

Doug Stone, Little Houses

A little white house, in the heart of town,
On a little sad street, just a little run down,
Became a home, for Bill and Sue,
Two newlyweds, who did the best that they could do.
And when they brush each other, passin' in the hall,
Sue would smile and say: "This place is pretty small.

But you know, love grows best in little houses,
With fewer walls to separate,
Where you eat and sleep so close together.
You can't help but communicate,
Oh, and if we had more room between us, think of all we'd miss.
Love grows best, in houses just like this.

Before too long, Sue and Bill,
Were makin' plans, for Jack and Jill.
Oh, happy day, when the news came in
But what to do, when they found out Sue was having twins.
When they could not pass each other in the hall,
Well, Sue would smile and say: "This place is really, really small.

But you know, love grows best in little houses,
With fewer walls to separate,
Where you eat and sleep so close together.
You can't help but communicate,
Oh, and if we had more room between us, think of all we'd miss.
Love grows best, in houses just like this.

That little white frame house still keeps them warm,
Though it's been thirty-two years, since the kids were born,
And when they look back now, they hold each other tight,
And whisper in each other's ears: "You know you were right.

Because love grows best in little houses,
With fewer walls to separate,
Where you eat and sleep so close together.
You can't help but communicate,
Oh, and if we had more room between us, think of all we'd miss.
Love grows best, in houses just like this.

Yeah, love grows best, in houses just like this.