Our House Breathing

Josh Pyke

May we not grow weary, may we not be sold
May I lean in to ya til they send me home
May we not grow weary, may we not be sold
May you lean in to me til they send me homeAnd the house came alive in heat
All the curtains stuck to the screens
And they billowed back out into the hallways
As if our house was breathing
And the floorboards creak in the stairwells
Conversationally
But I was out the back in the garden
Waiting for you to come home to me...May we not grow weary, may we not be sold
May I lean in to ya til they send me home
May we not grow weary, may we not be sold
May you lean in to me til they send me homeAnd your nightdress left on the floor
While you were in the bath downstairs
And held the cloth to my face and
I filled my lungs with your scent cos
I knew that I'd be leaving
And we knew that you'd stay home
It was if our house was grieving
As I just stood there breathing you in...

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