

This House

Japanese Breakfast

This house is full of women
Playing guitar, cooking breakfast
Sharing trauma, doing dishes
And where are you? What if one day I don't know you?
What if one day you leave?
And all confused desire and time-zone changes
Change what's left of you and me? Maybe it's all the drinks you're buying
I was feeling like a kid
Spying on the hidden porn store cameras
Waiting on your graveyard shift And now you're out in California
Just like you always said you'd be
And did you ever even love her?
Or was it rooted in companionship and timing?
Well I'm not the one I was then
My life was folded up in half
I guess I owe it to the timing of companions
I survived the year at all
At all, at all

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>