

Roland J. Bowman

"House All Alone"

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Over Yonder by the river stands a memory. A grave-yard, for a life that used to be. This ole' homeless shelter without Love is made of stone. Over Yonder this ole'house is all alone.

There's a picture of a happy couple on the wall. Near the fireplace sits an empty rockin' chair. As the minutes turn to hours still no body's home. Over Yonder this ole' house is all alone.

Outside the backdoor where a path leads to a little field. there lies a graveyard with some words carved out in stone. If you read these words you'll understand the reason why. Over Yonder this ole' house is all alone. She died in the night while she was sleeping. Nobody ever knew the reason why. They found his body with a bullet through his brain. They buried them together by and by.

Sometimes they say the lights go on real late at night. And you can hear there voices singing sweet and low. But if you come too close they quickly fade away. I guess the secrets of this house I'll never know.

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