

# 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