

# Porter Wagoner, House Where Love Lives

A squeaky gate a welcome lock a big shaggy dog that lives out back  
And some might even call it a shack but this is the house where love lives  
The paint is peelin' off of the cells the mailbox is full of bills  
And it's no mansion on the hill but this is the 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 the house where love lives  
[ steel ]  
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 the house where love lives  
We live in the house where love lives