

# The Two Sides to My House

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If you go outside my back door  
You will see endless miles of green  
If you go outside my back door  
You will see what is never seen

There are flowers a bloom,  
Trees a growing,  
Rocks a rolling,  
And water a flowing

You hear the birds chirping,  
The rustling of the leaves  
What rustles the leaves?  
Why, the soft, cool breeze

If you go outside my back door  
You will see  
The world that existed before

But, if you go outside my front door  
You will see many different things  
You won't see much green  
Or even hear a bird that sings

Instead you see a pitch black road  
Running through my neighborhood  
With machines that drive  
Each owning a hood

You see many different houses  
Each bigger than their yards  
You see many distinct driveways  
Each with different cars

Now that you know many new things  
I leave you with the pictures  
Of the two sides to my house