

Peter, Paul & Mary, Home is Where the Heart Is

On the corner there's this nice man
His name is Mark, He's always smiling
He's got this mom who comes on Wednesdays
In the evening with soup so steaming
He shares his house with his friend Martin
They're not brothers, they're not cousins
My little girl wonders all about these men
I take hold of her hand, and I begin

chorus:
Home is where the heart is
No matter how the heart lives
Inside your heart where love is
That's where you've got to make yourself
At home

Across the yard live Deb and Tricia
With their tools and ladders
And their room addition
My kid yells over, "Are ya having a baby?"
They wink and smile, they say, "Someday maybe."
But through their doors go kids and mommies
Funny how you don't see the daddies go in
My little girl wonders
'Bout this house with no men,
I take hold of her hand
And I begin

chorus

'Round the corner, here comes Martin
He's alone now, he tries smiling
He roams around his well stocked kitchen
He knows that fate will soon be coming
My little girl wonders where he will live
I take hold of her hand and I begin

chorus

Martin sits and waits with his windows open
His house is empty, his heart is broken
We bring him toys and watercolors
He loves to hear my little baby's stories
She's the gift I share
She's his companion
She's the string on the kite
She guides him into the wind
My little girl wonders who will care for him
We take hold of his hand and we begin