

# Connie Smith, House Divided

We had planed our house of love together and every happy moment I recall  
But upon our house of love came stormy weather  
Then our house became divided and tears began to fall  
One foolish word led to another till at last we stood there looking at the wall  
Everybody says that we belong together  
Oh why must two unhappy people watch a house divided fall  
[ guitar ]  
One foolish word left to another...