

This House

Courtney Marie Andrews

Lift up on the door on the old rusted hinge
The lock might be fickle, it's always been
But it's a sweet old place to keep our memories in
This house ain't much of a house, but it's a home

Empty cans on the counter and the laundry is never done
The dogs tracked in snow and mud
For every rose, there's a weed, but every weed is welcome
This house ain't much of a house, but it's a home

The faucet might leak
The staircase might creak
The heater takes a while to kick in
But there's a whole lot of laughter and love
This house, this house is our home

There's a bed upstairs, if you're ever in town
Or if you need a place to get your feet back on the ground
There's coffee in the cupboard, take any food you want out
My house, my house is your home

Tucker's buried in the yard
Under that old oak we carved
That porch is where you and I first kissed
And there's no shortage of laughter or love
This house, this house is our home
This house, this house is our home