

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

