

Going Back Home

Howlin' Wolf

First I planned to stay but I can't live this way
I'm going back home where I was born
Try to understand I think this city's grand
But with all its charms give me a little country farm
I'm going back home where I was born Oh yeah now, oh yeah, oh yeah now, oh yeah
I tell you all about it, I think you ought to know
Tell you all about it why I wanna go I miss the country preacher and the house of prayer
I miss the bootlegger smelling in the air
Miss friendly faces and the country smiles
The crickets singing, you can hear it for miles
I miss the rooster crowing at the break of dawn Yes it all happens where I was born
Miss the fried chicken, colored greens
Miss the hot biscuits and the Lima beans
Miss the prayer meetings where people pray
With the drum beating till the break of day You can have it, you can have it
You can have it, you can have it
You can have the town, I won't be around
This here life's too fast but 'll never, never last
I'm going back home where I was born
I got to go home, got to go home Where the people are real, where people can feel
Got to go down, got to go down
Leave here today on my way so long, so long
Going back home, going back home
Got to go home, got to go home
Got to go home, got to go home
Where I, where I was born First I planned to stay but I can't live this way
I'm going back home where I was born

Songwriters

CHESTER BURNETT Published by

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