

Rosanne Cash "House On The Lake"

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Well, I miss the sounds of Tennessee
And the smell of heavy rain
The roses in the garden
Laugh before the pain

But I hear his voice close in my ear
I see her smile and wave
I blink and while my eyes are closed
They both have gone away

Blue bare room, the wood and nails
There's nothing left to take
But love and years are not for sale
In our old house on the lake

Well, I'm going down to New Orleans
'Cause we both are sinking fast
And I'll stare into the Bourbon moon
We'll see how long we last

But I hear his voice
I follow down the velvet undertow
Back to the place where I was born
Back to my southern home

Blue bare room, the wood and nails
There's nothing left to take
But love and years are not for sale
In our old house on the lake

In our old house on the lake
In our old house

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