

Burt Bacharach, A House Is Not A Home

A chair is still a chair
Even when there's no one sitting there
But a chair is not a house
And a house is not a home
When there's no one there to hold you tight,
And no one there you can kiss good night.
A room is still a room
Even when there's nothing there but gloom;
But a room is not a house,
And a house is not a home
When the two of us are far apart
And one of us has a broken heart.
Now and then I call your name
And suddenly your face appears
But it's just a crazy game
When it ends it ends in tears.
Darling, have a heart,
Don't let one mistake keep us apart.
I'm not meant to live alone. Turn this house into a home.
When I climb the stair and turn the key,
Oh, please be there still in love with me.