Home

Karla Bonoff

Traveling at night, the headlights were bright
And we been up many an hour
And all through my brain
Came the refrain
Of home and it warming fireCHORUS
And Home
Sings me of sweet things
My life there has it own wings
To fly over the mountains
Though I'm standing stillThe people I've seen
They come in between
The cities of tiring life
The trains come and go,
But inside you know
The struggle will soon be a fightCHORUSTraveling at night,
The headlights were bright.
But soon the sun came through the trees
Around the next bend
The flowers will send
The sweet scene of home in the breezeCHORUS

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