

Iâ'm a Welder

Daniel Norgren

It's spring time but I haven't seen the sun
To see the sun ain't what I signed
You said I could get what I ain't got
Back home, home where I'm bound
Back home where I'm bound I'm a welder in a foreign land
I'm working hard days and nights
My head is worn out from longing
Back home, home where I'm bound
Back home where I'm bound I've been here three years and a half now
I still don't even own the clothes on my back
Well, I'd rather starve together with my family now
Back home, home where I'm bound
Back home where I'm bound Where there's music and crickets in my ears all night
She said she likes what she sees though I'm quite ugly and not much of a dancer
Where the moon is like a big old apple and the liquor comes from the woods
Home, Home where I'm bound
Back home where I'm bound
Back home, home where I'm bound
Back home where I'm bound

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