

Frank Sinatra

"Just An Old Stone House"

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Where do you live? in a brown-stone or an apartment
house, a thousand feet tall?
Where do you live? in a penthouse? well, to be honest, I
don't envy you at all.
'Cause I have a house, far from the city, it may be my
own fault, but it's awful pretty.
Just an old stone house by a river, with an old dirt road
running by,
There's a tabby cat and a welcome mat, and a blessed
sun in the sky.
Just an old stone house by a river, with a few good
friends dropping in,
There's some big old tree, and a gentle breeze and a
little boy with a grin.
Oh yes, this is the place for me, oh yes, this is the place
to be,
The valley and the flowers, the long peaceful hours,
and beauty for any eye to see.
Just an old stone house by a river, and the door without
any key,
Just a friendly place for a friendly face, just an old
stone house and me.
Just a friendly place for a friendly face, just an old
stone house and me.

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