

Lorrie Morgan, From Our House To Yours

When I was just a little kid
you became my very best friend
Soon as I had done my chores
I'd beat a path from our house to yours
One Christmas we both asked for bikes
One in red, one blue and white
I'll never forget that magic morn'
My first ride from our house to yours

From our house to yours
Twenty-one mailboxes, twenty-one doors
For ten years or more
It was back and forth from our house to yours

One summer we both had a crush
On a boy who lived down the road from us
He liked me but he liked you more
I watched him go from our house to yours
I remember the day you turned thirteen
Thought you had grown too old for me
But I taught you make-up, you taught me boys
We burned up the phone lines from our house to yours

From our house to yours
Seven numbers, twenty-one doors
For ten years or more
I knew way from our house to yours

I'll never forget that awful day
When the moving van took you away
I cried till my eyes were red and sore
Five hundred miles from our house to yours
It had been a while since you crossed my mind
Then a card in the mailbox at Christmas time
With an evergreen wreath on a red front door
Saying lots of love from our house to yours

From our house to yours
Too many years, too many doors
But for ten years or more
I knew the way from our house to yours

I knew the way from our house to yours