

Cline Patsy**"When Your House Is Not A Home"**

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I walk 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
when your house is not a home

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

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