

B *Start*
 Slightly quicker

51 On these walls I hang won-der-ful pic-tures, 52 Through this win-dow I can watch the sea - sons
 53
 54

55 change, By this lamp, I can read 56 and I, I am set free. 57
 58

59 And when it's cold out - side 60 I feel no fear, 61 E - ven in the win - ter
 62

63 storms I am warmed 64 by a small but stub-born fire. 65 And
 66

67 there is no - where I would ra - ther be. 68
 69
 70

71 It is - n't much, but it is e - nough 72 for me. 73 For this is
 74
 75 *END*

C

76 my house. 77 This is my house. 78
 79

80 It is - n't much, but it is e - nough 81 for me. 82 This is
 83

84 my house. 85 This is my house. 86
 87

#20 - My House

poco rall.

88 89 90 91

It is - n't much, but it is e - nough.

Escapologist

Don't

D **A tempo**

92 93 94 95

And when it's cold and bleak, I feel no fear, E - ven in the fier - cest

cry, please don't cry, I am here, lit - tle girl.

96 97 98 99

storms I am warmed by this small but stub - born fire,

Please don't cry, Let me wipe a - way your tears. For

E

100 101 102 103

E - ven when out - side it's free - zing I don't pay much heed, (I know that)

- give me, I did - n't mean to de - sert you, I know that I

104 105 106 107

ev - 'ry - thing I need is in here.

hurt you...

#20 - My House