Dolly Parton, House Where Love Lives

A squeaky gate a welcome mat a big shaggy dog that lives out back
And some might even call it a shack but this is a house where love lives

The paint is peeling off of the cells the mailbox is full of bills
And it's no mansion on the hill but this is a house where love lives

There's a little boy who looks just you with freckles on his nose and eyes of blue
A little girl almost two and everybody says she looks just like you

So thank you dear for loving me though I know rich we'll never be
But that doesn't matter to you and me cause we live in a house where love lives
[steel]
So thank you dear for loving me...
We live in a house where love lives