

# Burn the House Down

## Scars On 45

In a down and out town  
Living can kill your dreams  
In this down and out house  
Ambition bursts through the seams  
I'm sure the neighbours know well  
We're always stood on broke eggshells  
Little broken old bar  
A number can clean you out  
So you hurry on home  
Until your credit card shouts  
We're never taken in hearts  
We spend each day on the bones of our arts  
The story of my life  
Send me a match with your letter  
A [?] follows me 'round  
Send me a match with your letter  
So I can burn the house down  
In the cigarette smoke  
There lays an empty purse  
In the cigarette smoke  
I meant to have your hurt  
Yet there's nothing I've seen  
That could compare with you and me  
She's the story of my life  
Send me a match with your letter  
A [?] follows me 'round  
Send me a match with your letter  
So I can burn the house down  
I guess that I'll see you soon  
But everything here falls through  
I hope that I see you soon  
A warning day  
You're the story of my life  
Send me a match with your letter  
A [?] follows me 'round  
Send me a match with your letter  
So I can burn the house down

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