

## D Song '89

### The House of Love

Now a little prayer for values  
Oh, I thought of you as Friday  
and iconoclasts ae losers  
When they drink and shed their sorrows  
To win

Locked in safety with a giver  
Shitly drained the blood of danger  
To remember all the panic in your eyes  
At the time of leaving (That is living?)

I took the road, I was heavy in hate  
I'd been working for love and the penny  
Had dropped hard  
Money was bad, the scene was all foggy  
We were lauging in pain, Og God  
Marianne, be damned

Now a history of water  
To wash away the skin  
And for solitaire and whisky in a song  
And I was beggared  
To win