

My Father's Father

The Civil Wars

I hear something hanging on the wind
I see black smoke up around the bend
I've got my ticket and I'm going to go home
The leaves have changed a time or two
Since the last time a train came through
I've got my ticket and I'm going to go home

My Father's father's blood is on the track
A sweat refrain drifts in from the past
I've got my ticket and I'm going to go home
The winding roads they led me here
Burn like coal and dry like tears
So here's my hope
My tired soul
And here's my ticket I want to go home
Home, home, home

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