

# Lynn Anderson, Our House Is Not A Home

Our house is hushed with only lonely we had crystal teardrops for our chandelier  
Shatters of sadness won't let happiness get in  
Our house is not a home for there's never been love in  
Our bedroom has curtains of icy lace fine carpets where my restless feet have cased  
To be so lovely yet so empty it must be a sin  
Our house is not a home for there's never been love in  
It's never known a joy or the sound of tiny feet  
In cold protection it looks down on the world like you look down on me  
Why do we try to fool the world why do we pretend  
Our house is not a home for there's never been love in  
Our house is not a home for there's never been love in