

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 call I 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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