

Milow, House by the creek

Mama lies on the couch in her old wedding gown
She turned pale long before the carnival had left town
She stares at the front porch on the outlook for dad
"Don't worry, I'll be back in a week" is the last thing he said
We all knew he gambled in the city and lost
Money we didn't have must've be the line that he crossed
It's been over a year instead of a week
Here in our house, our house by the creek
Me and my family live in the Netherlands
In the house that he build with his bare hands
My younger brother Jimmy is playing outside
With his cap gun he tries to shoot planes from the sky
In his chair by the window sits uncle Fred
Since he's back from the war there ain't a word he has said
And Freckles my sister as she passed away sir
Sometimes in my dreams I catch up with dad and with her
What we end up with is not what we seek
Here in our house, our house by the creek
My name is Louis, it's Louis, all right
I play dad's old accordion all day and all night
I just turned eleven, so I'm still a kid
But when I grow up I wanna find out what daddy did
Mister believe me, I was thought not to cry
And that family should stay together 'till the day that you die
Yeah mister believe me, I was thought boys don't cry
And that the town where you're born is the town where youll die
That the town where you're born is where youll probably die
What did God wanna show when He created man weak
We don't understand in our house by the creek