Heartstrings

Junior Caldera

Way up north where the snow flies
And the sun don't hardly shine
If it weren't for my true love
I'd long ago lost my mind
I'd long ago lost my mind
There is good folks here and good folks there
Most everywhere, where I go
But the land of my heart is down
Where the snow white cotton grows
Where the snow white cotton grows
When the river runs over from the melting snow
We'll take to the higher ground
When the water goes down again, we'll saddle our old paint

We'll be homeward bound
Me and my love will be homeward bound
Heartstrings hold tighter than the roots of a live oak tree
Holdin' through tornado winds
Tougher than timber, stronger than steel
They'll guide me back southward again
They'll guide me back southward again
When the river runs over from the melting snow
We'll take to the higher ground
And when the water goes down again we'll saddle our old paint
We'll be homeward bound
Me and my love will be homeward bound

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