

Small Fred, Housewarming

Brick and wood, mortar and plane
Labor's love, a little faith
You can see the structure taking form.
Ancient tools, a new design
Taking care, taking time
We've seen so many houses fall before.

CHORUS:

We are building a house growing tall before our eyes
Stone on stone, watch it rise!
We are building a house with our hands, with our songs
May it stand as long as our lives.
As we tinker with the plans
Gentle friends lend their hands
Laying down a sturdy hardwood floor
For the future, from the past
Room to change, built to last
Come the snows of winter we'll be warm.

CHORUS

BRIDGE:

And sometimes you'll need a vacation (I'll need one too)
Sunning on the sand, running in a blinding rain.
After the recreation
We can sleep in our own bed once again.
That easy chair you've always known
Photographs from long ago
Thanksgiving Day parade moving in
So many books upon the shelves
So much more to teach ourselves
Under this roof we shall begin.

CHORUS