

# Trisha Yearwood, Jackie's House

(Chapin Hartford)

I'd put a little love note in a bottle  
Throw it off the Bay Street bridge  
Watch it glide along among the willows  
And run along the bank with the other kids.

If that bottle didn't  
Hang up on the stones  
It would ride that river  
With a will of its own.

It'd go underground  
And come up in the creek  
Behind Jackie's house, Jackie's house  
I'd hang around until Jackie came out.

My hands would shake  
My heart would ache  
I didn't know what is was  
But I first felt love behind Jackie's house.

You could hear a pin drop in that parlor  
It was horsehair chairs and old lace  
Jackie sat beside me like a statue  
The other kids were out playing kids' games.

Those funny feelings  
Strange and unknown  
They would rise like the river  
With a will of their own.

With the risk I took  
When I first stole a look  
into Jackie's eyes, Jackie's eyes  
I saw forever in an endless sky.

My hands would shake  
My heart would ache  
I didn't know what is was  
But I first saw love behind Jackie's eyes.

After all this time  
Jackie's heart's still mine  
And the love  
keeps on flowing behind, Jackie's house oh yeah.

Now our little ones they laugh and run  
Down by the creek in the summer sun  
Jackie and me and the years agree  
We know what it is it's love and it lives here  
In Jackie's house, oh, and in Jackie's eyes  
Oh and in Jackie's heart and mine...