

House Of Pain

Faster Pussycat

A little past supper-time
I'm still out on the porch step sitting on my behind,
Waiting for you. Wondering if everything is alright.
Momma said, "Come in boy, don't waste your time." I said, "I've got time.
Well, he'll be here soon." Five years old and talking to myself.
Where were you? Where'd you go?
Daddy, can't you tell? I'm not trying to fake it
And I ain't the one to blame.
There's no one home
In my house of pain.
I didn't write these pages
And my script's been rearranged.
No, there's no one home
In my house of pain Wasn't I worth the time?
A boy needs a daddy like a dance to mime and all the time
I looked up to you. I paced my room a million times.
And all I ever got was one big lie, the same old lie.
How could you? Well, I was eighteen and still talking to myself.
Where were you? Where'd you go?
Daddy can't you tell? I'm not trying to fake it
And I ain't the one to blame.
There's no one home
In my house of pain
I didn't write these pages
And my script's been rearranged.
No, there's no one home
In my house of pain
[Repeat] And I'm alone again
Well, if I learned anything from this... It's how to live on my own.

Songwriters

VAN HALEN, EDWARD / VAN HALEN, ALEX / ROTH, DAVID LEE Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>