

Country House

[Delta Rae](#)

In a country house with the windows lit by burning wicks
And the walls held up by wood and bricks and ghosts that wander through
An old man died, but the help won't come till Monday next
And he's gone to meet the architects of the only world he knew And he's lonesome And the family mourned, at
the wake he lay in front of them
Just as silent as he'd ever been to any young child's eyes
And by buried skin, they shed their laughter and their tears
The pain of all those early years where innocence had died But now they're lonesome Memorials that we may
build
They won't the holes forever fill
There is a deep and aching chill
That settles in our bones 'Cause we're lonesome Did you ever love somebody?
Did you ever lose someone? 'Cause we're lonesome In a country house with the windows all lit up

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