

Calling Me Home

[Kathy Mattea](#)

An old friend lay on his dying bed
Held my hand to his bony breast
And he whispered low as I bent my head
Oh, they're calling me home
They're calling me home My time has come to sail away
I know you'd love for me to stay
But I miss my friends of yesterday
Oh, they're calling me home
They're calling me home I know you'll remember me when I'm gone
Remember my stories, remember my songs
I'll leave them on earth, sweet traces of gold
Oh, they're calling me home
They're calling me home So friends gather 'round and bid me goodbye
My body's bound but my soul shall fly
My little light's shining from the sky
Oh, they're calling me home
They're calling me home

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