

# 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 D 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

