

Peter Hammill - A Louse Is Not a Home

Tom: C

Bb F Gm Eb D Bb F Gm Eb D
 Sometimes it's very scary here; sometimes it's very sad
 Eb Gm Eb F Gm Eb F Gm Eb D
 Sometimes I think I'll disappear; be_times I think I have
 Eb F Gm Eb D
 There's a line snaking down my mirror
 Eb F Gm Eb D
 Splintered glass distorts my face
 Eb Gm Eb F Gm
 And though the light is strong and strange
 Eb F Gm Eb D
 It can't illuminate the musty corners of this place
 Eb F Gm Eb D
 There is a lofty, lonely, Lohengrenic castle in the clouds
 Eb F Gm Eb D
 [Yes and]I draw my murky meanings there
 Eb Gm Eb F Gm
 But seven years' dark luck is just around the corner
 Eb F Gm Eb D
 And in the shadows lurks the spectre of Despair

Dm
 A cracked mirror mid the drapes of the landing
 C
 Split image, labored understanding
 Bb A Dm
 I'm only trying to find a place to hide my home

(Dm C Dm Dm C)
 (Dm Dm C D)
 (G Am C Am)
 (G Am C D Am)

G Am C Am
 I've lived in houses composed of glass
 G Am C D Am
 Where every movement is charted
 G Am C Am
 But now the monitor screens are dark
 G Am C D Am
 And I can't tell if silent eyes are there

G Am C Am
 My words are spiders upon the page
 G Am C D Am
 They spin out faith, hope and reason
 G Am C D C D
 But are they meet and just, or only dust gathering about my chair?

Bb A
 Sometimes I get the feeling that there's
 Dm
 Someone else there

Dm
 The faceless watcher [he] makes me uneasy
 C
 I can feel him through the floorboards, and His presence is creepy
 Bb A Dm
 He informs me that I shall be expelled

Dm
 What is that but out of and into
 C
 [I] don't know the nature of the door that I'd go through
 Am Bb
 [I] don't know the nature of the nature that I am inside

G Am C Am
 I've lived in houses of brick and lead
 G Am C D Am
 Where all emotion is sacred
 G Am C Am
 And if you want to devour the fruit
 G Am C D Am
 You must first sniff at the fragrance

G Am C Am
 And lay your body before the shrine
 G Am C D Am
 With poems and posies and papers
 G Am C Am
 Or, if you catch the ruse, you'll have to choose
 C D C D
 To stay, a monk, or leave, a vagrant

Bb A
 What is this place you call home?
 Dm
 Is it a sermon or a confession?
 C
 Is it the chalice that you use for protection?
 Bb A
 Is it really only somewhere you can stay?
 Dm
 Is it a rule-book or a lecture?
 C
 Is it a beating at the hands of your Protector?
 Bb A
 Does the idol have feet of clay?

Dm
 Home is what you make it, so my friends all say
 C Bm
 But don't you know I rarely see their homes in these dark days
 Dm
 Some of them are snails and carry houses on their backs
 C Bm
 Others live in monuments which, one day, will be racks
 Dm C Bb (G A
 Bb)

I keep my home in place with sellotape and tin-tacks
 Bb Am Dm
 But I still feel there's some other Force here
 F Em
 He who cracks the mirrors and moves the walls
 Dm
 Keeps staring through the eye-slits of the portraits in my hall
 F Em
 He ravages my library and taps the telephone

Dm
 I've never actually seen Him
 But I know He's in my home
 Eb F
 And if he goes away
 Gm Eb D
 I can't stay here either
 Eb F Gm Eb D Eb
 I believe - er - I think - well, I don't know

I only live in one room at a time
 But all of the walls are ears, [and] all the windows, eyes
 Everything else is foreign
 'Home' is my wordless chant
 Mmmmaah
 Give it a chance

G Am C Am
 I am surrounded by flesh and bone
 G Am C D Am
 I am a temple of living
 G Am C Am
 I am a hermit, I am a drone
 G Am C D Am
 And I am boning out a place to be

G Am C Am
 With secret garlands about my head
 G Am C D Am
 Unearthly silence is broken
 G Am C Am
 The room is growing dark, and in the stark light
 C D C D
 I can see a face I know

Bb **A** **Dm**
 Could this be the guy who never shows
Dm
 The cracked mirror what he's feeling
C
 Merely mumbles prayers to the ground where he's kneeling
Bb
 Home is home is home is home is home is
A **Dm**
 House is house is house is] home is me
Dm
 All you people looking for your houses
C
 Don't throw your weight around, you might break your glasses
Bb **A** **Dm**
 And if you do, you know you just can't see
Dm
 And then how are you to find the dawning of the day?
C **Bm**
 - Day is just a word I use to keep the dark at bay

Dm
 And people are imaginary, nothing else exists
C
 Except the room I'm sitting in
Bm
 And, of course, the all-pervading mist
Dm **C** **Bb** (Em C) **Dm**
 Sometimes I wonder if even that's real
Eb **F** **Em** **Eb** **D**
 Maybe I should de-louse this place
Eb **F** **Em** **Eb** **D**
 Maybe I should de-place this louse
Eb **Gm** **Eb** **F** **Gm**
 Maybe I'll maybe my life away
Eb **F** **Gm** **Eb** **D**
 In the confines of this silent house
Eb **F** **Gm** **Eb** **D** **Eb** **F** **Gm** **Eb** **D**
 Sometimes it's very scary here; sometimes it's very sad
Eb **Gm** **Eb** **F** **Gm** **Eb** **F** **Gm** **D#D**
 Sometimes I think I'll disappear; sometimes I think

Acordes