

# Home

Jim Reeves

Well, I've been a traveler most of my life  
Never took a home, never took a wife  
Ran away young and decided to roam  
Want to see my mama and my daddy back home  
Home, where the river runs cold  
The water tastes good, the winters ain't cold  
Home, where the trees grow tall  
The home fires burn, the whippoorwills call  
I remember stories that my daddy used to tell  
My eyes would get big, and his chest would swell  
I could sit for hours and listen with glee  
As he'd tell of how he lived when he's a boy like me  
Home, where the river runs cold  
The water tastes good, the winters ain't cold  
Home, where the trees grow tall  
The home fires burn, the whippoorwills call  
Well, mama dear, mama do you still love your boy  
After all my roamin' can I still bring you joy  
Mom sent a letter, got it not long ago  
She said, come home, I'm missin' you so  
Home, where the river runs cold  
The water tastes good, the winters ain't cold  
Home, where the trees grow tall  
The home fires burn, the whippoorwills call  
Whippoorwills call  
Whippoorwills call

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