

Hot House

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im the man who wakes up in the middle of everynight my legs are steaming with rain beneath the cool cool trees
the minute i touch you... it aint fair i wanna be close to warm this awful home throught the middle of me the
whole world loves a sad song and they don't have to sing we hide in the hot house loaded with thrills second
only to none here in this hot house we sit and sing and rant and rave in our lovely hot house closed my eyes
walking to the store found our mattress beside those old deadly trakes we slept for a week cinders on the sheets
you went away & called and said you had to stay another day the whole world loves a sad song & they don't
have to sing we hide in the hot house...

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