I'm Going Home

Rita Hosking

Where I come from, tough times came with the land,
But still after all of these years, I can't understand

Now I've got to follow those tracks,
I know I can find my way back,
But oh it's hard, oh lord it's hard, but I'm going home.

Just when you think you finally got things going right
Ghosts from your past, creep up and haunt you at night

You ask yourself why should you care,
But something keeps calling you there,
And oh it's hard, oh lord it's hard, but I'm going home.

We all carry books that tell us 'bout days of old
Some pages ain't worth a dime, some are made of gold

But some of them pages get lost,
and to own them comes at a cost
And oh it's hard, oh lord it's hard, but I'm going home.
Yeah I'm going home.
Oh it's hard, oh lord it's hard, but I'm going home.

Lyrics submitted by Lowell.

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