

I left in the letterbox
The taps all drip
and nothing locks
and the water takes a while to heat
and there is usually nothing much to eat

The neighbours play Jack Johnson covers,
Never heard of modern lovers
My house mates drank the Golden Ball
The house is cluttered, cold and small
There should be champagne, instead of gin
but I don't care, you're moving in

The piano's really out of tune
I saw a mouse run through my room
but I bought a new toothbrush for you,
See mine is blue and yours is blue
The tulips on the table died,
but there's bicycles for you to ride
No microwave and no TV
but there's lots of books and sometimes me

I'm putting all my shit in boxes,
Throwing out my life before
Backing up my tricks and hoaxes,
I don't need them anymore
and I hope you like it here
I hope you like here, I hope you like here,
I hope you like it here

I left it in the letterbox
The taps all drip
and nothing locks
and I won't be there to let you in
but it's your house now
and I have been all by myself with all your letters
I've been living alone,
I wish this place was so much better
but I don't care you're coming home
and I hope you like it here, Yeah I hope you like it here
Oh I hope you like it here, I hope you like it