

Silent House

Dixie Chicks

These walls have eyes
Rows of photographs
And faces like mine
Who do we become
Without knowing where
We started from

It's true I'm missing you
As I stand alone in your room

Everyday that will pass you by
Every name that you won't recall
Everything that you made by hand
Everything that you know by heart

And I will try to connect
All the pieces you left
I will carry it on
And let you forget
And I'll remember the years
When your mind was clear
How the laughter and life
Filled up this silent house

One room
Two single beds
In the closet hangs
Your favorite dress
The books that you read
Are in scattered piles
Of paper shreds

Everything that you made by hand
Everything that you know by heart

And I will try to connect
All the pieces you left
I will carry it on
And let you forget
And I'll remember the years
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In the garden off the living room
A chill fills the air
And the lilies bloom

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