

# 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 dont'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

C, Bb, F, Gm, Eb, D, Dm, A, G, Am, Bm, Em