They pulled up in a pick up truck
That held everything they owned
He unlocked the door and carried her
Over their new threshold
They stood there, tears in their eyes
Neither one could speak
Hand in hand, room by room, oh it was everything

Three bedrooms, two baths, one car garage
Front porch with a swing at one end
A little over an acre lot all wrapped in a white picket fence
It was more than a house, it was home sweet home
Where all their dreams came true
302 South Maple Avenue

Second mortgage, two kids later
They were still goin' strong
They came through all kinds of changes
And did some addin' on
They filled each room with memories
That money could not buy
They weren't rich, but that old house
Had a wealth of love inside

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They're older now and the kids are gone Talk about a smaller place
But the life they shared together there
Won't let them move away

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