

# Back Where I Belong

[Darryl Worley](#)

There's a little shack tucked back in the timber  
It wasn't much back then, but it was home  
Sometimes it hurts me to remember  
Just how long I've been gone Oh, how I miss the smell of mama's kitchen  
And the way she used to sing those gospel songs  
Right now I wish that me and dad were fishin'  
So I could tell him, he was right and I was wrong Big city nights and lights surround me  
Feels like a prison to my soul  
I can hear a whippoorwill calling me home  
Back where I belong Now all the rockin' chairs are empty  
I hate to think how tall the weeds have grown  
I'd give back everything the good Lord gave me  
If I could just go back to where I belong

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