

# Under The House

Words and Music: Graeme Connors

On the hottest day a soothing breeze  
finds its way through the battens  
to our shadow land where the hammock swings  
and time stands still

There are little things I can't forget  
little acts of tenderness  
my face buried in your hair  
I'd know that perfume anywhere

(under the house) that was us and that was then  
(under the house) that was where and that was when  
memories I can't live without  
(under the house)

Wet season rain can wear you down  
leave you praying for sunshine  
run a line between the iron bark stumps  
to hang the washing out

There are little things that stay with me  
little things I can't let be  
first time I saw in your eyes  
the truth that we both recognized

(under the house) this is us and this is now  
(under the house) this is where and this how  
this is what what my life's about  
(under the house)

watching seasons come and go  
like everything I used to know  
sifting through all this debris  
to find whatever is left of me

(under the house) this is us and this is now  
(under the house) this is where and this how  
you're the one I can't live without  
(under the house)