The Road Home

Conspirare

Full moon risin' over Atlanta
And I'm fourteen stories high
Lookin' down on a street full of people
Just like bees in a hive
Lord sometimes I feel just like a number
Like somebody lost my name
I just couldn't wait to get here to the city
Now I can't remember why I came
And the road home keeps on gettin' longer
Old friends and yesterday's are further away
And that old home grown felling's gettin' stronger
Sayin' I'm gonna be a goner if I don't go back someday
Cattails growin' down by the river
So crystal clear in my mind
And there's a song that I still remember
Sung by the wind in the pines
Lord the people ain't never in a hurry
Ain't never bothered by time

They just take their troubles and all of their worries
And hang 'em on the end of a fishin' line
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