

Willie Nelson, When A House Is Not A Home

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 ask anyone who lives alone
That's how it is when your house is not a home
(guitar - keyboards)
Is there a way out on a heart as torn as mine
Each day I live I'm like a prisoner passing time
That's how it is when the one you love is gone
That's how it is when your house is not a home
That's how it is when your house is not a home