

A House Is Not a Home

Burt Bacharach

A chair is still a chair, even when there's no one sittin' there
But a chair is not a house and a house is not a home
When there's no one there to hold you tight
And no one there you can kiss goodnight
A room is still a room, even when there's nothin' there but gloom
But a room is not a house and a house is not a home
When the two of us are far apart
And one of us has a broken heart
Now and then I call your name
And suddenly your face appears
But it's just a crazy game
When it ends, it ends in tears
I'm not meant to live alone
Turn this house into a home
When I climb the stairs and turn the key
Oh, please be there, still in love with me

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