

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 home
Home, 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
I 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 me
Home, 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
Well, 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 so
Home, 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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