

Goin' Home

[Willie Nelson](#)

The closer I get to my home Lord, the more I want to be there
There'll be a gatherin' of loved ones and friends and Lord you know I want to be there
There'll be a mixture of teardrops and flowers, crying and talking for hours
'Bout how wild that I was and if I'd listened to them I wouldn't be there Well there's old Charlie Toll they threw
away the mold when they made him
And Jimmy McCline it looks like the wine's finally laid him
And Billie McRae that I could any day in a card game
And Bessie McNeal but her tears are real, I can see pain
There's a mixture of teardrops and flowers, crying and talking for hours
About how wild that I was and if I'd listened to them I wouldn't be there Lord thanks for ride I got a feeling
inside that I know you
And if you see your way, you're welcome to stay 'cause I'm gonna need you
There's be a mixture of teardrops and flowers, crying and talking for hours
About how wild that I was and if I'd listened to them I wouldn't be there

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