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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