Home

Jerry Lee Lewis

Well, I've been a traveller most of my life
Never took a home, never took a wife
Ran away young and decided to roam
Wanna see my mama and my daddy back home[Chorus]
Home, where the river runs cold
The water tastes good, the winters ain't cold
Home, where the trees grow tall
The home fires burn, the whippoorwills callI remember stories that my daddy used to tell
My eyes would get big, and his chest would swell
I could sit for hours and listen with glee
As he'd tell of how he lived when he's a boy like me[Chorus]

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