Home

Joe Diffie

The only the thing I see ahead, is just the heat a rising off the road
The rainbows I've been chasing keep on fading before I find my pot of gold
And more and more I'm thinking, that the only treasures that I'll ever know
Are long ago and far behind, wrapped up in my memories of homeHome was a swimming hole and a fishing pole
And the feel of a muddy row between my toes
Home was a back porch swing where I would sit
And mom would sing amazing grace, while she hung out the clothesHome was an easy chair with my daddy there
And the smell of Sunday supper on the stove
My footsteps carry me away
But in my mind I'm always going homeNow the miles I put behind me ain't as hard as the miles that lay ahead
And it's way too late to listen to the words of wisdom that my daddy said
But the straight and narrow path he showed me
Turned into a thousand winding roadsMy footsteps carry me away
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