

# Detroit City

## Dean Martin

I want to go home, I want to go home,  
Oh, how I want to go home! Last night I went to sleep in Detroit City,  
And I dreamed about those cotton fields at home.  
I dreamed about my mother,  
Dear old Papa, Sister and brother,  
I dreamed about that girl  
Who's been waiting for so long. I want to go home, I want to go home,  
Oh, how I want to go home! Home, folks think I'm big in Detroit City.  
From the letters that I write, they think I'm fine.  
But by day, I make the cars,  
And by night I make the bars,  
If only they could read between the lines! [Spoken]  
You know,  
I rode a freight train north to Detroit City.  
After all these years,  
I find that I've just been wastin' my time. So I just think I'll take my foolish pride,  
Put on a south bound freight and ride,  
Goin' back to the love ones,  
The ones I left waitin' so far behind. I want to go home, I want to go home,  
Oh, how I want to go home.

Songwriters

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