

# The Stills, The House We Live In

In your eyes  
I see mine  
In your fate  
And in time  
And with love  
You can't leave behind  
And with hope  
To find this home of mine

Dear sara  
The house we live in  
Is all I know

Without spite  
Without scorn  
Here we lay  
With open sores  
To the living room  
With the crooked floor  
Push the window  
Shut that leaning door