

To Build A Home

Patrick Watson

There is a house built out of stone
Wooden floors, walls and window sills...
Tables and chairs worn by all of the dust...
This is a place where I don't feel alone
This is a place where I feel at home...*

Cause, I built a home
for you
for me

Until it disappeared
from me
from you

And now, it's time to leave and turn to dust...

Out in the garden where we planted the seeds
There is a tree as old as me
Branches were sewn by the color of green
Ground had arose and passed it's knees

By the cracks of the skin I climbed to the top
I climbed the tree to see the world
When the gusts came around to blow me down
I held on as tightly as you held onto me
I held on as tightly as you held onto me...

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