

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