

Burt Bacharach

"This House Is Not A Home"

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A chair is still a chair
Even when there's no one sitting there
But a chair is not a house
And a house is not a home
When there's no one there to hold you tight,
And no one there you can kiss good night.

A room is still a room
Even when there's nothing there but gloom;
But a room is not a house,
And a house is not a home
When the two of us are far apart
And one of us has a broken heart.

Now and then I call your name
And suddenly your face appears
But it's just a crazy game
When it ends it ends in tears.

Darling, have a heart,
Don't let one mistake keep us apart.
I'm not meant to live alone. Turn this house into a
home.
When I climb the stair and turn the key,
Oh, please be there still in love with me.

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