

24 Green Street

Peter, Paul and Mary

The paint is old and peeling
The shutters show some cracks
There's a heavy limb on the apple tree
That's got to be cut back
There's some water in the cellar
A little sagging in the floor
But this house has weathered many storms
It will weather many more

'Cause I scraped away the peeling paint
And found the wood was good and strong
And I found a firm foundation
Had been there all along
There's nothing here that a little work
And time can't heal
'Cause everything underneath is real

Nerves are frayed and ragged
Patience is wearing thin
Words were said in fits of rage
That never should have been
We bruised each other badly
Lost respect along the way
But there's too much here worth saving
To throw it all away

Can't we lay aside our fear and pride
And find the good within
All that we have shared before
Can be restored again
There's nothing here that a little work
And time can't heal
'Cause everything underneath is real