

# The Road Home

Barry Greenfield

Full moon risin' over Atlanta  
And I'm fourteen stories high  
Lookin' down on a street full of people  
Just like bees in a hive  
Lord sometimes I feel just like a number  
Like somebody lost my name  
I just couldn't wait to get here to the city  
Now I can't remember why I came  
And the road home keeps on gettin' longer  
Old friends and yesterday's are further away  
And that old home grown felling's gettin' stronger  
Sayin' I'm gonna be a goner if I don't go back someday  
Cattails growin' down by the river  
So crystal clear in my mind  
And there's a song that I still remember  
Sung by the wind in the pines  
Lord the people ain't never in a hurry  
Ain't never bothered by time

They just take their troubles and all of their worries  
And hang 'em on the end of a fishin' line  
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