

# Home

Tim McGraw

Momma's got her apron on  
Standin' in the kitchen  
Cookin' up my favorite dish  
Whatever she is fixin'  
Daddy's in a picture in a frame that's  
Always sittin' by the phoneDaffodils are poppin' up  
Out behind the clothesline  
Underneath that tree I planted  
When I was just a boy of nine  
Man, I never can believe  
Just how much it's grown when I goHome, back home  
To the gentle place that held me close  
As I became a man  
And the streets are all familiar  
And an old friend shakes my handAnd I feel fine, so fine  
Yeah, knowin' that this road  
I'm wanderin' on  
From time to time  
Always leads me homeBrother, he'll be waitin' with the  
Latest from the grapevine  
Sayin' man you won't believe them  
Stories bout those crazy friends of mine  
And all them little scandals that a small  
Town can't seem to leave aloneLater on we'll sit around  
Bellies tight from supper  
Tellin' all them stories that we  
Just can't get enough of  
And somewhere in an honest laugh  
It'll finally hit me that I'mHome, back home  
Where the memories all have gathered up  
And slowly turn to gold  
And I carry them along with me  
Wherever I may goAnd I feel fine, so fine  
In knowin' that this road I'm wanderin' on  
From time to time always leads me home  
Back homeAnd I go put some flowers down at daddy's stone  
I see that empty space beside him  
It always makes me glad that I cameHome, back home  
Where the Bible is the Bible

And the angels get their wings  
And the circle is unbroken  
When I hear the church bells ring And I feel fine, you know I feel so fine  
Yeah, knowin' that this road I'm wanderin' on  
From time to time unwinds 'cross the rivers  
Through the pines and leads me home, back home Yeah, I'm going back home, back home  
Home, back home, home, back home  
Home, back home

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