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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.

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.

When we moved North to Rainbow's End some things got re-arranged;  
 The family's gotten bigger, but the main things haven't changed.  
 Folks are singing in the Great Room, and the chili's getting hot;  
 They come over every Sunday whether we're at home or not.

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 tiles and the living rooms with books.  
 A Asus4 A Asus2 A D A  
 There's boxes full of god- knows-what in the cupboards up above,  
 E E6 E7 E6 A  
 And we always keep good company and love.

We moved to Whidbey Island, though we aren't quite certain how;  
 Our yard has deer and rabbits and sometimes a neighbor's cow.  
 We're now the Rainbow Caravan, but never mind the name;  
 No matter where we wander we're a family just the same.

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 cupboards and the living room with books.  
 A Asus4 A Asus2 A D A  
 There are boxes full of tools below and full of beds above,  
 E E6 E7 E6 A  
 And we always keep good company and love.

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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 children's closets look just like a baby dragon's hoard;  
It's true that we're disorganized, but at least we're seldom bored.

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 pluralized "daughters" in verse 2, and at the *older's* insistence changed the name in verse 3. Now, of course, "some things got rearranged", and the former verse 2 was moved down to the penultimate verse, where "daughters" has become "children". Another move, to Whidbey Island (sometimes called "Rainbow's End North"), naturally necessitated yet another verse and chorus. I may have to start a new song.