

**This House**  
**Grace Petrie**

Chords and Lyrics - "This House", by Grace Petrie

Capo 4th Fret

**C G D**  
**C G D**

**C G D**  
This house is like a cemetery  
**C G D**  
Of all the things he built for me  
**C G D**  
The things he left behind, the labours of his time  
**C G D**  
The products of his mind, oh I keep them all in line,  
**C G D**  
the things he left behind

**C G D**

**C G D**  
This house is like a prison cell  
**C G D**  
Twenty years straight down the well  
**C G D**  
And all I've got is time, on time on time on time  
**C G D**  
Sat here with an idle mind, and the questions that it finds  
**C G D**  
About the ways that he was mine

**C G D**

**C G D**  
And it's not shame,  
**C G D**  
It's just something I can't name  
**C G D**  
And it's not love  
**C G D**  
Oh, this thing I'm dying of  
**C G D Em**  
It's his roses in the garden, it's his pictures on the wall  
**C G D (hold)**  
If this house was made for talking, it would say  
**C G D**

It would say nothing at all

C G D

C G D

C G D

This house is like a mockery

C G D

Empty chairs and crockery

C G D  
And it's handsomer than most, nobody gets close

C G D  
Empty glasses, none to toast, well he was born to host

C G D  
But all I entertain is ghosts

C G D

C G D  
This house is like his legacy

C G D

All the things he meant to me

C G D  
And I try to find a way, to keep the thought at bay

C G D  
That I don't know what I'd say, oh, if we'd had one more day

C G D  
Hell alone knows what I'd say

C G D

C G D  
And it's not shame,

C G D  
It's just something I can't name

C G D  
And it's not love

C G D  
Oh, this thing I'm dying of

C G D Em  
It's his roses in the garden, it's his pictures on the wall

C G D  
If this house was made for talking, it would say

C G D  
It would say nothing at all

C G D

C G D  
It would say nothing at all

C G D

C G D  
This house is like a cemetery

C G D  
Of all the things he built for me

C G D  
The products of his mind, the labours of his time

C G D  
oh I keep them all in line,

C G D  
All the things he left behind

C G D

G