

# Books

## Leatherface

And I have a pot full of coins and above it hangs a picture  
Of a brother and a sister there's been a wedding  
Black painted floorboards and a stench like wet cardboard  
This is the dead smell of another winter  
And I don't want to be bound up like books  
I don't want to be a sad ornament of a place  
They are bound up like books I don't want to be a picture frame  
A house full of things some of which they hadn't seen  
Since they bought the sodding things in 1980 something  
If only their place had a little more space  
And a little less waste that would be then something  
If only their house looked like those in books  
If only their cupboards didn't look like Mother Hubbards  
And I don't want to be bound up like books  
I don't want to be a sad ornament of her place  
They are bound up like books I don't want to be the picture frame  
No book in this house went unread  
An old cup an old plate and in this house  
Absolutely everything seems out of place  
Out of place there were pictures on the walls  
Just to hide the faults there were pictures on walls  
And a friendly old ghost that'll haunt me 'till the day  
That I die I have a pot full of coins and  
Above it hangs a picture of a brother and a sister there's \*wedding\* and  
Black painted floorboards and a stench like wet cardboard  
This is the dead smell of another winter  
Bound up like books

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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