

## **Burt Bacharach**

### **"Us"**

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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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