

## When a House Is Not a Home

Connie Smith

I walk up to my door and hate to turn the key emptiness is all  
that waits inside for me  
That's how it is when the one you love is gone  
That's how it is when your house is not a home  
I look around and see things marked with his and hers  
Things like these just seem to make it that much worse  
That's how it is since I live my life alone that's how it is si  
nce my house is not a home

Is there a way out for a soul so torn as mine  
Each day I live I'm like a prisoner servin' time  
That's how it is ask anyone who lives alone  
That's how it is when your house is not a home  
That's how it is since my house is not a home