

# Jean Shepard, When Your House Is Not A Home

I walk up to my door and hate to turn the key  
Emptiness is all that's left 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 things 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 - piano ]  
Is there a way out for a soul so torn as mine  
Each day I'm living like a prisoner passing time  
That's how it is ask anyone who lives alone  
That's how it is when your house is not a home