

Open House

[Steve Forbert](#)

Open house now for your fading heart,
Tell your ghost it's time to hide;
Strangers won't know when to stop and start
Once they've fin'ly got inside. Spir'ling staircase toward your dusty mind,
With crates and boxes and bags and trunks;
No one cares what tender dreams they'll find,
All they'll see up there is junk With silver dollars from a ragdoll's ear
And merc'ry dimes for buttons, too,
And flutes and whistles only kids can hear
And peacock feathers green and blue. Deep depression in a walnut grain,
Afternoons on rainy days;
Once it stacked up well in both your brains,
And now it's all some purple haze With vandals picking locks and breaking doors
And smashing keepsakes all around;
Souvenirs of love and foreign shores
And scrapbook pages all unbound. It's open house now for your fading heart,
Tell your ghost it's time to hide;
Strangers won't know when to stop and start
Once they've fin'ly got inside.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>