

# House of Flowers

Johnny Mathis

My house is made of flowers  
The warm winds carpet the floor  
Whenever theres spring showers  
I open the rainbow door

The frog, the toad, the turtle  
All make my home their home  
My curtains are crape mottle  
And the firefly flies neath my dome

Ive never had money  
And Ill never need none  
The moon is my lamp  
And my clock is the sun

My homes a home  
For all those things  
What grows, what flies, what sings  
If it all sounds tempting

And it do you entice  
I show to the heavens  
That it do make it nice  
Wont you come live with me

Id come live with me  
If I were you, if I were you