

Single-wide Home

Corey Smith

Daddy worked out in the lumber yard by the cemetery road
carrying the load the best he could
We'd see him from the highway when mom would drive us to town
he looked so small between those rows of woodHe'd come home around supper time, kick the sawdust off his
boots
take my baby brother in his arms
I was only five years old but I remember it so well, I learned what love was there in our single-wide homeIt was
a single-wide home on a dead-end gravel road
On the back side of my granddaddy's land
We had a fifteen acre playground and it was a paradise to me
Lord, i wish i could go home againWe got cable television back in '85,
Fifty chanel's were the world to me
And the cartoons and the evening news taught me how tio be afraid
of guns and drugs and povertyI cried "mama, oh mama, I don't ever want to leave" and she said "son, one day
you'll be on your own, but jesus died so you might live and you don't have to be afraid"
yeah, I found God there in our single wide homeIt was a single-wide home and I had a bible in my hand
Jesus saved me from my sinsAs I've gotten older I've drifted away, Lord I wish I could go home again
i wish i could go home againNow that trailer's in the scrap yard.. out by the interstate, where all the strangers
come in
When grandad died they sold the property
tore down the timber.. and started buildingIt was a single-wide home, just off Jackson Trail
Back before the developers moved in
It's all covered up now by track houses and rowsOh, and Lord I wish I could go home again
I wish I could go home again
To a single-wide home
Ohh, oh, oh

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