

Other Peoples Houses

Richard Orange

C# **Eb**
I want to see inside other people s houses;
C# **Eb**
It makes me warm inside.
C# **Eb**
I get a thrill from other people s houses;
C# **Eb**
I get no thrill from mine.
Eb
My house is lonely,
F
And it s full of memories
Eb **F**
I d just as soon forget.
Eb **F**
I d rather just keep walking through the night
Eb **Fm**
Than have to sleep in there.

G# **Eb** **Bbm** **G#**
I d like to see inside other people s houses,
Eb **G#** **C#** **G#** **Eb** **G#**
I know it s wrong I can t help myself.
G# **Eb** **Bbm** **G#**
I like to look into other people s houses ,
Eb **Fm**
And watch how they care,
Eb **Fm** **F#** **Fm**
Although the love there, I cannot touch at least I can watch.

I d like to look into other people s houses
than to live in mine.
My house is crowded, loaded up with loneliness,
there s no more room inside.
People who live there, they don t know happiness,
somehow they ve missed it all;
no understanding, no sense of loving,
their tears drip down the wall.

break

My house is crowded filled up with nothingness,
there s no more room in there;
and it s so noisey shouting with unhappiness,
up and down the stair.

<http://pages.bangor.ac.uk/~iss082/orange/orange.htm>

posting the best in power pop!

Jimmy Curtis