

Storm in My House

Minutemen

If I could, I surely would
Give my life to you.
So you can have to
Take me in your arms and lie to me.

You tell me it's always going
To be like this.
The world is the coldest place,
Surely the coldest place.

There's a storm inside my house,
Raging and relentless,
Wind tearing at the rafters,
Howling through the timbers.

Hard stingin' rain,
Falling in and falling down,
Hope this storm doesn't rip my roof off,
My skin keeps the storm inside.

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