

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

(My arms are a house I want you to live there
Come into my house for you have the key)
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