The House

DÃ¸d Beverte

Who is in that house?
I opened the door to see
Who is up the stairs?
Iâ€™m walking up foolishly

And at the end of the hall was a door
And I got pulled in by a sound
But I wish Iâ€™d never found

In the privacy of your own room
Where flowers in the wallpaper bloom
Where I just donâ€™t understand
In the privacy of your room
Look away now, look away now
At the moon

Is somebody watching me?
You really shouldnâ€™t see
Why did you climb that last stair
You found me unaware

What Iâ€™m doing now itâ€™s my own
And I donâ€™t want it to be known
And it has to just remain

In the privacy of my own room
Where flowers in the wallpaper bloom
Where you just donâ€™t understand
In the privacy of my room
Look away now, look away now
At the moon

Puzzle me now with mystery clothes
These apples I love, these apples I loath
And always forgive the future to come
For stealing the light from the sun

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