

Home

Ray Boudreaux

Rolling down the road
Going no where
Guitar packed in the trunk
Somewhere round mile marker 112
Papa started hummin' the funk
I gotta jones in my bones before we know
We were singing this melody
Stop the car pulled out the guitar
Halfway to New Orleans Said take me home
Said take me home Could feel the sun about to rise
When I realized we had nothing to fear
It's just me and my daddy and a kid named Cope
Making music that nobody would hear
And then the sun let up and it split the night
Spilling over our jubilee
Ten thousand cars by the side of the road
Grooving far as the eye can see Said take me home
Take me home
Said take me home
Said take me home Hot damn you should have felt the groove
Like I was swimming in a sea of soul
The sun was rising and the day was hot
And we was all about to lose control
My daddy turned his face up towards the sky
And I knew that there was nothing to lose
I felt the crowd breathe in and I closed my eyes
And we disappeared into the groove Said take me home
Said take me home
Take me home
Said take me home Straight from the water
Straight from the water
Straight from the water children
Straight from the water
You don't know nothing about this Take me home
Said take me home Said take me home

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