

House

JOY.

Oh, what a house we could make
If you build the walls and I will create
Grand design left in the hands of our fate
Oh, what a place to wait

Oh, what a house we could make
With a full horizon and a sight of the lake
Just you and I till the day my bones ache
Oh, what a place to wait

Oh, what a house we could build
Just room for two chairs up on top of the hill
Your kind of space when you've got time to kill
Oh, what a place to be still

Oh, what a house we could build
A place we could live when our futures are sealed
With fruit on the trees, you are filled
And oh, what a place to be still, to be still

Oh, what a house we could make
Remove all the corners and the negative space
In a circle round with no room to waste
Oh, what a place to create, create