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Reeves Jim "HOME"

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I well, I've been a traveler most of my life Never took a home, never took a wife Ran away young and decided to roam Wanna see my mama and my papa back home CHORUS: Home, where the rivers run cold The water tastes good, the winters ain't cold Home, where the trees grow tall The home fires burn, and the whippoorwills call I remember stories that my daddy used to tell My eyes would get big, and his chest would swell I could sit for hours and listen with glee As he'd tell of how he lived when he's a boy like me REPEAT CHORUS Well, mama dear, mama do you still love your boy After all my roamin' can I still bring you joy Mom sent a letter, got it not long ago She said "come home, 'cause I'm missin' you so **REPEAT CHORUS**

whippoorwills call

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