

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