Marty Robbins "House With Everything But Love"

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You gave your happiness for sorrow Your tears fall like rain from above I see where you live from my wimdow A house with everything but love

My house is smaller than your own, dear The colour may not be as bright I may get just a little lonely But my conscience don't bother me at night

The roses bloom around your window The sun keeps shinin' every day It's cold and dark inside your prison To live, again there's just one way

You gave your happiness for sorrow Your tears fall like rain from above Well I see where you live from my wimdow A house with everything but love

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