

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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