

Houses

Tribes

I woke up at the window
She was choosing what to wear
Well, I guess it doesn't matter much,
It's not that i don't care

She stepped up on the mattress
Said "Could I stay a while, hun?"
I said only to buy the cashew nuts
A little further down the aisle

So take us to the houses where she was born
Wrap us in the curt, leave us in here alone
Well, I guess it doesn't matter much
Or maybe it does
If no on lives forever, then no one falls in love

Maybe you don, maybe you don't
Move over

She took me to her bedroom,
To the paintings on the wall,
Just some photos of an old boyfriend,
Six foot two inches tall

She stripped off on the landing,
Took my hand and ran downstairs,
She said she'd waited her whole life for this,
I said how much i liked her hair

So take us to the houses where she was born
Wrap us in the curt, leave us in here alone
Well, I guess it doesn't matter much
Or maybe it does
If no on lives forever, then no one falls in love

Maybe you don, maybe you don't
Move over

Such a cold, such a cold cold town

Maybe you do, maybe you don't
Move over