

Patrick Watson "To Build A Home"

Visit "[To Build A Home](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

There is a house built out of the stone
Wooden floors, walls and window sills
Tables and chairs worn by all of the dust
This is a place that I don't feel alone
This is a place that I call my home

And I built a home
For you
For me
Until it disappeared
From me
From you
And now, it's time
To live
And time
To die

I'm in the garden where we planted the seeds
There is a tree as old as me

By the cracks of his skin I climbed to the top
I climbed the tree to see the world
When a gusts of wind came to blow me down
Held on as tightly as you held on me
Held on as tightly as you held on me

And I built a home
For you
For me
Until it disappeared
From you
From me
And now, it's time
To live
And time
To die

Visit [Patrick Watson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.