

# 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 company I 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 home I'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 can't re-live  
Stories I'll never forget And 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 home Never 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 spent And 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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