

# House Of Smoke & Mirrors

[Matthew Good](#)

There's the house, there's the doorway, been locked out  
The lights are out anyway and loosely reconditioned  
To be just so refined, a last grasp at the life worth living  
In these standard shoes and what's left of my lines  
You can see right through me  
Hey, I've been thinking, why don't we get out of here tonight?  
Get in the car and just start driving, fuck them if they can't take a joke  
Right? I've fallen asleep again and when I wake up you won't be here  
Don't you think, I don't know why? I've been asleep for years  
You can see right through me

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