

HOUSE O' PLENTY

Written by Patty Francis and Bart Drees

Somewhere near an eastern harbor,
The hills rise high above the tide,
They open to reveal an arbor,
And a house that sits inside.

The world can be just too demanding,
Full of bull and crimson tape,
But in the hills a beacon's standing,
Leads us to our escape.

We're living in a house o' plenty,
Our larder and our hearts are full.
Except for lies, we don't have any,
Honesty's a golden rule.

Inside the door's a peaceful feeling,
Echoing the years gone by,
The memories reach to the ceiling,
Make us laugh, and make us cry.

There's wood stacked high beside the fireplace,
The pantry shelves are well-stocked too,
The kitchen's the most welcoming space,
Smells like sage and honeydew.

We're living in a house o' plenty,
Our larder and our hearts are full,
Except for fights, we don't have many,
Kindness is a golden rule.

The valley view's extraordinary,
Off the deck right up the stairs,
The steps aren't always necessary,
We've been known to walk on air.

It isn't Neverland or Eden,
Sometimes there's great sorrow too,
That's when we tell our friends we need them,
They move right in and pull us through.

And we're living in a house o' plenty,
Our larder and our hearts are full,
Except regrets, we don't have any,
Gratitude's a golden rule.

We're living in a house o' plenty,
Living in a house o' plenty,
Living in a house o' plenty.