

# The House That Jack Built

Aretha Franklin

This is the house that Jack built, y'all  
Remember this house

This was the land that he worked by hand  
It was the dream of an upright man  
There was a room that was filled with love  
It was a love that I was proud of

This was a life of a love that I planned  
Of a love and same old love  
Of the house that Jack built  
Remember this house

There was the fence that held our love  
There was the gate that he walked out of  
This is my heart, it is turned to stone  
This is the house, it ain't no home

This is the love that I destroyed  
In a dream that I thought was love  
In the house that Jack built  
I'm gonn' remember this house

Oh, ohh, what's the use of crying?  
You know I brought it on myself, there's no denying  
But it seems awful funny that I didn't understand  
Until I lost my upright man

Up on the hill  
There's a big plan still  
In the house that Jack built  
Before I remember this house

Listen, I got the house, I got the car  
I got the rug, I got the rack  
But I ain't got Jack  
And I want my Jack back

I turned my back on Jack  
He said he wasn't coming back  
I turned my back on Jack  
He said he wasn't coming back

Ohh, Jack  
You ought to come on back  
Ohh, Jack  
You ought to come on back  
To the one that you built  
Is the same one you built  
You ought to come on back, baby  
Oh come back

I didn't understand till I lost my upright man  
Come on back, Jack,  
You ought to come on home now