

# I'm Going Home

Arlo Guthrie

Like the tree that grows so tall  
Leaves turn gold and then they fall  
They've gone down but now they've grown  
They're going home Mountain streams may run and flow  
Clean the sands on which they go  
Stretching down like it had known  
It's going home Sunrise early in the dawn  
Slips away and then it's gone  
Leaves the night to carry on  
While it's going home Once a man he lived and died  
What he said, death could not hide  
Even though it's often tried  
But he was going home Now my friends it's time to go  
And this love will live to grow  
And I want you all to know  
I'm going home

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