Turning Home

Tim Urban

Usually take one last pass through town
Stop the car and touch the ground
Watch those streetlights
Swayin' in the breeze
Decorated store fronts
Rusty old gas pumps
Try to fill my mind up with
Somethin' 'fore I go
Picture postcard memories
Well, they always make for good company
I don't know no town like the old town
Even when the miles are many, I feel like I'm still around
Deep inside me like rings through an oak tree
Yeah, there's something 'bout a Sunday when I'm gone
That keeps me turning home
I'm standin' here beneath these billboard lights
Takes me back to those autumn nights
Hometown bleachers packed real tight
As we marched down the field
My feet would swing from a dropped tailgate
Out on Airport Road real late
No one could walk a line too straight
We usually made it home alright
And glory days I can't relive
Stories I'll never forget
And I don't know no friends like the old friends
I never seem to laugh now like I did with them
But deep inside me, a piece of my history
Yeah, I hear their voices even though they're gone
And it keeps me turning home
Never twice the same way does it start
And sure enough she stole my heart
On that old gym floor
Spinnin' 'round and 'round one night
Though we both tried hard to wait
We sure did love the taste
Of the sweet love being made
And prayin' I got it right
Graduation came and went

Along with all the time we spent
And I don't know no love like the first love
When I think about the best times
She's the one I think of
Deep inside me all the things taste bittersweet
I see her smilin' even though she's gone
And it keeps me turning home, yeah
It keeps me turning home

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