

His House And Me

Dionne Warwick

Over by the fire
There stands a chair
That's the chair he used to sit in
His favorite chair
Now seems so bad
So empty and alone

In the closet hangs
A worn out shirt
That's the shirt he'd lie around in
That polo shirt
That hang in there
The he no longer wears

This once was the house where
He used to live with me
Oh! oh!
This once was his house
The house where he lived with me
He left his house
And me

Upstairs on the bed
His pillow
Lies there patiently awaiting
For his return
I know it yearns
To ease his weary head

Dancing on the wall
Our shadows
Notes reminding me of his letter
That filled our home
But now there's none
Just empty tears and then...

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