

# Sing Me Back Home

David Allan Coe

The warden led a prisoner down the hallway to his doom  
And I stood up to say goodbye like all the rest  
And I heard him tell the warden just before he reached my cell  
"Let my guitar friend do my request"  
Let him sing me back home with a song I  
And make my old memories come alive  
And take me away and turn back the years  
Sing me back home before I die  
I recall last Sunday morning a choir from off the streets  
Came in to sing a few old gospel songs  
And I heard him tell the singers, "There's a song my mama sang  
Could I hear it once before you move along?"  
Let him sing me back home, with the song I used to hear  
Make my old memories come alive  
Take me away and turn back the years  
Sing me back home before I die  
Sing me back home before I die

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