

This House Is Empty Now

Burt Bacharach & Elvis Costello

These rooms play tricks upon you
Remember when they were always filled with laughter?
But now they're quite deserted
They seem to just echo voices raised in anger
Maybe you will see my face
Reflected there on the pane
In the window of our poor
Forlorn and broken home
Still this house is empty now
There's nothing I can do to make you want to stay
So tell me how am I supposed to live without you?
These walls were lined with pictures
Remember the glass we charged in celebration?
But now I fill my life up
With all that I can to deaden this sensation
Do you recognize the face
Fixed in that fine silver frame
Were you really so unhappy then?
You never said
So this house is empty now
There's nothing I can do to make you want to stay
So tell me how am I supposed to live without you?
Oh, if I could just become forgetful
When night seems endless
Does the extinguished candle care
About the darkness?
It's funny how my memory
Will bring you so close then make you disappear
Meanwhile all our friends must choose
Who they will favor, who they will lose
Hang the garland high or close the door
And throw away the key
This house is empty now
There's no one living here you have to care about
This house is empty now
There's nothing I can do to make you want to stay
So tell me how am I supposed to live without you?
This house is empty now

There's no one living here you have to care about
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So tell me how am I supposed to live without you?

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