

Connie Smith, When A House Is Not A Home

I walk up to my door and hate to turn the key emptiness is all that waits inside for me
That's how it is when the one you love is gone
That's how it is when your house is not a home
I look around and see things marked with his and hers
Things like these just seem to make it that much worse
That's how it is since I live my life alone that's how it is since my house is not a home
[steel]
Is there a way out for a soul so torn as mine
Each day I live I'm like a prisoner servin' time
That's how it is ask anyone who lives alone
That's how it is when your house is not a home
That's how it is since my house is not a home