

# Randy Travis, My House

(Paul Overstreet/Al Gore)

My house is no mansion  
But it still holds my treasures  
Things that will never be sold  
There's a few things in this world  
That just can't be measured  
By money, by silver and gold  
My house is filled with the things that I love  
From her smile in the mornin'  
To her soft goodnight hugs  
Her whisper, her laughter  
Everything that she does  
My house is filled with the things that I love  
This old bed that we sleep on  
Don't have satin covers  
But it holds some great memories  
No decorations can make better lovers  
In her arms I feel like a king  
My house is filled with the things that I love  
From her smile in the mornin'  
To her soft goodnight hugs  
Her whisper, her laughter  
Everything that she does  
My house is filled with the things that I love  
Yes, my house is filled with the things that I love