

# Road Home

Travis Tritt

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 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 yesterdays are further away  
And that old home grown feelin'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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