

This Old House

[Craig Bickhardt](#)

This old house was once for dancing,
This old house once filled with joy.
With its beauty so entrancing,
Every little girl and boy.
Now its halls are filled with darkness.
Its rooms are dusty, cold.
This old house is growing so old. Take a walk into the ballroom,
Now it hardly looks the same.
Now its chandelier is shattered,
Only stillness here remains.
Long ago there was the laughter
Through the stories that were told.
This old house has grown so old. Careful of the stairs,
Don't sit on the broken chair.
People passing by
Used to pause out in the square.
Now they go on by,
No one even stops to stare.
It's so all alone,
No one cares. They'll tear down this house come morning,
Build a new one in its place.
Put an end to all its glory,
Put an end to all its grace.
And the sun will set when evening comes,
Stars will fill the sky -
And stars will fill the sky.

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