

# Down Home

[Rick Nelson](#)

Down home, oh, down home  
There used to be rivers and trees  
Fresh bread every single morning  
And sweet magnolia in the breeze Oh, fishing lines and young dreams  
Oh, I hear them calling to me  
But there's no way to get down home  
Cause down home's just a memory Wish I could leave this big town city  
Living ain't living to me  
But there's no way to get down home No, you can't retrieve it  
Cause once you leave it  
Oh, down homes just a memory  
Down home oh down home

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