

# Home

## Bonnie Raitt

Traveling at night, the headlights were bright  
And we'd been up many an hour  
And all through my brain, came the refrain  
Of home and it's warming fire And home sings me of sweet things  
My life there has it's own wings  
Fly over the mountains  
Though I'm standing still The people I've seen they come in between  
The cities of tiring life  
And the trains come and go but inside you know  
The struggle will soon be a fight And home sings me of sweet things  
My life there has it's own wings  
Fly over the mountains  
Though I'm standing still Travelling at night, the headlights were bright  
But soon the sun came through the trees  
Around the next bend, the flowers will send  
The sweet smell of home in the breeze And home sings me of sweet things  
My life there has it's own wings  
Fly over the mountains  
Though I'm standing still

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