

Ray Price

"This House"

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(Dave Kirby - Glenn Martin)

Sir this hous is vacant but it's not empty
For this is where a love once lived with me
Pictures chairs and tables are now missing
But it's still furnished with old memories.

Here's where a baby dreamed he was a cowboy
And he fought the indians almost every night
And sometimes he'd come sliding down the stairway
And tell us that he was an astronaut.

Now that door leads into the master bedroom
Go ahead and look I'll wait outside
To go in there would stirrup more old mem'ry
A written in this room where our love died.

So stranger how could you go wrong
This house only needs someone to care
And just because it's vacant it's not empty
Because love has already lived in here...

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