

When I'm at Your House

Loudon Wainwright III

When I'm At Your House everything's strange
When I'm At Your House I go through the change
I feel out of touch, way out of reach
Like a fish out of the water or a whale on the beach
When I'm At Your House, When I'm At Your House

When I'm At Your House everything's weird
There are so many things there to be feared
The telephone rings and I get scared
The machine takes the message
I wouldn't have dared
When I'm At Your House, When I'm At Your House

Somebody's at the front door and I wanted to hide
They want in I'm locked inside

Today's Thursday, and it's your cleaning lady
She wants to get paid today, she's got a key
When I'm At Your House, When I'm At Your House

When I'm At Your House I go out of my head
I lie on your couch, I sit on your bed
I eat and I drink I don't know what for
I spill wine on the carpet, and food on the floor

When I'm At Your House God only knows
Why I go through your drawers, and try on your clothes
I shower and I shave, use your tortoise shell comb
When I'm At Your House and you're coming home