

# Burning House Of Love

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Drive by my house late at night  
You can see from the freeway above  
No silhouette, but a light left on  
Burning there for lovesmoke is rising from the fire  
Coming out my back door  
I'm inside, sound asleep  
Cigarette on the floor  
Burning there for lovewell I can still remember  
A couple of years ago  
When the smoke and flame called my name  
It was a burning house of lovethat rusty nail over our front door  
Is where I hung our tears in the rain  
I threw that horseshoe into the weeds  
To see what luck can bring

Songwriters

CERVENKA, EXENE, DOE, JOHN

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