Bigger On The Inside

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A Asus2 D A
Our house is bigger on the inside than it looks from on the street
E E7 E6 E A E7
There must be something odd about the way the corners meet.
D D5 D A
We warn our friends about it, but they always seem surprised,
E E6 E7 E E7 A E A
And I sometimes can't imagine how our stuff all fits inside.

D A Asus2 A
We have computers, toys, and magazines, and quiet cozy nooks;
E7 A E A Asus2 E7
The bathroom's lined with cedar planks, and the living room with books.
A Asus4 A Asus2 A D A
There's boxes full of god- knows-what in the attic up above,
E E6 E7 E6 A
And we always keep good company and love.

There's a gallery of science-fiction pictures in the hall,
And something's taped or bolted on to each square foot of wall.
Our daughters' closets look just like a baby dragon's hoard;
It's true that we're disorganized, but at least we're seldom bored.

Colleen is halfway buried as she crochets up a quilt
I'm getting in some songs before my voice begins to wilt.
Kids are shouting back in Emmy's room, the pizza's getting hot;
Folks come over every Wednesday whether we're at home or not.

There's a guest crashed on the futon couch who's too wiped out to leave,
And something in the fridge that's been there since last Christmas eve.
We're packed in five dimensions, and through the twilight zone,
It's all the friendly clutter here that makes it feel like home.

Inspired by a friend's account of a visit to our house. At the Younger Daughter's insistence I have pluralized "daughters" in verse 2, and at the *older's* insistence changed the name in verse 3.

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