House On The Lake

Rosanne Cash

Well, I miss the sounds of Tennessee
And the smell of heavy rain
The roses in the garden
Laugh before the pain
But I hear his voice close in my ear
I see her smile and wave
I blink and while my eyes are closed
They both have gone awayBlue bare room, the wood and nails
There's nothing left to take
But love and years are not for sale
In our old house on the lakeWell, I'm going down to New Orleans
'Cause we both are sinking fast
And I'll stare into the Bourbon moon
We'll see how long we lastBut I hear his voice
I follow down the velvet undertow
Back to the place where I was born
Back to my southern home

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