

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 goodnightA room is a 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 heartNow and then I call your name

And suddenly your face appears

But it's just a crazy game

When it ends, it ends in tearsI'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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