

126-1000  
Build my house

When I build my house, I'll build it out of straw  
It may not be the sturdiest house you ever saw  
But with the money that i save i'll buy myself a home  
A place that lightens up my heart, i place that i'll call home

I will not build a mansion full of all the latest stuff  
A bed, a fridge a working loo should be quite enough  
And with the money that i save i'll clothe and feed my boy  
Funny how the simple things can fill a man with joy

Some might say my house of straw will blow down in rain  
That bricks and wood should be my choice, security my refrain  
But nothing lasts forever, everything must slip away  
A house of bricks feeds the delusion that we're always here to stay

So when i build my house, I will build it out of straw  
I know the winters will be cold, waiting for spring's thaw  
And when my neighbors chastise me for not planning so well  
I'll smile because their permanence is it's own form of hell

I build my house  
I will call it home  
It may be my car  
That way i can roam  
It may be on river  
It may get washed away  
I'll build my house  
Simply for today