To Be Back Home Again

Scott Dawson

There was a lonely old widowered man
Sitting in his rocking chair
Watching the neighborhood children as they played
In the warm springtime air
He traveled back to earlier years
As he softly fell asleep
And saw a boy dressed in faded overalls
Skipping stones on the creek
Then the warmth of his mothers sweet love
Soaked him like a gentle rain
When he awoke he was sad to be alone
Oh just to be back home again

Oh to be back home again
Where love is everywhere
And everyone's your friend
Where you can be yourself and not have to pretend
Oh to be back home again

The hours rolled by soon the sun had settled down
Now the moonlight took its place
Silver beams streaked through those maple trees
And fell upon his weary face
He looked around and tried hard not to weep
As he said a little prayer
Once again he closed his eyes and fell asleep
And went back home in his rocking chair

Lyrics Submitted by Scott Dawson

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