

Sing Me Back Home

Merle Haggard

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 picking friend do my request" Let him sing me back home with a song I used to hear
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?" won't cha 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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