In This House

Matt Morris

These buildings grow like weeds,
like dandelion seeds,
they spring up where they please.
The buildings grow up and they come down,
changing the landscape of the town,
whats inside them is what counts, to me.
Is there love, in this house?
Is there love, in this house?
You can fill it up with shiny things,
flashy fur, designer jeans,
but is there love, in this house?
When it costs too much to eat,
and the airs too hard to sleep,
I lie awake and think.
The rain goes up and it don't come down,
poor people who move it now,
no one makes a fuss about it.

Well is there love, in this house?
Is there love, in this house?
You can fill it up with shiny things,
flashy fur, designer jeans,
but is there love, in this house?
Ohhhh...
I tell ya, I don't know.
Is there love, in this house?
Is there love, in this house?
Can we be the change we wish to see,
realize our hopes and dreams?
And is there love in this house?
Ohhhh...
I say what we gonna do babe when the money runs out,
what we gonna do babe?
What we gonna do babe when the money runs out,
tell me.

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