Turning Home

David Nail

Usually take one last pass through town
Stop the car and touch the ground
Watch those streetlights swayin' in the breeze
Decorated store fronts
Rusty old gas pumps
Try to fill my mind up
With somethin' before I go
Picture postcard memories
You know they always make for good companyI don't know no town
Like the old town
Even when the miles are many
I feel like I'm still around
Deep inside me
Like rings through an oak tree
Yeah, there something 'bout a Sunday when I'm gone
That keeps me turning homeI'm standin' here beneath these billboard lights
Takes me back to those autumn nights
Hometown bleachers packed real tight
As we marched down the field
My feet would swing from a dropped tailgate
Out on Airport Road real late
No one could walk a line too straight
We usually made it home alright
And glory days I cant re-live
Stories I'll never forgetAnd I don't know no friends
Like the old friends
I never seem to laugh now
Like I did with them
But deep inside me
A piece of my history
Yeah, I hear their voices even though they're gone
Yeah it keeps me turning homeNever twice the same way does it start
And sure enough she stole my heart
On the old gym floor, spinnin' round and round one night
And though we both tried hard to wait
We sure did love the taste
Of the sweet love being made and prayin' I got it right
Graduation came and went
Along with all the time we spentAnd I don't know no love

Like the first love
When I think about the best times
She's the one I think of
Deep inside me
All though the taste is bittersweet
I see her smilin' even though she's gone
And it keeps me turning home, yeah
It keeps me turning home

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