

# Willie Nelson, Happiness Lives Next Door

I'm sorry, but you've come to the wrong house.  
But I know who those flowers are for.  
The flowers that you have are for someone who's happy,  
And happiness lives next door.

Someone sends her flowers each evening,  
And her young heart is flooded with joy.  
So don't keep her waiting, deliver the flowers,  
To happiness, who lives next door.

The only one who would send flowers to me,  
Is gone to return no more.  
But there's some consolation to know someone is happy,  
And happiness lives next door.

Instrumental break.

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