

Sing Me Back Home

The Byrds

The warden led a prisoner down the hallway to his doom
I stood up to say goodbye, like all the rest
I heard him tell the warden just before he reached my cell
Let my guitar playin' friend do my request
Won't you sing me back home with the songs I used to hear
Make my old memories come alive
Take me away and turn back the years
Won't you sing me back home before I die
I recall last Sunday mornin', a choir came off the street
Came in to sing a few old gospel songs
I heard him tell the singers, there's a song my mamma sang
Could I hear it once before you move along
Won't you sing me back home with the songs I used to hear
Make my old memories come alive
Take me away and turn back the years
Won't you sing me back home before I die

Songwriters

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