# 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 homeMountain streams may run and flow
Clean the sands on which they go
Stretching down like it had known
It's going homeSunrise early in the dawn
Slips away and then it's gone
Leaves the night to carry on
While it's going homeOnce a man he lived and died
What he said, death could not hide
Even though it's often tried
But he was going homeNow 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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