

Old Piece Of Tin

Sara Storer

An old piece of tin
With rust and nail holes
Holds up a house
As a storm wind blows

An old piece of tin
With dog ears on each end
Straighten them out
Because you're needed again

An old piece of tin
Whose work is never done
Battered by the rain
Weathered by the sun

Just an old piece of tin
On rafters old and rough
Leaks away the tears
But holds the puddles of love

He' just an old piece of tin
With rust and nail holes
And he holds up a house
As a storm wind blows

He's just an old piece of tin
With dog ears on each end
Straighten them out
Because you're needed again

An old piece of tin
Whose work is never done
Battered by the rain
Weathered by the sun

He's an old piece of tin
On rafters old and rough
Leaks away the tears
But holds the puddles of love

And though years may finally break you
And your walls start falling in
It's funny how I feel about
That old piece of tin