

Is There Anyone Home

Gordon Lightfoot

Is there anyone home in this house made of stone?
Anyone inside know my name
I've been around for a half of a hundred days.
Never saw a door shut so tight
Turn around, don't look down
There's a man behind you with a gun
Like any wandering child in the wilderness,
Wild and uncaged are your ways
I think I heard
Someone stirred
I think I heard
Someone stirred

There's a light around you
I've come to switch it on
It will brighten every room
Don't be ashamed if you feel a whole lot warmer in you heart.
You got that feelin' in your soul

Is there anyone home in this house made of stone?
Anyone in there who might care
I've grown weary and wise and I feel much amazed.
Got a few good tales to unwind
Turn around, don't look down
There's a man behind you with a gun.
Like any wandering minstrel I've dawned in the house of a thous
and delights.

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