

Homeland

Kenny Rogers

There`s a piece of prairie with a white picket gate.
The geographic center of the lower 48.
How long it`s been in our family is anybody`s guess.
We were riding these plains before the pony express. There`s a sycamore tree all spintered and brown.
Well, it used to touch the sky `til the twister came around.
It`s got this one green branch pointing in the air.
Yeah it`s still hanging on, just like the people around here. You can hold back the rain, bring on the wind.
Knock us right down, we`ll get up again.
We`ve dug in deep, made our stand.
This is our homeland. I can feel their spirit deep in my bones.
Up on the hill we carved in in stone.
Been a long line before us, and little ones to come.
Yeah, it`s a family thing that we`re carrying on. You can hold back the rain, bring on the wind.
Knock us right down, we`ll get up again.
We`ve dug in deep, made our stand.
This is our homeland. We`ve dug in deep, made our stand.
This is our home... This is our homeland

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