

# Rod Stewart, Love Lives Here

(ron wood/rod stewart/ronnie lane)

It's hard to believe that this is the place  
Where we were so happy all our lives  
Now so empty inside and feeling no pain  
Waiting for a hammer and a big ball and chain  
They can tear it all down and build something new  
But only I remember what was here

Tomorrow comes easy just another day gone  
How long will I have to keep returning

Now I look back think I've known all the time  
I've been finding myself for so long  
All the vows that we made  
Count for old bags of lumber  
Disappear on the cart down the road