

# 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