

# Fine Young Cannibals

## Wolf Parade

In this house  
There's no order  
There's no loss of love out here  
If it's over

And though I call out to you  
something is haunting these four walls  
Baby, you know it's true

I will crawl  
Right back to you  
Under swollen summer sky,  
I'll be there soon

I feel tall, tall,  
On new, fast days  
There's no room to breathe but I don't think twice  
We'll be there soon  
Soon

Well I'll answer my trick of the hour, let me breathe  
I'll answer my trick of the hour, let me leave  
I'll answer my  
And we hold it

My heart is clean  
Like a cratered moon  
And the sea  
Of darkling mood

And I'll be true  
True to you  
We may consume ourselves but then I don't think twice  
We'll be there soon  
Soon

I'll answer my  
Trick of the hour  
Let me breathe

I'll answer my  
Trick of the hour  
Let me leave

I'll answer mine  
Then we hold it

Oh, oh  
There's nothing here  
Oh, oh  
There's nothing here  
Here