George Huff "When Your House Is Not A Home"

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I walked up to my door and hate to turn the key Emptiness is all that waits inside for me That's how it is when the one you love is gone That's how it is when your house is not a home.

I look around and see things marked with "his" and "hers" Little things like this just make things that much worse That's how it is since I live my life alone That's how it is since my house is not a home.

--- Instrumental ---

Is there a way out for a soul so torn as mine Each day I live I'm like a prisoner, passing time That's how it is, ask anyone who lives alone That's how it is when your house is not a home.

That's how it is when your house is not a home...

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