Haunted House

Ryan Adams

Welcome to my haunted house
I live here alone, ain't no one else
It's the last house at the end of the block
My friends all disappear one by oneThe cracks in the windows and the spiders, they crawl
Across the lattice from 1924
Life is too sweet, yeah, and life is too short
And there's nowhere to fallAnd I don't want to live in this haunted house anymore
I don't want to live in this haunted house anymoreThere's a painting on the wall
I see its eyes watching me as I walk on down the hall
Nobody stops to write, nobody calls
My friends all disappear
They all got lostThe cracks in the windows and the spiders, they crawl
Across the lattice from 1924
Life is too sweet, man, and life is too short
And there's nowhere to fallAnd I don't want to live in this haunted house anymore
I don't want to live in this haunted house anymore

Songwriters
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