

# George Jones, Two Story House

We always wanted a big two story house  
Back when we lived in that little two room shack  
We wanted fame and fortune  
And we'd live life the way the rich folks do  
We knew some how we'd make it, together me and you  
With dreams and hopes of things to come  
We worked and never stopped  
Not much time for you and me  
We had to reach the top  
We bought that big two story house  
And soon became the envy of the town  
With all our work behind us  
We'd finally settled down  
Now we live (yes we live) in a two story house  
Whoa, what splendor  
But there's no love about  
I've got my story  
And I've got mine, too  
How sad it is, we now live, in a two story house  
The house is filled with rare antiques  
There's marble on the floor  
Beauty all around us  
Like we've never seen before  
There's chandeliers in every room  
Imported silks and satin all about  
We filled the house with everything  
But somehow left love out  
Now we live (yes we live) in a two story house  
Oh what splendor  
But there's no love about  
I've got my story  
And I've got mine, too  
How sad it is, we now live, in a two story house  
How sad it is, we now live, in a two story house