

**Anne Murray****"I Wonder How the Old Folks Are at Home"**

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Well, I wonder how the old folks are at home  
I wonder if they miss me while I'm gone  
I wonder if they pray for the girl who went away  
And left her dear old parents all alone.

You could hear the cattle lowing in the lane  
You could see the fields of blue grass where I've  
roamed  
You could almost hear them cry as they kissed their girl  
goodbye  
Now, I wonder how the old folks are at home.

Just a village and a homestead on the farm  
And a mother's love to shield you from all harm  
The sky's above are blue a sweetheart that loves you  
A village and a homestead on the farm.

You could hear the cattle lowing in the lane  
You could see the fields of blue grass where I've  
roamed  
You could almost hear them cry as they kissed their girl  
goodbye  
Now, I wonder how the old folks are at home.

--- Instrumental ---

You could hear the cattle lowing in the lane  
You could see the fields of blue grass where I've  
roamed  
You could almost hear them cry as they kissed their girl  
goodbye  
Now, I wonder how the old folks are at home...

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