

Diffie Joe "Home"

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The only the thing I see ahead is
Just the heat a rising off the road
The rainbows I've been chasing keep on fading before I
find my pot of gold
But more and more I'm thinking, that the only treasures
that I'll ever know
Are long ago and far behind and wrapped up in my
memories of home

Home was a swimming hole and a fishing pole and the
feel of a muddy row between my toes
Home was a back porch swing where I would sit and
mom would sing amazing grace
While she hung out the clothes,
Home was an easy chair with my daddy there and the
smell of Sunday supper on the stove
My footsteps carry me away but in my mind I'm always
going home

Now the miles I put behind me ain't as hard as the
miles that lay ahead
And its much to late to listen to the words of wisdom
that my daddy said
The straight and narrow path he showed me turned
into a thousand winding roads,

My footsteps carry me away, but in my mind I'm always
going home.

Home was a swimming hole and a fishing pole and the
feel of a muddy row between my toes
Home was a back porch swing where I would sit and
mom would sing amazing grace
While she hung out the clothes,
Home was an easy chair with my daddy there and the
smell of Sunday supper on the stove
My footsteps carry me away but in my mind I'm always
going home

Yeah, the straight and narrow path he showed me
turned into a thousand winding roads,
My footsteps carry me away, but in my mind I'm always

going home.

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