

# Hank Snow, My Arms Are A House

My arms are a house I want you to live there  
Come into my house for you have the key  
My heart is the door that's waiting wide open  
To welcome the love who shares it with me

We'll furnished with kisses and plans that come true  
Just think of the nursery in pink or in blue  
We'll make it secure with love and devotion  
My arms are a house for no one but you

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