

**Bill Miller****"I'm On My Way Back To The Old Home"**

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Back in the days of my childhood  
In the evening when everything was still  
I used to sit and listen to the foxhounds  
With my dad in the old Kentucky hills  
I'm on my way back to the old home  
The road winds on up the hill  
But there's no light in the window  
That shined long ago where I live  
Soon my childhood days were over  
I had to leave my old home  
For dad and mother were called to heaven  
I's left in this world all alone  
High in the hills of old Kentucky  
Stands the fondest spot in my memory  
I'm on my way back to the old home  
The light in the window I long to see

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