

Squeeze, House Of Love

(Difford/Tilbrook)

She was full of lies and boredom
It came as no surprise that she would cheat
Her nails were long and sharp
But she didn't play the harp
She wasn't an angel I told her
But she wasn't able to understand my words
Rich pickings in reverse
I wasn't Shakespeare
It's simple
Did she expect me
To kiss her feet

A very acidic tongue
Waggled in her head
Life was lots of fun
At times I had to smile
In front of everyone
We seemed the best of friends
Life had just begun
When on the roof a tile began to slip
The house of love caved in and that was it

She was full of tears by nature
It came to me so clear that she would creep
Her eyes were stale and spun
Like marbles in the sun
She wasn't a princess I told her
And so I witnessed the slaying of my life
That lasted half the night

I wasn't Jesus
Believe me
Our love was seedless
And incomplete