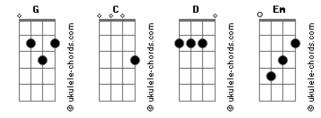
Shania Twain - Home ain`t where his heart is (Anymore)

Tom: G





Em Home, home ain't where his heart is anymore. Em G D He may hang his hat behind our bedroom door, G D Em Em but he don't lay his head down to love me like before. G D G Em - D Home ain't where his heart is anymore. D 2. If foundations made of stone can turn to dust, C D then the hardest hearts of steel can turn to rust. C D Em If he could only find that feeling once again, C D G if we could only change the way the story ends. C ${\rm G}$ And he may still come home, but I live here alone, $\begin{tabular}{ccc} Em & C & D \end{tabular}$ the love that built these walls is gone.

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