

# House of Cards

## Mary Chapin Carpenter

I grew up in a house like this you knew the groan of every stair  
All the walls seemed to listen in all the years seemed to take up air  
When you dreamed it was of the wind blowing cold and hard  
In those dreams you thought you lived in a house of cards  
And I grew up in a town like this you knew the names  
of every street  
On the surface it looked so safe but it was perilous underneath  
That's the place where you shoved your doubts and hid your ugly scars  
God forbid if word got out about your house of cards  
And now I feel the wind about to blow  
Baby I'm so scared  
We're repeating the past instead of letting it go  
And I don't want to go back there  
Now we're standing here face to face afraid to move or else  
I want to prop up this fragile place but I can't do it all by myself  
'Cause when we dream it's of the wind blowing cold and hard  
When we wake up we still live in a house of cards  
When we dream it's of the wind blowing cold and hard  
When we wake up we still live in a house of cards

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