

Bill Monroe

"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 fox hounds
With my dad in the old Kentucky hills

I'm on my way back to the old home,
That road winds on up the hill
But there's no light in the window,
That shined long ago where I lived

Soon my childhood days were over
I had to leave my old home
For my mom and dad were called to heaven
I was left in this world all alone

High in the hills of old Kentucky
Stands the fondest part of my memory
I'm on my way back to the old home
That light in the window I long to see

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