

# Peter, Paul & Mary, 24 Green Street

The paint is old and peeling  
The shutters show some cracks  
There's a heavy limb on the apple tree  
That's got to be cut back  
There's some water in the cellar  
A little sagging in the floor  
But this house has weathered many storms  
It will weather many more

'cause I scraped away the peeling paint  
And found the wood was good and strong  
And I found a firm foundation  
Had been there all along  
There's nothing here that a little work  
And time can't heal  
'cause everything underneath is real

Nerves are frayed and ragged  
Patience is wearing thin  
Words were said in fits of rage  
That never should have been  
We bruised each other badly  
Lost respect along the way  
But there's too much here worth saving  
To throw it all away

Can't we lay aside our fear and pride  
And find the good within  
All that we have shared before  
Can be restored again  
There's nothing here that a little work  
And time can't heal  
'cause everything underneath is real