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