

Other Peoples Houses

Richard Orange

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

F **C** **Gm** **F**
I d like to see inside other people s houses,
C **F** **Bb** **F** **C** **F**
I know it s wrong I can t help myself.
F **C** **Gm** **F**
I like to look into other people s houses ,
C **Dm**
And watch how they care,
C **Dm** **Eb** **Dm**
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