

## House Of Hallways

Go Radio

And as it gets dark in this house of hallways  
And no corridor leads to the stairs  
With still wet black paint on all the windows  
We got no clocks cause time don't care here

So tell me your name young noble stranger  
And tell me just what we're doing here  
Have you painted walls with all the answers  
Have you hidden doors with all our fears

Cause the soul's rock hard but the heart's trapped underneath  
And the weight of it all gets enough just to crush the best out  
of you and

me

But I swear that there's someone who cares here enough to set u  
s free

And if the world don't turn just enough to bring her honest  
Then I guess we're better off forgotten

The walls stay too thin in this house of hallways  
They let through the echoes and the stares  
And they'll bleed bright red with scribbled riddles  
Scratched out of their panels by angered air  
Cause God knows I've made all my own choices  
And if I drown alone it's cause I choose  
To spend my time drinking in the stairwells  
When we've both got way too much to prove  
What he said is