

This House Is Empty Now

Elvis Costello & Burt Bacharach

These rooms play tricks upon you
Remember when they were always filled with laughter?
But now they're quite deserted
They seem to just echo voices raised in anger
Maybe you will see my face
Reflected there on the pane
In the window of our poor
Forlorn and broken home Still this house is empty now
There's nothing i can do
To make you want to stay
So tell me how
Am i supposed to live without you?
These walls were lined with pictures
Remember the glass we charged in celebration?
But now i fill my life up With all that i can to deaden this sensation Do you recognize the face
Fixed in that fine silver frame
Were you really so unhappy then?
You never said So this house is empty now
There's nothing i can do
To make you want to stay So tell me how
Am i supposed to live without you? Oh, if i could just become forgetful
When night seems endless
Does the extinguished candle care
About the darkness?
It's funny how my mem'ry
Will bring you so close then make you disappear Meanwhile all our friends must choose
Who they will favour, who they will lose
Hang the garland high or close the door
And throw away the key This house is empty now
There's no one living here
You have to care about
This house is empty now
There's nothing i can do
To make you want to stay
So tell me how
Am i supposed to live without you? This house is empty now
There's no one living here
You have to care about
This house is empty now

There's nothing i can do
To make you want to stay
So tell me how
Am i supposed to live without you?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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