

Rod Stewart, Love Lives Here

(ron wood/rod stewart/ronnie lane)

It's hard to believe that this is the place
Where we were so happy all our lives
Now so empty inside and feeling no pain
Waiting for a hammer and a big ball and chain
They can tear it all down and build something new
But only I remember what was here

Tomorrow comes easy just another day gone
How long will I have to keep returning

Now I look back think I've known all the time
I've been finding myself for so long
All the vows that we made
Count for old bags of lumber
Disappear on the cart down the road