

## This House

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Sir this house is vacant but it's not empty  
For this is where a love once lived with me  
Pictures chairs and tables are now missing  
But it's still furnished with old memories.

Here's where a baby dreamed he was a cowboy  
And he fought the indians almost every night  
And sometimes he'd come sliding down the stairway  
And tell us that he was an astronaut.

Now that door leads into the master bedroom  
Go ahead and look I'll wait outside  
To go in there would stirrup more old mem'ry  
A written in this room where our love died.

So stranger how could you go wrong  
This house only needs someone to care  
And just because it's vacant it's not empty  
Because love has already lived in here...