

Daryle Singletary

"Real Estate Hands"

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forsale and a number on a sign at the end of the drive.
Plastic toys
ans a swingset all tangled up in grass grown knee high.
i walked up
on the front porch where our love made its last stand.

Chorus

theres a thousand memories that are now in real estate
hands.

I stood there on the welcome mat and to start they
forgot to lock
the door. I was glad that it was opened cause, my old
key dont fit
here anymore. On the wall of the living room i saw
markings and a
crayon stick man.

Chorus

theres a thousand memories that are now in real estate
hands.

How can you put a price on someones peice of life i'd
like to know.
Something so precious cant be bought or sold. like that
corner of
the bedroom where we made love and plans.

Chorus

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