

## Is There Anyone Home

Gordon Lightfoot

Is there anyone home in this house made of stone?  
Anyone inside know my name  
I've been around for a half of a hundred days.  
Never saw a door shut so tight  
Turn around, don't look down  
There's a man behind you with a gun  
Like any wandering child in the wilderness,  
Wild and uncaged are your ways  
I think I heard  
Someone stirred  
I think I heard  
Someone stirred

There's a light around you  
I've come to switch it on  
It will brighten every room  
Don't be ashamed if you feel a whole lot warmer in you heart.  
You got that feelin' in your soul

Is there anyone home in this house made of stone?  
Anyone in there who might care  
I've grown weary and wise and I feel much amazed.  
Got a few good tales to unwind  
Turn around, don't look down  
There's a man behind you with a gun.  
Like any wandering minstrel I've dawning in the house of a thous  
and delights.

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