More Than One Way Home (Album Version)

Keb' Mo'

Daddy came around every once in a while
But momma, she was there all the time
And summertime in Compton was not like TV
But we were right there where we needed to beAnd the Thurmond Boys on Peach Street with only their dad
So proud of themselves and that old Pontiac they had
And Miss Brooks, her Bible and her three little boys
At the Double Rock Baptist Church makin' a joyful noiseThere's more than one way home
Ain't no right way, ain't no wrong
And whatever road you might be on
You find your own way 'cause there's more than one way homeGot me a job at the grocery store
Workin' weekdays after school from 5 to 9
And Tommy, John and Charlie were the neighborhood stars
With their midsize homes and their big fancy carsAnd when the eagle flied on Friday I'd go out to play
Wastin' time with Otis out on the dock of the bay
And my ticket to adventure was a ride on the bus
Different places, different faces but they were just like usWell, there's more than one way home
Ain't no right way, ain't no wrong
And whatever road you might be on
You find your own way 'cause there's more than one way homeWell, there's more than one way home
Ain't no right way, ain't no wrong
Whatever road you might be on
You find your own way 'cause there's more than one way homeThere's more than one way home
And there ain't no right way, ain't no wrong
Whatever road you might be on
You find your own way 'cause there's more than one way homeMore than one way home
Ain't no right way, no wrong
Whatever road you might be on
You find your own way 'cause there's more than one way home

Songwriters
MOORE, KEVIN (KEB' MO') / PARKER, JOHNPublished by
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/