

Real Estate Hands

Daryle Singletary

For sale and a number on a sign at the end of the drive.

Plastic toys and a swingset all tangled up in grass that's grown knee high.

I walked up on the front porch of the house where our love made its last stand.Chorus
There's a thousand memories that are now in real estate hands.I stood there on the welcome mat and discovered
they forgot to lock the door.

I was glad that it was open, cause my old key don't fit here anymore.

On the wall of the living room I saw markings and a crayon drawn stick man.Chorus

There's a thousand memories that are now in real estate hands.How can you put a price on someone's piece of
life I'd like to know.

Something so precious can't be bought or sold. Like that corner of
the bedroom where we made love and plans.Chorus

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