

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

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