

Home

Roger Miller

Well, I've been a traveler most of my life

Never took a home, never took a wife

Ran away young and decided to roam

Want to see my mama and my daddy back homeHome, where the river runs cold

The water tastes good, the winters ain't cold

Home, where the trees grow tall

The home fires burn, the whippoorwills callI remember stories that my daddy used to tell

My eyes would get big, and his chest would swell

I could sit for hours and listen with glee

As he'd tell of how he lived when he's a boy like meHome, where the river runs cold

The water tastes good, the winters ain't cold

Home, where the trees grow tall

The home fires burn, the whippoorwills callWell, mama dear, mama do you still love your boy

After all my roamin' can I still bring you joy

Mom sent a letter, got it not long ago

She said, come home, I'm missin' you soHome, where the river runs cold

The water tastes good, the winters ain't cold

Home, where the trees grow tall

The home fires burn, the whippoorwills call

Whippoorwills call

Whippoorwills call

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