

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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