

## Four Mile House

Words and music by Alexander Sands, 2002

Won't you look into my eyes, and not down at your feet?  
What is that you're searching for, what is that you seek?  
Can I get the length of just a cigarette to speak?  
To tell you all the mixed up things, my mind has got to leak

My fingers trace the mortar lines  
The plans were drawn all wrong  
I couldn't find the back door  
Cause' her house- was four miles long

Now your voice comes through the phone like the crackle of a clove  
Alphabetical soup babe, boiled over upon my stove  
I should have listened to your words, when like Edgar Allen Poe,  
You told me for the first time: "Nevermore- you'll never know!"

Nevermore you'll never know,  
Nevermore you'll never know  
Nevermore you'll never know,  
Nevermore you'll never know

My fingers trace the mortar lines  
The plans were drawn all wrong  
I couldn't find the back door  
Cause' her house- was four miles long

So enjoy walking down that street I walked a million times before  
Fully furnished and like a queen, but still no set of drawers  
I think that you've given me something, for which there is no cure-  
I'll be sure to give it back to you, should I ever get in your door

My fingers trace the mortar lines  
I might of wound up in Hong Kong  
I couldn't find the back door  
Cause' her house- was four miles long