

# Barbra Streisand, House Of Flowers

My house is made of flowers  
The warm winds carpet the floor  
Whenever there's spring showers  
I open the rainbow door  
The frog, the toad, the turtle  
All make my home their home  
My curtains are crape mottle  
And the firefly flies neath my dome  
I've never had money  
And I'll never need none  
The moon is my lamp

And my clock is the sun  
My home's a home  
For all those things  
What grows, what flies, what sings  
If it all sounds tempting  
And it do you entice  
I show to the heavens  
That it do make it nice  
Won't you come live with me  
I'd come live with me,  
If I were you...if I were you!