

Goin' Home

[Scott H. Biram](#)

I'm goin' home, to see my kin
I'm gonna tell my little cousin just where I been Well the trouble with livin' is you gotta get'r done
Keep on a sinnin' and you're always on the run...
Making lots of trouble keep' em hanging on the line
If you ever stop a moving well, then they'll hang you out to dry yeah Well used to waste my time breaking rocks
up on the hill
Till I got a little anxious and the warden got killed
People take it bad when they find out where I been
They take it even harder when they found out what I done
I'm goin' home, to see my kin
I'm gonna tell my little sister just where I been Well I never want to say I've been having no fun,
Knocking on the door with your big shotgun
Driving all night to a greasy little town
where i'm sure to get my fill of the trouble going round
Yeah
I'm sleeping on the highway with a loaded 44
Get up in the morning put the pedal to the floor
If the police ever come to the river so wide
You know they won't get me cause on i'm the other side I'm goin' home, Lord to see my kin
You know I'll never tell my sweet little mother just where I been
Well the trouble with livin' is you gotta get'r done
Keep on a sinnin' and you're always on the run
Making lots of trouble keep em hanging on the line
If you ever stop a moving well, then they'll hang you out to dry yeah
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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