

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 news
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 the 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 scream
I'm moving on