

# Hometown

## Bucky Covington

I'm sittin' on the train bridge waitin' on sundown  
River winds settin' low on that whole town  
And nothin' else to do but think and toss a stone and watch it sink  
Lord, I hope Heaven's a lot like my hometown  
I'm walkin' down the old track balancin' on a rail  
A Sunday breeze carrying church bells  
A sunlight kaleidoscope and through them leaves of a scarlet hope  
Lord, I hope Heaven's a lot like my hometown

Hallelujah, lift my spirit into the sky  
Until I'm home again in the sweet by and by  
By and by  
I've heard the preacher talkin' 'bout streets of gold  
But I'll be fine forever walking these dirty roads  
The home place ain't much to see but it's mansion enough for me  
Lord, I hope Heaven's a lot like my hometown  
Hey, hey, Lord, I hope Heaven's a lot like my hometown, yeah

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