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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