

Home

Alan Jackson

In a small town down in Georgia over forty years ago
Her maiden name was Musik till she met that Jackson boy
They married young like folks did then, not a penny to their name
They believe the one you vow to love should always stay the same
And on the land his daddy gave him, a foundation under way
For a love to last forever or until their dying day
They built a bond that's strong enough to stand the test of time
And a place for us to turn to when our lives were in a bind
And they made their house from a tool shed
Granddaddy rolled down on two logs
And they built walls all around it
And they made that house a home
And they taught us 'bout good living
They taught us right and wrong
Lord there'll never be another place
In this world I'll call home
My momma raised five children, four girls then there was me
She found her strength with faith in God and love of family
She never had a social life, home was all she knew
Except the time she took a job, to pay a bill or two
My daddy skinned his knuckles on the cars that he repaired
He never earned much money but he gave us all he had
He never made the front page but he did the best he could
And folks drove their cars from miles around
To let him look underneath the hood
And they made their house from a tool shed
Granddaddy rolled down on two logs
And they built walls all around it
And they made that house a home
And they taught us 'bout good living
They taught us right and wrong
Lord there'll never be another place
In this world I'll call home
No there'll never be another place
In this world that I'll call home

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