

The Psychedelic Furs, House

this day is not my life
the passing time is not my life
the thorn that's in my side
is all these scenes that we regret
the wasted words we can't forget
through the windows of my room
i hear the traffic breathing slowly
someplace miles away
make promises pay
shame, will shake this house
shame, will shake this house
your dreams are not my life
these broken words are not my life
your lies are none of my invention
your promises were not plan
now the party girls have gone
i hear the rattle of their heels
before their footsteps fade
make promises pay
shame, will shake this house
shame, will shake this house
the passing time is not my life
i've been counted down and shouted out
i had everything i wanted
nothing i can't rise above
to let it show was not my plan
headlines and frontpages
sell weddings and divorces
make promises pay
make promises pay
shame, will shake this house
shame, will shake this house